

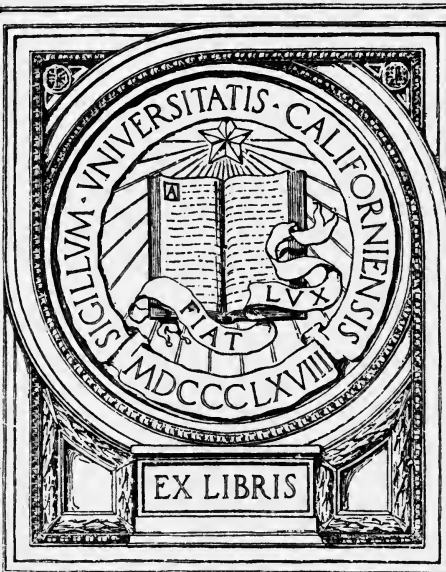








GIFT OF  
MICHAEL REESE











# A LITTLE FIFER'S WAR DIARY

with 17 maps, 60 portraits, and 246 other  
illustrations

BY

C. W. BARDEEN

*Editor of the School Bulletin*

*Formerly of Co. D., 1st Mass. Vol. Inf.*

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER, LL.D.

*President of Columbia College*



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THE VINU  
AMBOTLIES



## INTRODUCTION

My dear Bardeen:

You have done a real service, first, in safeguarding your diary through all these years, and, second, in making it the basis for these intensely interesting personal recollections of the Civil War.

The literature of that war is, as you well know, already almost limitless in extent, but, I question whether in the years to come any of the documents that throw light upon it will have more real value than the frankly stated personal reminiscences and recollections of men who, like yourself, fought in the ranks and saw the ebb and flow of battle from the standpoint of the private soldier. There is a closeness of contact with events which the private soldier enjoys that in no small degree compensates for his inability to see a scheme of campaigning or a plan of battle as a whole.

It has been peculiarly interesting to me to read your reminiscences, because I have often wondered what must have been the feelings and the reflections of an American youth who found himself in the early sixties old enough to appreciate in some degree the great crisis which faced

the nation, and yet not old enough to participate in the events which accompanied it with full adult power. You have answered this question admirably and fully. Your reflections upon the relative capacity of various commanding officers, your anecdotes, and your sketches of such battles as those at Chancellorsville and Gettysburg have given me keen pleasure, and they will certainly give a pleasure just as keen to the many who will read these recollections in book form.

You have not changed so very much since you enlisted in Company D, First Massachusetts Infantry. Then, as now, you permitted very little to escape your vigilant notice; then, as now, you were furnished with quick wit and keen humor with which to illumine events as they happened, and to soften asperities as they came to your notice; then, as now, you hated shams and pretence, and had a pretty sharp lance in hand with which to make your justifiable hatred effective; then, as now, you were blessed with the power of description that your friends recognize to be most unusual, the results of which they never fail to enjoy.

There must be a second edition of this book, because none of us will permit that glorious controversy with the Pension Office to be cut off in its prime. We must get the rest of that story. You have now enlisted in the war against the noble army of Red Tape, and while I daresay it will be bloodless, I trust that it will not on that account fail to be marked by appropriate casualties. Uncle Sam has the most wasteful, the most ineffective, and the worst administrative system in the world. When Senator Aldrich said in the Senate a few months ago that he could save three hundred million dollars

a year if permitted to run the Government on business principles, people gasped, and the wiseacres of the newspaper press scornfully smiled. Personally, I have no doubt whatever that he spoke with exactness and without exaggeration. Your little experience is only one illustration to which thousands might be added.

But I am wandering from the Civil War and your reminiscences of it.

With sincere regards

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER

Columbia University,

Thanksgiving Day, 1910



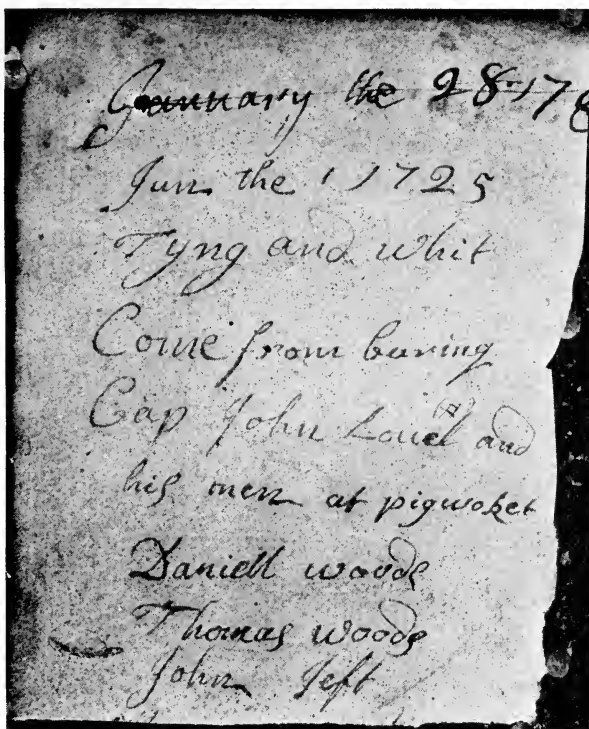
## PREFACE



books during the Revolutionary war are

Y instinct for recording is probably inherited. The Corporal William Nutting of the Minutemen at Lexington whose notes

That was on my father's side. On the other, the Amos Farnsworth, minute-man at Lexington, corporal at Bunker Hill, and lieutenant at Ticonderaga, whose published diary is one of the important sources of history, was a cousin of my grandfather's great grandfather, and my mother herself kept a diary for me from my second birthday till I was eight years old



PAGE FROM JONATHAN NUTTING'S ACCOUNT BOOK

preserved by the Massachusetts Historical society was my great-grandfather. His grandfather Jonathan Nutting kept an "account book" that is still carefully preserved in the family. Here is a page from it, written almost two centuries ago.

and able to carry it on myself. I have not only maintained the habit but preserved the records, so that I have a nearly unbroken autobiography of more than sixty years.

Most of the entries have no interest for

# A Diary of the War.

Monday. Sept. 1st. 1862. Today I left Camp Day for the seat of War. Left Camp about three o'clock in the P.M., taking the Horse Cars for Boston. George went with me. After getting at Bowdoin Square, parted with George, and marched to the Fall River R.R. Depot and took the cars for Fall River. Arriving there, we took the steamer Metropolis for N.Y. City. This was a very fine steamer, and a number of

PHOTOENGRAVED FROM THE ORIGINAL DIARY

anyone else: indeed in the early days the weather predominates, and there are occasional statements (not absent in what I have here copied) that there is nothing of interest to record. But during the war there was often something doing, and the days' records, though brief, have enough of detail and frankness to give some picture of what army life was to a young boy.

Probably most of my readers will wonder why I have not omitted or modified some of the entries, but to my mind that would destroy the value of the whole. Actual facts carry weight; facts modified become fiction. I am sure every statement in these entries was true or believed by me to be exactly true at the time. I do not find any indication that I wrote or omitted anything with reference to the diary's being

read by any one else. It was as accurate as the items in a cash book. To change it now, even by omission, would be like making false entries.

But I have no disposition to conceal anything. One can never write about one's self impersonally, but I can come pretty near it as I copy the story of this little friendless boy of fourteen, undergoing an experience unlike anything that had ever happened to him before or has ever happened to him since. All this occurred forty-five years ago, in the first quarter of my life. I have heard old soldiers say that as they talked about the war it seemed in a way as if they were telling legends that they had heard rather than experiences they had undergone, and I have something of this feeling. On the other hand I have

been astonished at the way forgotten facts have come back to me. When I first took up these reminiscences I read over a roster of the regiment, and could place hardly two score names. Now there are more than a hundred of whom I can recall how they looked and incidents in which they figured. Still more true is this of my own experiences. These brief entries bring back so much that there have been days when I seemed to be living again at Falmouth or Brandy station, and nights when my dreams have been of my old army surroundings.

One thing I have had foremost in mind, to give a picture of camp life during the civil war. Most books of reminiscences deal with the battles. Of these I have little to say except as they affected me. What I seek to show is how a little fifer ate when he ate and how he sometimes went hungry; how he slept, when he slept, and how he sometimes stood by the fire because his blanket would not keep him warm; how he marched and drilled and went on fatigue duty; what special temptations he encountered and what followed when he yielded to them.

There is nothing here to be especially proud of, and there is a great deal to be very much ashamed of, but I have copied it just as it is, even to the spelling and the erratic punctuation. It will be noted from the photo-engraved page that my penmanship was as full of flourishes and inconsistencies as my conduct.

---

As I read over this diary I am sorry for the little boy who underwent so many privations and sufferings, but I was not sorry for myself at the time. One of my childhood stories was of some little children who had to sleep with only a door to cover them, and who asked their mother

what those poor little children did who did not have any door. I slept night after night on the wet ground with nothing under or over me, and should have looked upon a door as opulence, but I had the habit of comparing my lot with those worse off instead of envying those more fortunate, so I did not waste much time in repining.

In reviewing my army life as a whole the reader must see that I was remarkably fortunate.

In the first place, I was lucky to have been assigned to the 1st Massachussetts. For one thing I got home earlier, since it was the first three years regiment mustered in and of course the first to be mustered out. But apart from that, the old 1st was a regiment to be proud of. There may have been other regiments with as good a record: there surely was none with a better. Ask any old army of the Potomac man what it meant to belong to Hooker's brigade of Sickles's division of the 3d corps. It was not only that I shared the honor of these accredited fighters, but I got my notions of war from these men. When the silly froth was knocked out of my little head it was supplanted by what I learned from men who had fought in both Bull Runs and who had been at the forefront in the Peninsula campaign.

I should say that ours was a clean-mouthed regiment. My recollection is rather of hearing vulgar stories checked than of listening to them. We had a large proportion of sensible, mature, solid men, who enlisted because it seemed a duty, and when they got back home took up again the occupations they had relinquished. I have attended two reunions of the regiment, and both times I have been impressed by the strong and serious pat-

riotism they still manifested. I have heard veterans belittle the issues at stake during the civil war, and talk slightly of what was accomplished and how and why it was done. There was not a word of this at these meetings. The old songs were sung, the old flag was cheered, the boys who had dropped out during the year were remembered first as good soldiers in battle. I was as proud in Boston, half a century later, to belong to such a regiment, as I had ever been as a boy in the field.

In the second place I was fortunate that at the time I joined it this regiment was relieved from duty at the front, so that I had time to be acclimated before I saw hard service. After two months in the regiment my first march proved too much for me. What might have happened if I had been sent to the front upon my enlistment, when the army was retiring from before Richmond?

On the other hand, think what a privilege it was to be present at the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and the Wilderness, not only four of the great battles of the war, but all differing so much in commanders and in their general features.

In the third place I escaped not only wounds but sickness. I was not seriously ill during my service, and the outdoor life so strengthened me that I have never been seriously ill since. So the minor fatigues and privations recorded here were really of little consequence. I did not always have food, but I always had the appetite for it, and that is much more important. I was sometimes too cold to sleep, but when I did sleep I slept soundly. On the whole I had a pretty good time in the army, and though I was

glad to get my discharge I would not exchange my experiences there for anything else that could be offered me.

I feel that those who do not care for my story ought to like the pictures. They were all drawn or photographed at the time, and the very crudeness of some of them is evidence of their fidelity. The great artist of the war was Edwin Forbes, and besides his pictures in *Frank Leslie's* I have reproduced many of his "Life Studies of the Great Army", a portfolio of sketches that reach straight to the old soldier's heart. There were other good men, too—Winslow Homer, who has died the week I write these lines; and Homer Davenport, and Henry Lovie, and H. R. Ward and A. R. Waud and William Waud and C. E. F. Hiller, and James O. Guirl and H. Mosher, and F. H. Schell and A. W. Warren; you will find their names in the index with such of their pictures as I have been able to trace. Of Thomas Nast's illustrations I have given only two, on pages 127 and 212. They are in contrast with the rest in that they picture what could not possibly occur. For the life-like initial sketches I am indebted to Comrade H. W. Beecher of the Conn. Light Battery, who drew them for his history of that regiment and kindly loaned them to me.

It has proved a great pleasure to get these pages together. I had not thought of my diaries as of interest except to my grandchildren, but when my friend President Nicholas Murray Butler suggested that a soldier's genuine experiences would have value, no matter how insignificant he was, I set to work at once and this book is the result.

I have remarked several times in the narrative that this is not a history of the

war: it is a history of what the war did to poor little me, and of no general interest except as it indicates what it did to other little me's, thousands of them.

I make one exception. I sent the proofs of the chapter on Gettysburg to Major Gen. Sickles, to whom victory in that battle was due, and the only survivor of the great generals of the war. He did me the kindness and the honor to correct the proofs with his own hand, to send me additional material and the photograph I have reproduced on page 223, and to say that the account as given is absolutely correct and of interest to military men as well as to the general public. I do not know of any other published account except the story of the battle in the volumes published by the New York Monument commission, from which I have quoted freely, that makes clear the purpose of Gen. Sickles's movement on the afternoon of the second day. It is commonly referred to as the advance of the 2nd division of the 3rd corps to the Emmitsburg road, but that movement was only a result of the main movement,

which was the wheeling to the south of the 1st division, to prevent the confederates from turning our flank by advancing from the south. The resemblance of this attack at Gettysburg to the attack at Chancellorsville is as marked as is the contrast between the defence of Gen. Howard and that of Gen. Sickles, and between the results of the two battles.

I should have liked to write a book like that of Lt. Col. Dwight of the 2d Mass. He was a Harvard graduate, a high minded officer, a noble patriot in life and in death, of whom his family and his college and his country may be proud. But unfortunately I wasn't that kind of a soldier, so I have to tell my own poor little story of a very ordinary little boy. On the other hand Lt. Col. Dwight does not describe lob scouse and I do. I suppose there is a place for lob scouse books as well as for memorials, and if here and there mine finds a niche on this humblest shelf, I shall be content.

Syracuse, N. Y., Oct. 12, 1910

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# A Little Fifer's War Diary



# A Little Fifer's War Diary, 1862-4

## CHAPTER I. ENLISTMENT

I was born Aug. 28, 1847, so when Sumter was fired on I was thirteen years old. My interest in national matters had begun five years before, when I attended ratification-meetings in behalf of Fremont and Dayton. I remember I felt personally imperilled with the country when Buchanan and Breckenridge were elected; which did not prevent my going up the street to see an illumination given by one of the few democrats in Fitchburg. One of the transparencies read, "John C. has gone up Salt river". The banner I remember best on my own side read, "We'll give 'em Jessie"; but we didn't.

All my associations in Fitchburg, Mass., at home, at school, at church, were ultra abolition; and at Randolph, Vt., where I lived more than half the time after I was ten years old in the family of John B. Mead, afterward candidate for governor, I read not only the weekly *New York Tribune* and the *Atlantic Monthly* but most of the anti-slavery pamphlets of the day. I knew the "Key" to "Uncle Tom's Cabin" as thoroughly as the book itself, and its more sombre successor "Dred", a dismal tale of the Great Dismal Swamp. We had Helper's "Impending Crisis" as soon as it was published, and I read it with avidity: to this day I can remember the definitions of *abolish*, *abolition*, and *abolitionist*, and the financial arguments for abolition. How queer the author's plan for abolition would seem now.

I need not say that I was deeply interested in the John Brown raid. I really

hoped he would succeed in his purpose, and when he was captured and tried and hanged I read every word about it I could find. I was less excited over the 1860 campaign than over that of 1856, because I was so certain Lincoln would win. I remember that West Randolph was one of the places through which Stephen A. Douglas passed on his tour, "in search of his mother" as his opponents sneered. I went to the station, as did most of the country around. I forget whether he made a speech, but I remember his looks as he stood on the back platform of the train, a little man in a dapper light brown suit.

When rumors of secession arose I became of course alarmed, and was always ready to express my political views to any one who would listen. One of the experiments with me was to send me up to live with a farmer named Sheldon in Peterboro, N. H., who came to Fitchburg to drive me home with him. He was so much impressed by my political harangues that he stopped one or two neighbors and set me going so that they could see what a ready tongue a boy could have. He either got tired of it or thought I was not adapted to tending sheep, for after a few days he got me into his wagon again and drove me back to Fitchburg.

So when Sumter was fired on April 12, 1861, I was excited. I remember walking up and down the sitting room, puffing out my breast as though the responsibility rested on my poor little shoulders, shaking my fist at the south, and threatening her



INFLECTING CALAMITIES MYSELF

with dire calamities which I thought some of inflicting on her myself. I joined the military company at the Orange country grammar school and took fencing lessons. As men began to enlist I wished I were older. I don't know why I did not happen to think of getting in as a drummer boy; perhaps because I didn't know how to drum or have any means of learning, though as I afterward discovered, that was no obstacle.

At last there came a possible chance. Captain John F. Appleton, of the 12th Maine in the brigade Gen. Butler was recruiting to the distress of Gov. Andrew\*, was a cousin of my mother's second husband and promised to try to enlist me in his company. So on Dec. 3, 1861, I went to Lowell, and was taken by the captain to Gen. Butler's tent. "This boy is rather young," the captain said, "but he is healthy and strong and intelligent, and I should like to have him in my company."



GEN. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN BUTLER, 1818-93

Gen. Butler was writing at a table and did not look up till just as the captain finished. One squinting glance was enough. "Take the damned little snipe away," he said; "we've got babies enough in this brigade already."

When I publish my "Men I have known" I shall have to record this as my only interview with Cock-eyed Ben. After the war I met him on Broadway in smug civilian's clothes, but I did not think our acquaintance warranted me in accosting him. In 1902 I happened to be in the Massachusetts legislature with my daughter when they were discussing whether to erect a statue to Gen. Butler, and the opposition had the floor. My daughter wanted me to get up and tell my experience, but nobody asked me to speak and I thought best not to intrude. Thackeray remarks more than once on the slighting notice he received when introduced to the Duke of Marlborough, and speculates on how different the author might have made that warrior figure in his stories had he been thought worthy of notice. With all of us our judgment of others is affected by the personal equation; when Gen. Butler was accused in New Orleans of stealing spoons I read of it with equanimity.

But six months later I had better luck. A second cousin of mine was sent home from the front as a recruiting sergeant, and I

\*See Schouler's "A History of Massachusetts in the Civil War", Boston, 1868, pp. 252-282.

went down to Boston to see him. He arranged the matter for me at once, and said I could learn to drum after I was enlisted. He even tried to enter me as a private to be detailed as a drummer, so that I could draw thirteen dollars a month instead of twelve. I had to undergo a medical inspection which I thought rather severe, taking off all my clothes and having among other tests to jump, to be sure I was sound in wind and limb; but I passed it, and on July 21, 1862, I became a Massachusetts soldier, assigned as musician to Co. D of the 1st Massachusetts infantry.

By this time my readers are wondering how my family allowed me to enter the army at so early an age, while I still would go off alone and cry if anybody spoke harshly to me, as may be judged from this



FOURTEEN YEARS OLD

picture, reproduced from a tin-type I sent to my mother as soon as I was in uniform. During the Spanish war I came home rather late one night, and found my daughters leaning over the banisters to hear what reply I would send to this message from my younger son:

"Telegraph consent to enter company Yale Light Artillery, great chance. Norman"

They were reassured to have me telephone without delay this telegram:

"Decidedly no: wait for better cause and better climate."

But circumstances were different: we were fond of Norman and could not have him with us too much. It was not so at my home. My father had died when I was eleven years old, my mother had married again very happily, and I was always a disturbing element. I was conceited, boastful, self-willed, disobedient, saucy, not lazy but always wanting to do something else than the duty of the moment, absurdly scrupulous in some things yet in others not above what the modern child psychologist would I suppose define as haziness in discrimination between the concepts of the memory and those of the imagination: in those harsh days folks called it lying. The adolescent period had not then become interesting as a subject of study, so I was wholly disagreeable.

I had been expelled from the Orange county grammar school because the principal was impudent to me, and my last recollection of the Fitchburg high school is being told by Miss Anna Haskell, rather maliciously I thought at the time, that I had not passed in geometry. I had even run away from home once, gone to Boston, bought of William V. Spencer on credit some portraits of war generals, and worked my way on foot to Randolph, Vt., selling these pictures and a few little Yankee notions and sleeping at farm houses along the way. On one occasion my mother had got ready to take me to the reform school at Westboro, and I remember standing by the table in the sitting-room waiting for her to start with me, fingering a gold dollar in my pocket and planning how to

elude her in Worcester and get to Boston and go to sea. She relented and did not take me, but I can see how it was a relief to her to have me really in the army, under authority that could control me, with the responsibility off her mind.

I was sent first to Camp Cameron, in North Cambridge, five miles from Boston, afterward named Camp Day. Here I drew my first uniform, and uncomfortable enough the coarse wool was to my unaccustomed skin. The first nights were almost torture. Still wearing my day's thick woolen shirt, I slept between coarse woolen blankets in a bunk filled so closely with soldiers one could hardly turn over.

I borrowed a drum from the quartermaster, and used to go over to the hill between the camp and Tufts college to practise. I had no one to teach me and probably began wrong, for I think I have never succeeded in anything less than in learning to drum. My sense of rhythm was keen and I could keep time, but I could never get an even roll. This is done by making a double stroke with each hand. That double stroke I never mastered. It was partly because a drum was so awkward to carry on the march that I soon sent for a fife and learned to play that, and in December got transferred from drummer to fifer, but I was glad enough to turn in an instrument that I played so poorly.

I was soon set to carrying the mail, a few letters coming from Porter station, but most of them from Cambridge. I used to buy postage stamps by the hundred, too, and retail them out to the men. The postmaster at Porter's asked me one day to mail my letters there and buy these stamps of him, as his salary depended on the amount of business he did, while it would make no difference to the postmaster at Cambridge.

Always ready to oblige, I did so for a time, but the Cambridge postmaster soon noticed it and complained to those in authority; so I was ordered to do my mailing and buy my postage stamps thereafter at the end of my route.

I ran into one little speculation at Camp Cameron. One of the men took his knapsack to a painter in Cambridge and had the company and regiment stencilled in white on the back, for which he paid twenty-five cents. I was going to do the same, when I happened to think a good many would want it done and I might as well do it for them. So I went into Boston, bought a set of stencils and some green paint (I always had a weakness for colors), and for some days was kept busy stencilling knapsacks at a quarter apiece; I even sent to Fitchburg for my brother, three years younger, to come down to help me. I remember that I began to stencil "U. S. A." for United States Army, but learned that the letters should be "M. V. M.", Massachusetts Volunteer Militia.

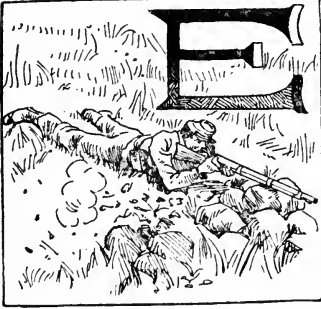
It was while I was still in camp that there began to be a premium on gold and silver. There were two or three days when you could give a car conductor a dollar-bill, and take the ninety-five cents he gave you to a broker and get a dollar-bill for it. Of course that could not last, and postage stamps began to come into use for change. What a sticky, inconvenient currency they were. It was at Baltimore on my way to the front that I saw the first postal shin-plasters, prettier in the beginning when they had pictures of the postage stamps they represented than afterwards. I remember at the Baltimore station giving a silver ten-cent piece for a ten-cent shin-plaster; afterward that ten-cent piece would have bought a twenty-five cent shin-plaster.



I remember going into Boston one day to get a present of a havelock and, if I remember aright, a filter, which Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis gave to every soldier who would come for them. The havelock I never wore and I think I made little use of the filter. Often while marching I

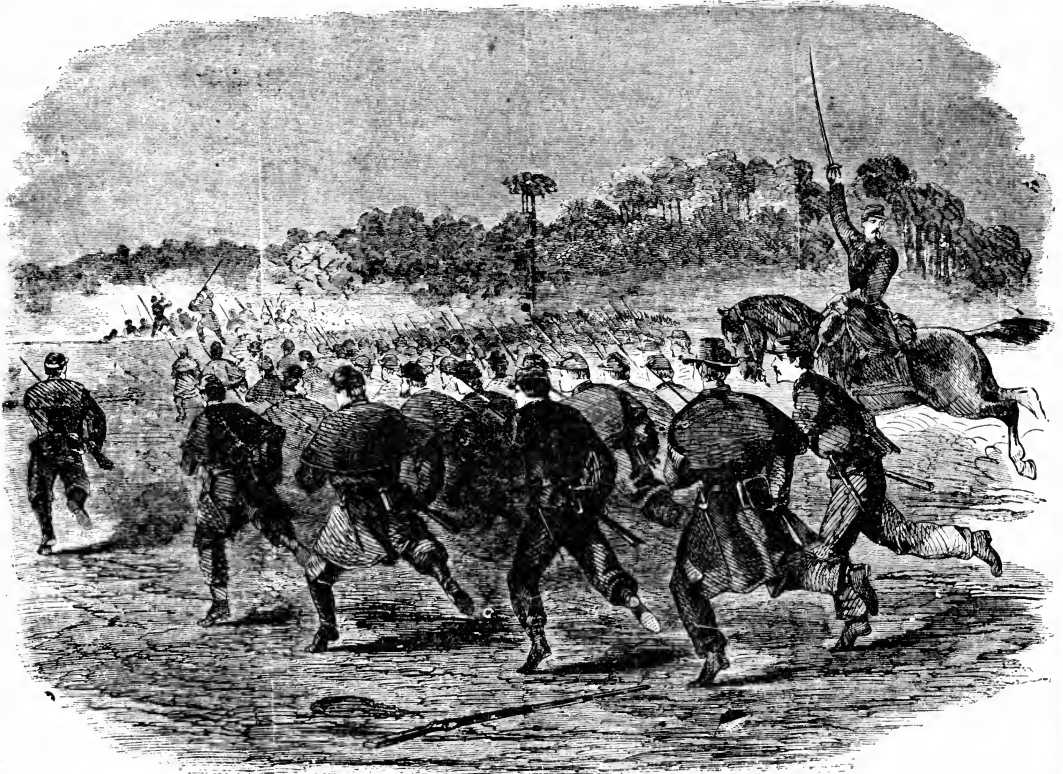
drank water out of the mud of the road where the troops were treading, and was glad to get it. If chocolate had been made of most of the water we drank while marching in Virginia it would not have changed the color. I don't remember that we ever examined water very closely if it was wet.

## CHAPTER II. GETTING TO THE FRONT



VERY day that I was kept in camp I grew more and more impatient. Had I been sent immediately to the army I should have taken part in the hardest campaign my regiment went through. My enlistment was just a week after Pope

became really commander in fact, and one of my early recollections of the front is seeing McClellan ride through Fairfax station after his final dismissal. So I just missed these unfortunate campaigns, and was carrying mail from Camp Day, while my regiment fought at the second Malvern Hill, Kettle Run, Bristow Station, and the second Bull Run. My regiment was in the very thick of the Peninsular campaign. On page 309 of *Harper's Weekly* for 1862 there is this picture of the 1st Massachusetts at Williamsburg, and busy and brave they look as they charge. *Frank Leslie's* for



THE 1ST MASSACHUSETTS AT WILLIAMSBURG

May 24, 1862, gives a picture of the successful charge of Co. H, 1st Massachusetts on a rebel redan before Yorktown, pictured here later. In La Bree's Pictorial Battles of the Civil War (i. 42-3) you will find a picture of the 1st Massachusetts at Bull Run. But it was Sept. 1 before a sufficient number of recruits had been assembled to be sent to the front, and a momentous day it was for me.

*A Diary of the War.*

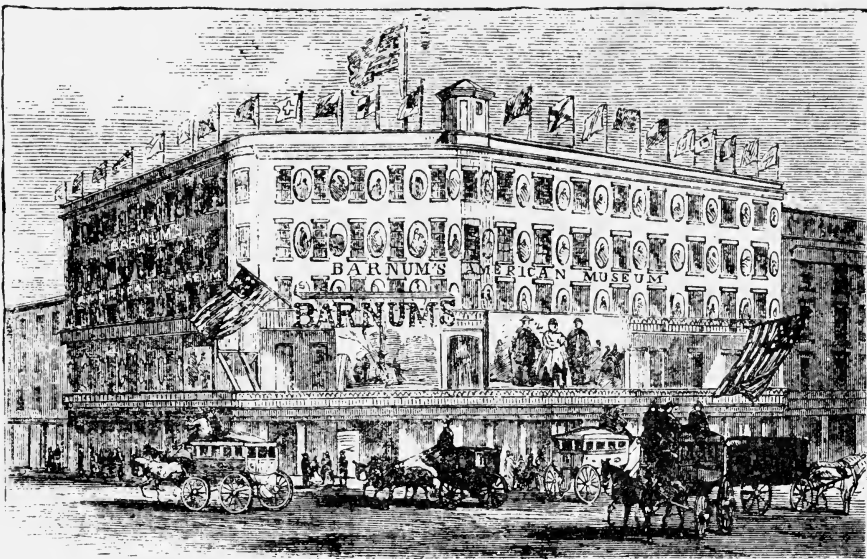
*Monday, Sept. 1st. 1862. Today I left Camp Day, for the seat of War. Left Camp about three o'clock in the P. M., taking the Horse Cars for Boston. Georgie went with me. After getting at Bowdoin Square, parted with Georgie, and marched to the Fall River R. R. Depot and took the cars for Fall River. Arriving there, we took the steamer Metropolis for N. Y. City. This was a very fine steamer, and a number of us went down into the Cabin, and made ourselves comfortably*

*for the night. In the morning went up to the top, and viewed the scenery. Long Island, stretched along for a great distance, numerous Schooners and Ships, and the exhilariating effects of the sea bracing air, made it very pleasant. As we neared N. Y. I saw the Great Eastern.*

This vessel was supposed then to be a failure on account of her size, but she would be a tow-boat compared with the steamships they are building now. She was still there a year later when we were sent to New York at the time of the draft riots, and was in full view for a month when we were camped at Riker's island.

*Arrived in N. Y. about 9 A. M. and went to the Park Barracks. Not liking to stay there I ran the Guard, and went out to see the city. Went into Barnum's Museum. Went up and down Broadway and through Wall St—by the Post Office back on Park Row.*

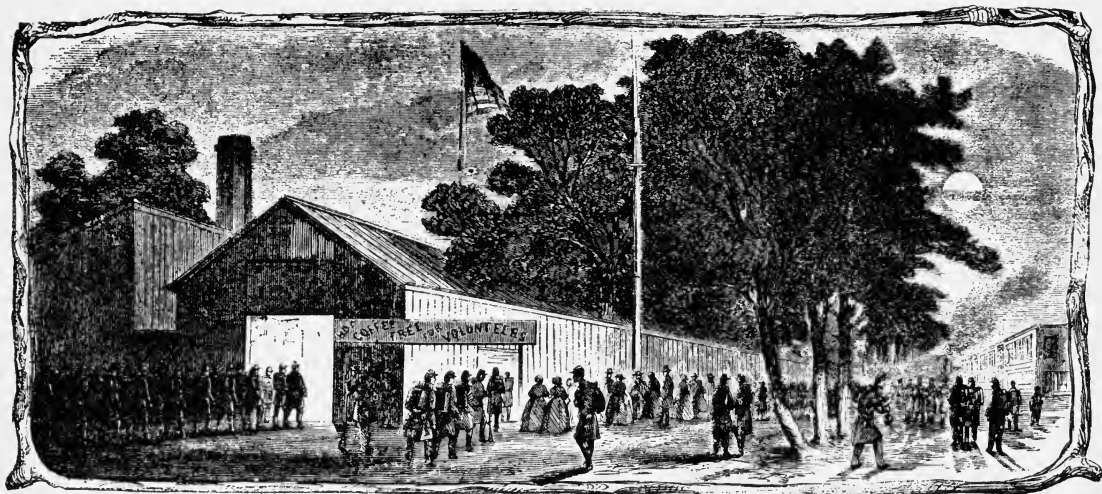
The City Hall park is little like what it



was then. Where the barracks then were the big ugly post-office now stands, and only the Astor House and St. Paul's church remain as they were then. A twenty-odd story building stands where Barnum's Museum was, and *The World* office occupies what was then the site of French's hotel.

*Left N. Y. at 4 P. M. taking steamer for Amboy. Then cars for Camden. Thence Ferry for Philadelphia. Here we went to the Union Relief Saloon and had a supper. It is finely fitted up.*

How familiar this picture is to old soldiers, and what pleasant memories



UNION RELIEF SALOON, PHILADELPHIA

it brings up. An ungrateful soldier who passed through New York said that the ladies there gave him thin soup and a pocket Testament. Philadelphia fed us generously and did not preach.

*Then we marched across the city to the Depot of the B. & O. R. R. After some trouble we took the cars but did not start till morning. Philadelphia makes a curious appearance, with its three story brick houses and white blinds. We arrived at Havre de Grace about noon, but did not get to Baltimore until about five o'clock.*

There was then no bridge at Havre de Grace and the cars were taken over on a ferry, three at a time, if I remember. Then the ferry boat went back for another

three cars, and the train waited till all the cars had been ferried across.

Years later that cost me something. I crossed this ferry four times during the war, and supposed all ferries were run this way. While I was in college I went with the Beethoven club to give a concert in Providence. We crossed the Connecticut on a ferry at New London, and I of course hurried to get out of my car and upon the boat, to see all that was going on. Half of the cars were taken over, and I waited on the boat to go back for the rest. The train rolled away, and I found that passengers in the rear coaches had been told to go forward and had taken other coaches on the other side. There was no other train before midnight, and after getting supper

I came back upon the boat, to enjoy the scenery.

Thinking I might have my trousers pocket picked I put my purse into an inside vest-pocket. Unfortunately the suit was a new one and the tailor for some inscrutable reason had put the inside pocket upon the left side of my waistcoat instead of the right. Feeling in the dark and half asleep I must have slipped the pocket-book through the arm-hole, for I lost it. I did not know it, however, for when I told how I came to be left and that the treasurer of the club had bought tickets for the party, the conductor accepted my explanation instead of a ticket, and at the hotel of course I had no bills to pay.

But I called on a second cousin of mine,



WOUNDED AT ATLANTA

who as it happened had been wounded at Atlanta by one of Sherman's shells, and I went to walk with her, visiting the university and other noteworthy places. When she suggested that it would be well to take a car back so as to be in time for dinner I discovered for the first time that I was absolutely penniless. No doubt she had money and it should have been easy enough to explain my predicament, but I was too bashful, and the mental effort I expended in making excuses to see this and see that till we were so near the house we might as well walk would have solved all the problems in Puckle's Conic Sections.

*Went to the rooms of the Baltimore Volunteer Relief, and got supper and a place to sleep. In the morning I went around the city some. It is a large place. Started for Washington about 2 P. M. Arriving at about 7. Went to the building constructed for the Soldiers and staid over night. In the A. M. went around the City, Capitol etc.*

The view next page shows how little the overgrown village of 1862 resembled the Washington of to-day. In Harper's Pictorial History of the War a picture is given of the first inauguration of Lincoln showing the dome completed, which proves that it was drawn for a subsequent inauguration. As for the Washington monument, few of us who saw it then believed it would ever be completed.

*Started about nine o'clock, taking the steamer down the Potomac to Alexandria. Had a pleasant ride down there and arrived there about noon.*

Rather leisurely traveling, but in those days everything connected with the army was leisurely. The confederates were at this time dangerously near the capital, and Washington was considered to be in peril. Gen. Mc Clellan had just been restored to



THE CITY OF WASHINGTON IN 1862

command. The Potomac was fortified on both sides, as is shown by this picture of Budd's ferry, where the 1st Massachusetts had been encamped for a time.

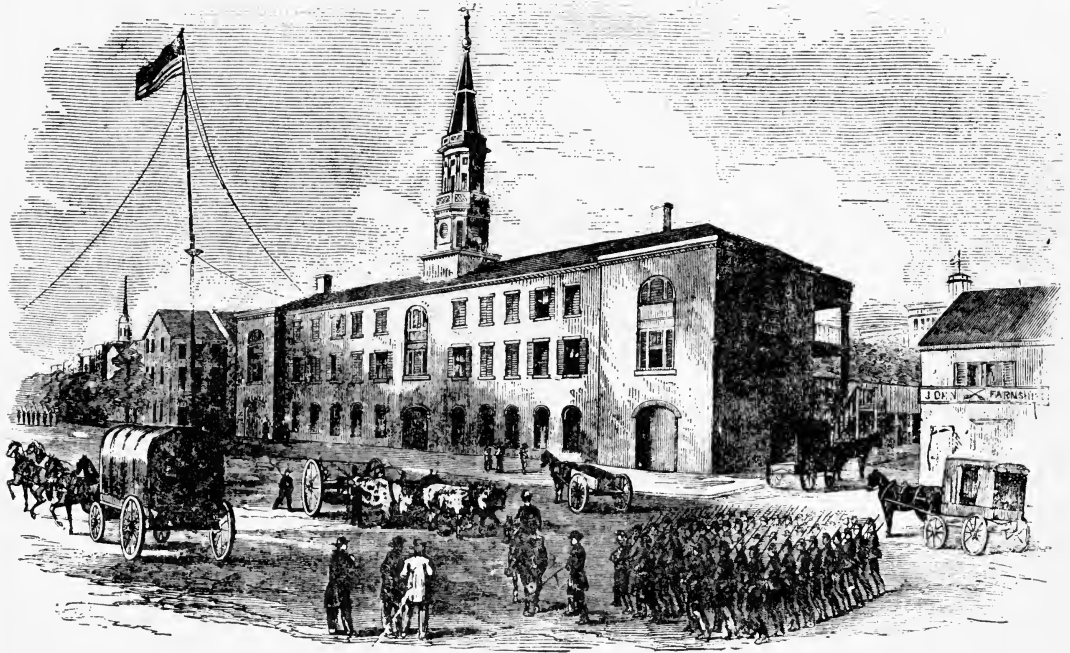
As we marched through the city we saw the

Town hall and market house, and the Marshall house, where Col. Ellsworth was assassinated. We found much to interest us in the little dwellings and the abounding pickaninnies of that southern town.



BUDD'S FERRY, ON THE POTOMAC

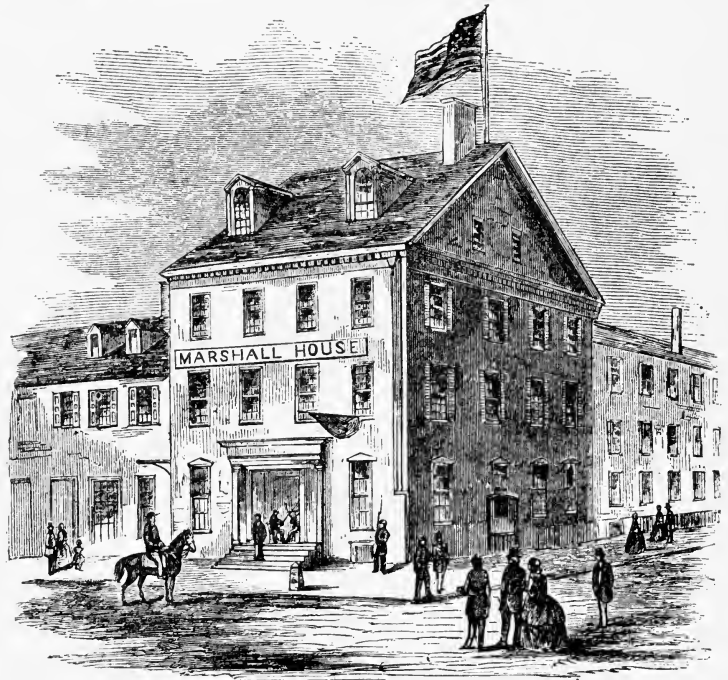




TOWN HALL AND MARKET AT ALEXANDRIA

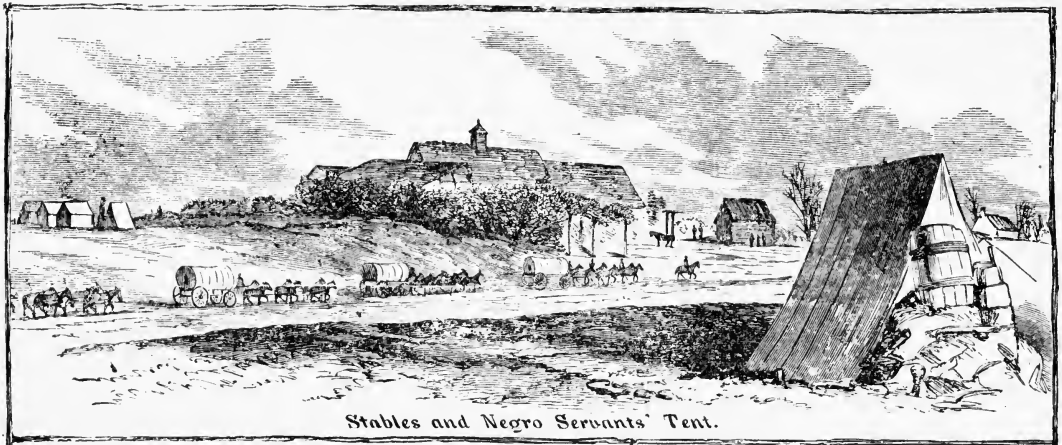
The assassination of Col. Ellsworth was one of the early sensations of the war. On May 24, 1861, he was marching by the Marshall House at the head of his New York regiment of fire zouaves when he saw a confederate flag flying from the building. He entered the hotel and pulled down the flag, but as he came down the stairs was shot by the proprietor, who in his turn was immediately killed by a zouave sergeant.

Beyond the city the effects of war began to appear. Dead horses unburied and swollen lay by the road, and strolling negroes and straggling soldiers elbowed



THE MARSHALL HOUSE, ALEXANDRIA



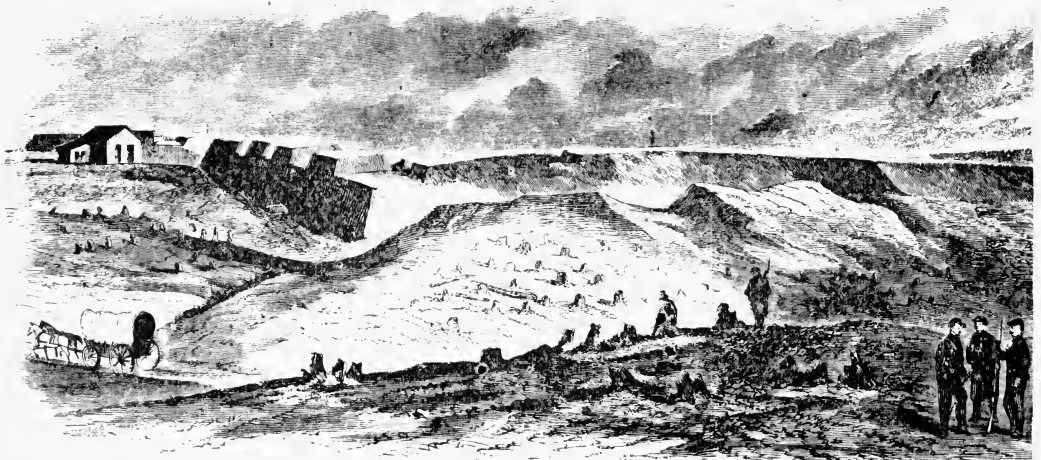


Stables and Negro Servants' Tent.

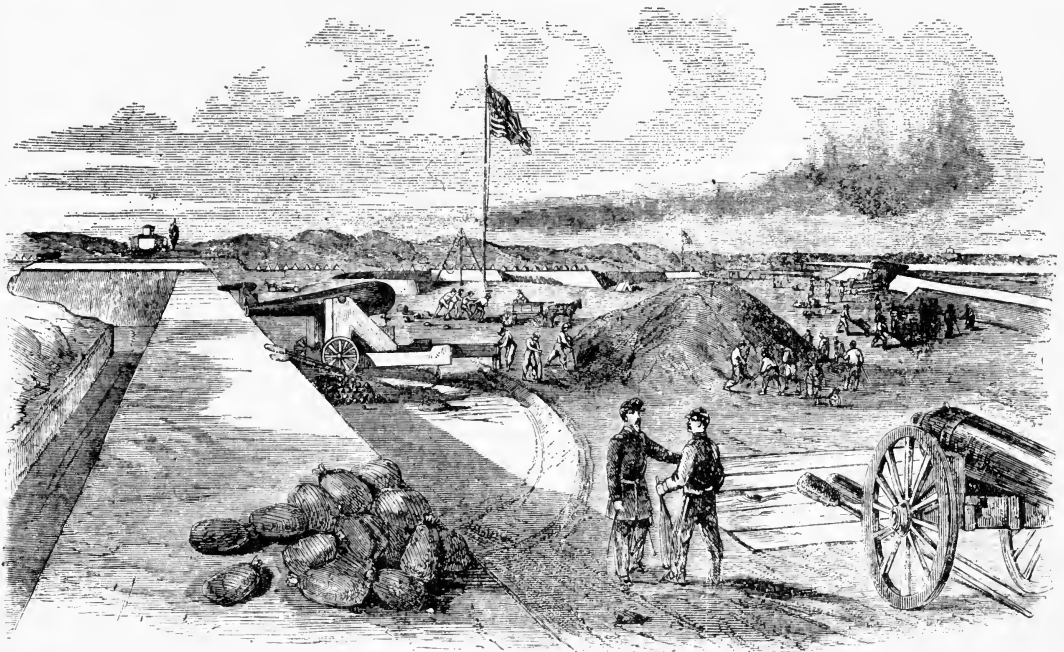
one another. Pleasant as the weather was the red clay made the roads almost unwalkable: we could imagine what it would be after a rain. The roads accounted for the big clumsy, lumbering canvas-covered army wagons that we saw, with tool box in front, feed trough behind, spare pole suspended at side, and hanging from the rear axle a wooden bucket for water and an iron bucket for grease. We got our first views of army mules and darkey drivers, and widened conceptions of snake whips and language.

*Marched up to Fort Ellsworth, and found that the First Mass. had moved over by Fort Lyons. So we marched over there.*

Fort Lyon was the strongest earthwork in the defences of Washington, mounting 26 guns. On the map given on inside page of cover, the large fort just under the word *Arlington*, opposite Washington, is Fort Runyon. The two above it, under the words *Chain Bridge*, are Fort Albany and Fort Corcoran, the latter to the east. The confederate flags show the ground



FORT LYON



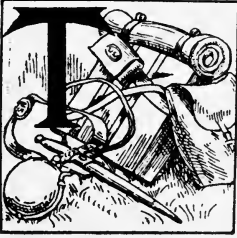
FORT ALBANY, BUILT BY THE 1ST MASSACHUSETTS

held by the confederates Nov. 1, 1861. At the time I joined the regiment, nobody knew just where the confederate army was, and the authorities at Washington were greatly worried. After the second Bull Run, just fought, the confederates might have occupied all the forts west of the Potomac, but did not consider it for their interest to do so.

The map, furthermore, shows Fort Ellsworth, on the road to Munson's Hill, nearer to Alexandria. Fort Lyon is south of the railway, and the tent is a sign that we camped there. There is another tent at Fairfax Seminary, another at Fitzhugh

House, near Fredericksburg, and another at Brandy Station. These were my four principal camps. Small as that map is, it gives the entire ground I passed over in the army except the march to Gettysburg and back north of the Potomac. The battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Locust Grove, the Wilderness, and Spotsylvania were all fought within a radius of ten miles. I shall give smaller local maps from time to time, but this map should be referred to by those who care to read the remaining chapters of this diary.

### CHAPTER III. BREAKING IN A RECRUIT



THE news of the war had interested me before I enlisted, and I became absorbed in it when the 1st Mass. became "my regiment", Gro-

ver's "my brigade", Hooker's "my division", and Heintzelman's "my corps". I followed my comrades to be as if my connection with them were past instead of future, and just as I started for the front I strutted when I read of the charge made by "my brigade" on Aug. 29 at the Second Bull Run which Gen. Heintzelman called "the most gallant and determined bayonet charge of the war". It was a desperate affair. Gen. Grover says of it: "About 3 p. m. I received an order to advance. Pieces were loaded, bayonets fixed, and instructions given for the line to move slowly upon the enemy till it felt the fire, then close upon him rapidly, fire one well-directed volley, and rely upon the bayonet. We rapidly and firmly pressed upon the embankment, and here occurred a short, sharp and obstinate hand-to-hand conflict with bayonets and clubbed muskets. Many of the enemy were bayoneted in their tracks, others struck down with the butts of pieces, and onward pressed our line. In a few yards more we met a terrible fire from a second line, which in its turn broke. The enemy's third line bore down upon our thinned line ranks in close order, and swept back the right centre and a portion of our left. With the gallant 16th Mass. on our left I tried to turn his flank, but the break-

ing of our right and centre and the weight of the enemy's lines caused the necessity of falling back to our first position, behind which we rallied our colors. The entire action took twenty minutes, and in that third of an hour of the 2,000 men of the brigade 41 were killed and 327 wounded." Gen. Grover added "The well-known 1st Mass. was as usual in the van." No wonder I was proud to belong to it, even by accident of assignment. But its gallantry had been all in vain. When I enlisted it was at Harrison's Bar, on the Peninsula, and on Aug. 5 it fought at the second battle of Malvern Hill. Aug. 15 it began its change of base from the Peninsula to Alexandria, where it arrived Aug. 24. The next day it went by train to Warrenton Junction, where Pope was just discovering that Stonewall Jackson had passed through Thoroughfare Gap and was behind him, so that he had to turn his army about, making its rear the front. On Aug. 27 it was engaged in the fight of Bristoe Station, on Aug. 28 and 29 in the second Bull Run as just noted, retiring Aug. 30 to near Fairfax Station, Sept. 2 to Centreville, and Sept. 3 to Fort Lyon, where I joined it Sept. 5.

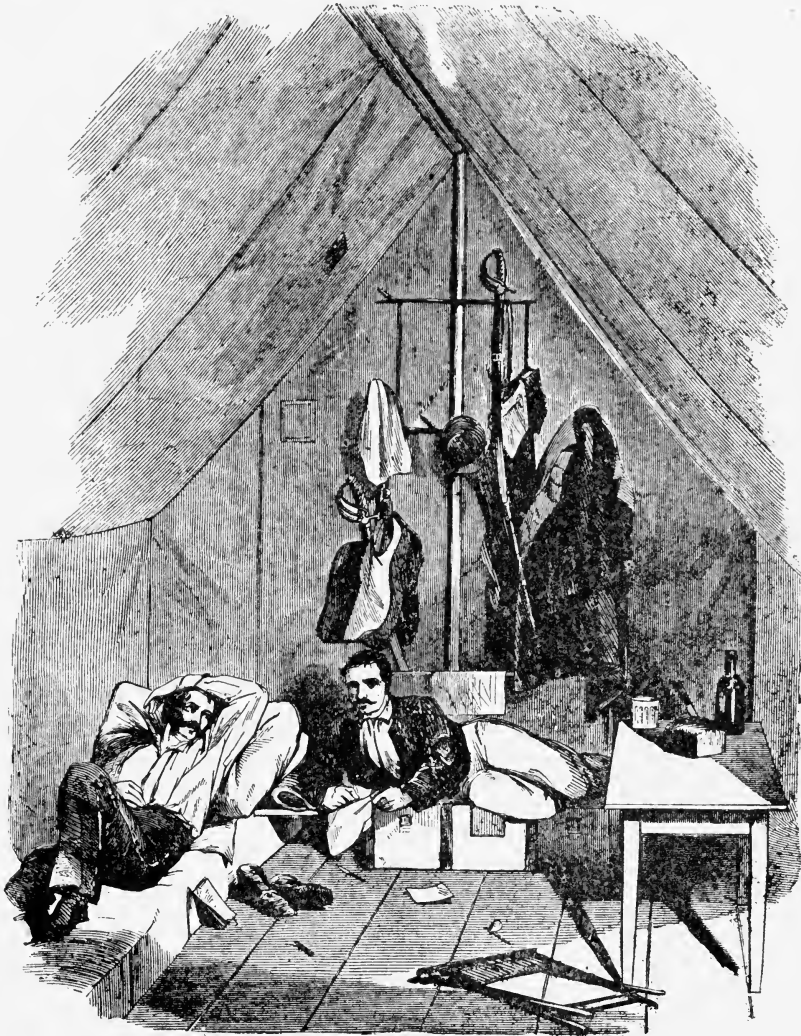
Nobly as they had fought our men were discouraged. Their old commander Hooker, wrote Aug. 31: "It is my duty to report that my division is in no condition to meet the enemy. I find their *morale* to be such as to warrant me in entertaining the most serious apprehension of their conduct in their present state. I ascribe this demoralization of the men to the severe losses they have sustained in battle, both here and on the Peninsula. They are in no condition to go into battle at this time." It

was in consequence of this appeal that Hooker's division did not take part in the Antietam campaign but remained to guard the defences of Washington.

What he says of the demoralization of the division may possibly have applied to the Excelsior and Jersey brigades, but I saw no signs of it in the 1st Massachusetts. I kept my ears and eyes open and I usually

knew something of what was going on in the ranks, but never did I hear a breath of lack of loyalty and obedience. Indeed I do not think Gen. Hooker's report was fair to a brigade that had made that bayonet charge two days before.

*Got very much tired out, but arrived at the Reg. Friday night. Slept with some boys in Co. K. and in the A. M. was put*

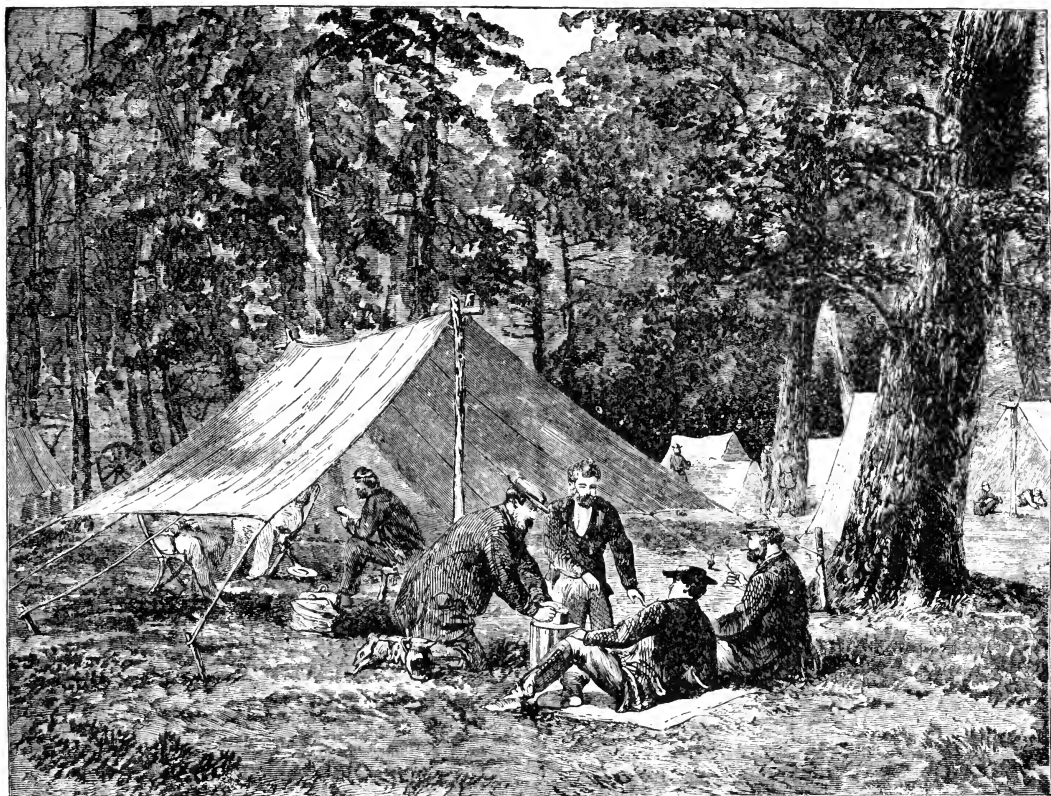


INTERIOR OF THE TENT OF A PRIVATE IN THE CAVALRY

into Co. D. and I pitched tent with Joe Phillips, the other drummer.

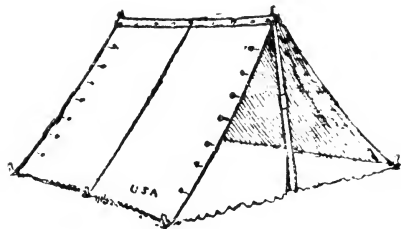
How did our tent look? On p. 31 is a picture of the interior of a private's tent as given in *Harper's Weekly* for Sept. 21, 1861.

Did our tent look like this? Not so that you would be specially struck by it. Here is another picture, of the mounted fly of a wall tent, that gives the principle on which our tent was based. [ ]



THE GENESIS OF THE SHELTER TENT

This pitching a tent was a simple matter. We each of us had a piece of white cotton drill five feet two by four feet eight, with buttons and button-holes on three sides to fasten them together and loops on the opposite side to fasten to pegs. We cut stakes about five feet long with a fork on top, cut a limb a little more than five feet long for a centre-pole held by the forks, put the doubled part across the horizontal pole, and fastened the sides to the ground



A SHELTER TENT

by pegs through the loops. Such a tent could be put up in twenty minutes and





A SUMMER CAMP OF SHELTER TENTS

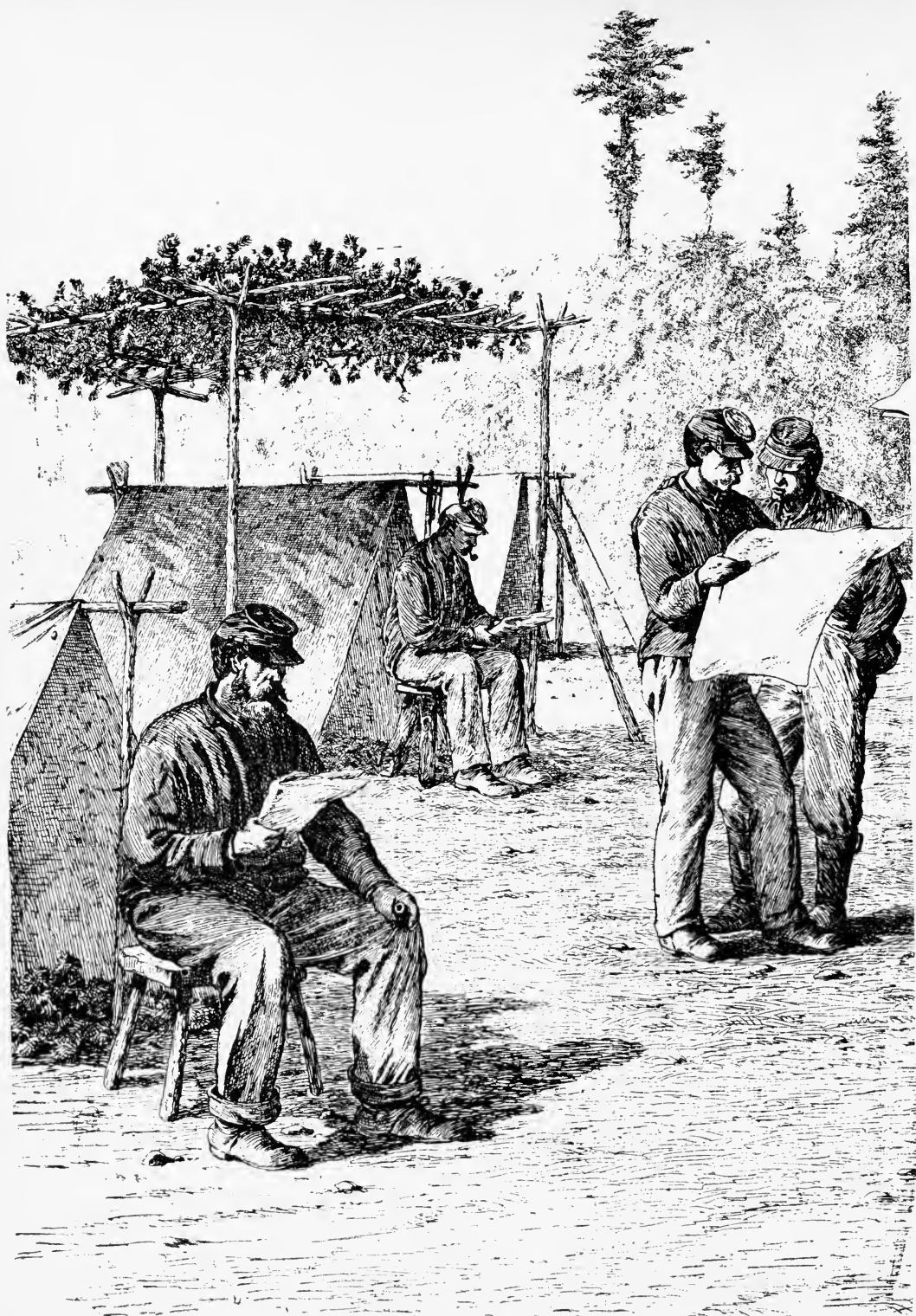
taken down in two, and did well enough in warm and dry weather. It had no floor and was open at both ends, and if the rain continued it soon leaked through, but it was light and convenient and of considerable service, in every way preferable to the larger tents in which earlier in the war groups of men were herded together.

Being only five feet long the tent did not cover us as we slept unless we curled up spoon-fashion, and when it rained we had to double up like a jack-knife. On the march, especially when it rained, we used to put down pine branches for a mattress to keep us off the ground, but often we had to rely on rubber blankets. This last was our principal stand-by. When we threw away our luggage piece by piece on long marches, the rubber blanket and the shelter tent, with the haversack and canteen, were the last to go, and desper-

ate indeed was the weariness of the soldier who threw them away.

In winter quarters we built quite elaborate huts, as will be shown hereafter, but the shelter tent was still the roof, and except when the rain was prolonged it usually served us fairly well. We soon learned not to brush our heads against the tent when it rained, for that would at once set the cloth to leaking. Snow was something of a problem, but we always swept it off the tent as soon as possible.

A camp of shelter tents was not handsome, even when they were set in company streets; they were so irregular in angle and in spread that they looked sprawly, for the space covered depended on the height of the forked sticks, some soldiers preferring a high tent and some a broad one. But on the whole the old soldier remembers his shelter tent kindly. It was



THE SOLDIER REMEMBERS HIS SHELTER TENT KINDLY

a simple invention but it did the army of the Potomac good service.

Benton says, "The thought of more permanent accommodation continually haunts, like a mirage, the soldier's life."

But such luxury was possible only when we were settled down for the winter, and even then was liable to be abandoned any moment on a signal to break camp and fall in. All we had at Fort Lyon was this cotton sheeting over us. On the march we usually put a rubber blanket under us, and if it was rainy, especially if water was running through the tent on the ground, we put branches underneath the rubber blanket, pine if we could get them.

For pillows we used our knapsacks. Toward the end of my enlistment I used to have a wooden frame inside my knapsack which kept it in shape and made a pillow four inches high and of definite shape. After I was discharged it was some weeks before I could sleep in a bed; I used to lie on the floor, with a dictionary for a pillow. I can quite appreciate the advantages of the little wooden stools the Japanese use. Even now I prefer a hair pillow stuffed hard and about four inches thick.

Wellington's bedroom at Apsley House was the plainest room in the mansion. The bed was the one he used on the field, and was hardly wide enough to turn in. He used to say, "When a man begins to turn in bed it is time to turn out." During the interval at Talavera he wrapped his cloak about him and went to sleep.

The old regiments did not take kindly to us recruits. They had hoped to go home to fill up, and were by no means pleased to have their recruits sent to them. The squad drills in the morning of the new men were made strenuous, and all sorts of tricks were played on them, not unlike those soph-

omores play on freshmen. One recruit, for instance, when he had drawn his clothing from the quartermaster was persuaded to go back and demand his government umbrella.

Not that umbrellas were unprecedented. In 1813 during an action near Bayonne the Grenadier Guards protected themselves from rain by umbrellas, whereupon Wellington sent word that he would not allow them to make themselves ridiculous in the eyes of the army.

But we recruits were certainly unwelcome. Two or three days before the battle of Reams station, the 20th Mass. received 200 German recruits who could not understand English.

Wellington declared that his Waterloo troops were the worst he ever commanded, and that if it had been composed of his old Peninsular troops the battle would have been decided in three hours.

A young officer drilling recruits gave the order, "Lift the left leg!" By mistake one of the recruits lifted his right leg so that it joined closely the left leg of his neighbor. "Good gracious!" exclaimed the astonished officer, "that fellow has lifted both his legs!"

They tell about a drill where the instructor grew angry at a recruit. "Now, Rafferty," he roared, "you're spoiling the line with those feet. Draw them back instantly and get them in line." Rafferty's dignity was hurt. "Plaze, sargint," he said, "them's not mine: them's Micky Doolan's in the back row." On the other hand, when a sergeant called "About face!" all the feet turned except one pair. He seized the owner by the shoulder and shook him. "Why don't you turn with the rest?" he asked angrily. "Why I did, sir," the recruit replied. "You did? Why, I watched your feet and they never moved."



"It's the boots they gave me, sir," explained the recruit: "they're so large that when I turn my feet turn in them."

An Irish recruit refused to answer to his name at roll-call because he and the sergeant were not on speaking terms.

A recruit being drilled in the bayonet asked, "How do you parry, sergeant?" "Parry be hanged," was the reply: "let the enemy do the parrying."

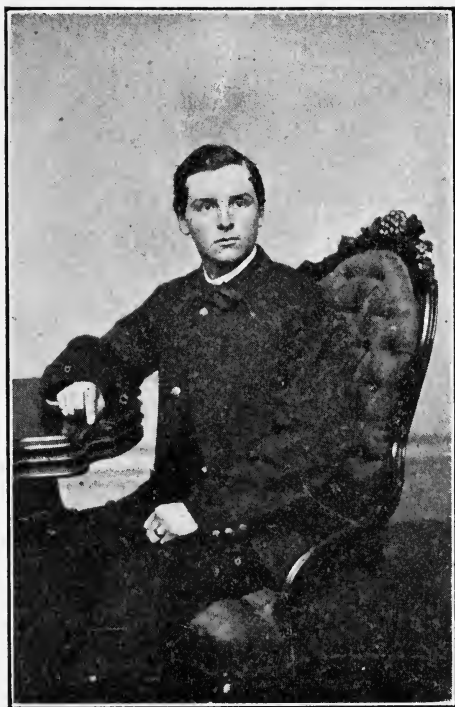
Lord Kitchener found a colonel drilling his men and declaring nothing was right. His men sat their horses wrong, moved awkwardly, and were no better than a damned rabble, a lot of gutter snipes. "That is not a way to address men," said Lord Kitchener. "They are not a damned rabble, but soldiers, and to be spoken to as such. No troops can be trained in that fashion, and the commander who does not respect his men is unworthy to lead them."

But Phillips was very good to me. He greeted me cordially, instructed me patiently in the ways of the camp, and did not assume superiority because he was a veteran.

*Sunday. Sept 7th. 1862.*

*Very pleasant. In the P. M. went down near Alexandria with Phillips and went in swimming. Rode part of the way back on an Artillery horse. Monday. John Tarbell came up to my tent and inquired if I knew him. I told him no. Whereupon he told me his name. He ran away from home five years ago and had not been heard of since. I was very glad to see him. He is in the 1st Conn. Heavy Artillery at Fort Ward.*

In our boyish days, John and I had been nearly of an age, and exactly of a temperament. Many a jack-knife had we traded; many an apple-tree had we known by its fruits. But John had not been satisfied at home. His father was a plain farmer in



LIEUTENANT JOHN E. TARBELL

Wilton, N. H., who thought it better to have a hundred dollars in the pocket of a homespun suit, than to wear his money on his back. So John chafed and fretted in clothes that were a better protection from the cold than from the imagined sneers of his more stylish companions. Moreover, John was ambitious, and could not concentrate his energies upon hoeing potatoes and chopping stove-wood. His father did not understand him, and instead of encouraging and directing his ambition, sought to repress it, and punished him for surliness and obstinacy, till those faults actually appeared. The camel's back finally broke when John asked leave to attend a private school just started in the neighborhood, and in the end received, instead, a severe whipping. John concluded that he

was justified in leaving a vacant chair in that household; and that night he slipped out of bed, wrapped in a handkerchief a few necessary articles, took from his father's wallet the exact amount his father owed him, stole out of the house, and the next morning took the first western bound train from a station twenty-five miles away. And that was the last that we heard from him. All attempts to trace him had failed, and his father had learned to tell the story without showing emotion—always ending with the prophecy: "But I believe the boy will come back sometime, and he will do well, for he was honest when he might just as well have taken a hundred dollars more than belonged to him."

All this flashed through my mind as I looked at the ruddy, stalwart young fellow who grasped my hand, and I easily recognized the matured features which had once been so familiar. He told me his story—how at first he had seen hard times, and had resolved never to write home till he was in an independent position; how he had begun to get established and was doing well, when the war broke out; how he had enlisted in the 1st Connecticut Heavy Artillery, had been promoted, and had at last written to his father; how he had received most cordial letters from all his friends, and had learned from them that I too, was a soldier; and how, learning that my regiment was in the vicinity, he had sought me out at once.

I was, of course, delighted to meet him again, and we were together much of the time while my division lay quiet. But soon the army moved toward Fredericksburg, and as his company remained in the fortifications, I did not meet him again during the war. We corresponded, however, and I learned that in the winter of '63-'64, his regiment re-enlisted, and he

spent his month's leave of absence at home. Here he became acquainted with a young lady of whom his letters were thereafter full. She was the loveliest and the sweetest of her sex, of course, and as he was a handsome and agreeable young officer, I was not surprised to learn that she was also the kindest, and had consented to be his Lottie as soon as the war was over. Soon after his return to the army, his regiment was ordered into service under General Grant. He was made a staff officer, and served with credit and without a scratch or a day's illness till after the surrender of Lee, and the flight of Jeff Davis. His regiment was presently discharged, and he returned to New England almost as proud and happy as his family and his Lottie.

In the first year of their marriage my cousin and his wife were visiting friends in Charlestown, Mass. They had intended to leave upon a certain evening, but were urged and induced to remain till morning. They retired to a room upon the third story, and lay down to sleep as tranquilly as you or I, reader, expect to this night. About twelve o'clock, the wife was roused by a shout of "Whoa! Whoa!" She awoke to see her husband leap through the window, which she reached in time to see him crushed into a shapeless mass upon the pavement. Who can measure her agony at that sight? The lower half of his body was paralyzed, and he was left almost helpless—a mere wreck of what was so lately a handsome, stalwart man. It seems he had been dreaming that he was sitting in the front room of a little house in Virginia, occupied at one time by the General on whose staff he had been, and that he saw a horse running away. As the long windows opened upon the veranda, he jumped up to stop the animal, and sprang through the

window—to awaken as he felt himself falling, and in an instant crushed on the pitiless stones. Thus he, whom a double term of active service in the army had left unharmed, was instantly maimed for life by a baneful dream.

I wonder if anybody has noticed any difference of style in this story of John Tarbell. It is copied, with some omissions, from an article published in *The Advance* of Chicago, March 2, 1871, and is interesting to me as the first writing for which I received pay. I may add that it filled three columns of a blanket sheet, and the amount I got was three dollars. I went right on with my teaching.

*I looked*  
*at my underclothes today and found*  
*them full of lice.*

It was a bitter day when I discovered that I was not exempt from an evil all marching flesh is heir to.

I happened to be in Col. Cowdin's tent



COL. ROBERT COWDIN

when some people from Boston were visiting him and he was showing them a bullet-hole in a coat he was not wearing. He held the coat in one hand and pointed with the other. "There," he said, "is what made me the trouble." He was looking, not at the coat, but, as was fitting enough, at a very pretty girl in the party, so he did

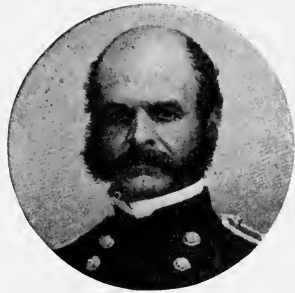
not see what all the rest of us saw, that just where he was pointing a big, fat, white *pediculus vestimenti* was crawling. The visitors laughed, but to me it seemed an awful thing. When I got back to my tent I told Phillips about it, and he amazed me by declaring there wasn't a man in the regiment, officer or private, whose coat would not exhibit the same sort of inhabitants. "Count me out of that," I replied indignantly: "my clothes are all fresh and clean." "You had better examine them," he said significantly. I would not let him know that I did so, but the more I thought about it the more I became conscious of certain sensations of the epidermis that I had ascribed to other causes, and I thought I should be more comfortable if I assured myself I was exempt. So I went away from camp, crawled over a fence, and when I was sure I was unobserved I pulled my shirt over my head. The broad blue expanse was uninhabited. "There," I exclaimed triumphantly, "I knew it couldn't be so!"

But the shirt was of thick wool with wide seams, and when I turned over the first seam I felt as if I should faint. There they were, big and little and nits, a garrison of them. I had had blue days since I enlisted, but this was the first time I wished I had staid at home. Must I endure this sort of thing for three years? I made sure the present generation were extinct, and went back to camp a sadder and a wiser boy. I never got so that I could sit in front of my tent and do my (k)nitting as indifferently as a Spanish beggar cleans her daughter's head at the entrance to a cathedral, but I made my daily pilgrimages to secluded spots and reduced the infection to a minimum. Afterward when I tented alone I succeeded in tenting entire-

ly alone except for now and then a straggler soon disposed of: even then eternal vigilance was the price of solitude; but on the march they were as impossible to escape as fleas in Rome. Sometimes even in camp a man would draw an entirely fresh suit, go out in the field, strip, burn his old clothes, put on his new ones, come back to camp, and find as many as ever upon him the next morning. John D. Billings says that he heard the orderly of a company officer tell of picking 52 graybacks from the shirt of his chief at one sitting.

Jacob Cole of the 57th N. Y., whose "Under Five Commanders" (Paterson, 1906) gives recollections that are clean-outlined, says: "The following incident is an actual fact. An officer of the 57th was leading his men into a battle and at a certain point came under a fire of grape and canister. A charge was made, and this gallant officer, for such he was, ran out in front of his men, raised his sword high in air with his strong right arm, cheered and led on his men, but his left hand had unconsciously gotten under his right arm and was there digging away with sufficient energy to divert the attention of his company he led from the hail of grape and canister that greeted them."

Marching in the early dawn from the Wilderness to Spotsylvania I happened to see Gen. Burnside just getting up from a little sleep in an improvised camp near the road: for under Grant even generals did not always sleep luxuriously. He was a distressful looking object. His face was dirty, the whiskers to which he gave the name were unkempt, his clothes were bespattered, the stars on his shoulder-straps were dimmed, and though I have no statistics I will guarantee that if every living thing buttoned up under his muddy blue coat had been a



GEN. AMBROSE E. BURNSIDE, 1824-81

soldier, Gen. Burnside would have been pretty nearly a regiment.

I am quite aware that the subject is a loathsome one, but I am telling my army experiences as they were, without rose water, and to every old soldier this is a crawly remembrance. Of course it must be remembered that I joined my regiment just as it had finished a long campaign. The quartermaster had not yet dealt out fresh clothing, and many of the men possessed only a single ragged shirt. Chaplain Cudworth says many of them had not changed or washed their clothing since they left Harrison's Landing six weeks before; having been on the move or held in expectation of a move ever since. This was no reflection on them. The 1st Royal Muser Fusiliers were very proud of the name "Dirty Shirts", because in 1805 during the siege of Bhurtpore they were complimented by Gen. Lake for working in the trenches till their linen was anything but clean. "My men," he said, "your appearance does you honor. You have sacrificed personal comfort to the duty you owe your country."

The confederates were much worse off than we. Carlton McCarthy in his "Detailed Minutiae of Soldier Life in the Army of Northern Virginia" (Richmond, 1882), a book so frank and accurate that I shall

often quote from it, speaks of "those lively creatures which were the constant admirers and inseparable companions of the Boys in Gray and Blue", and says common white cotton shirts and drawers proved better than woolen because they were easier to wash and because the vermin did not propagate so easily in cotton as in wool. But he adds, "Very little washing was done, as a matter of course. Clothes once given up were parted with forever. There were good reasons for this: cold water would not

cleanse them or destroy the vermin, and hot water was not always to be had." And again: "First among the luxuries of settled life was the opportunity to part forever with a suit of underwear which had been on constant duty for possibly three months, and put on the sweet clean clothes from home. They looked so pure, and the very smell of them was so sweet." One can imagine what color "white" cotton underwear would be after wearing constantly three months without washing.



EVERY MAN HIS OWN WASHWOMAN

This is one of the pictures where the pencil has an advantage over the camera. For the scene is necessarily Bowdlerized. Laundry work was usually made the occasion of a personal bath. Men would have thought it absurd to wear trousers in the middle of a stream to get wet as they squatted down, when there wasn't a woman within forty miles.

This problem of washing clothes, however, was a very serious one. In some regiments one of the men opened a laundry and boiled and washed efficiently the clothes that were brought to him. I find a

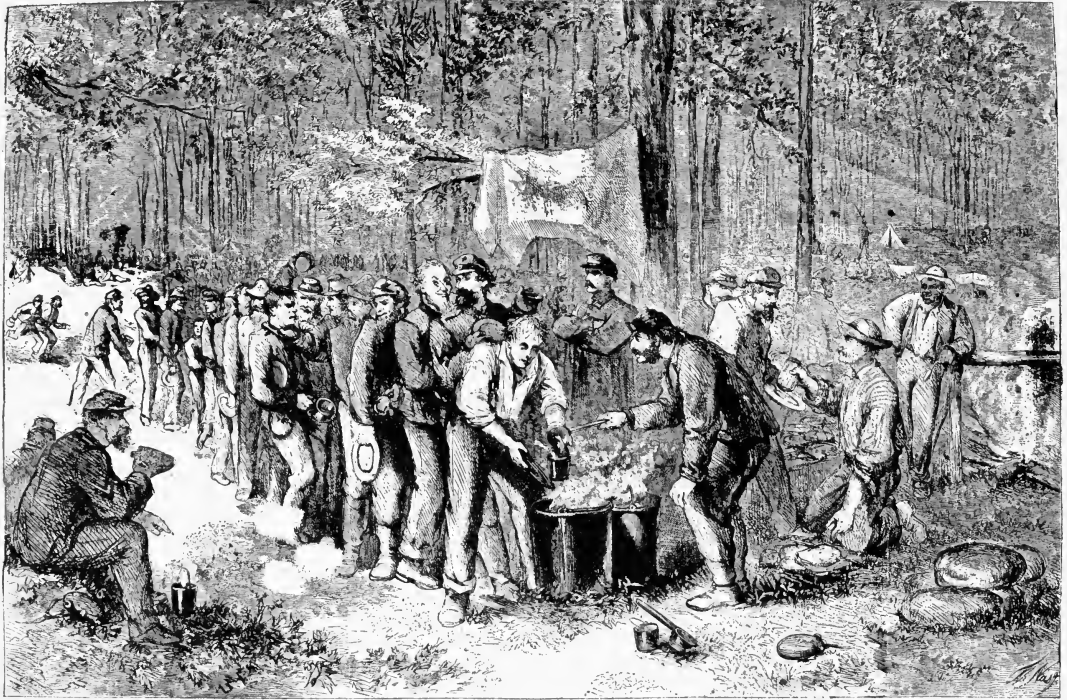
record of a laundry bill I owed to some one in the 26th Pennsylvania who did this. But no one in the 1st Massachusetts undertook it, so far as I remember, and we were obliged to be our own washerwomen, going down to the brook and rubbing our be-soaped clothes upon rocks.

Cole tells of bathing in the brook at Manassas, when an old man asked one of the boys to lend him his soap, and got the reply, "You go to hell and get your own soap, you old baggage-master." He proved to be Gen. Richardson, in command of the division, but he did not wear his uniform while taking a bath.



HIS CLOTHES LINE ON THE MARCH

Sometimes, it is true, a few of the men in the same kettles you see these men would boil their clothes, but what did coming up to get their coffee or their soup or their boiled beef or their baked



DRAWING RATIONS

beans in, for the company seldom had more than one pair of kettles even in camp, and never on the march. On one of the first days a load of boxes came from some good ladies in Boston, and I remember that among the articles sent was a lot of white shirts with starched bosoms. For a joke some of the men put them on before tearing them up for dish rags, and a good illustration it was of the inappropriateness of much that was done for the soldiers.

Col. Humphreys tells of a barrel of pebbles sent to his colonel by a Mrs. Crewe of Salem, Mass. "I have read," she wrote, "that a pebble held in the mouth is a splen-

did remedy for thirst. Will you please accept, my dear colonel, this barrel for the use of the troops at the front?"

I have said that we recruits were not welcome, and one illustration appeared in the treatment of Chapman, who had come out as a drummer for Company K. He also was fourteen years old, though a little older and considerably larger than I, but there was something about him that led the old members of the regiment to pick on him, especially to try to get him to quarrelling with me, and he got in the way of making himself disagreeable.

I was a peaceable boy and would have preferred not to fight, but matters got to





BOXES FROM THE GOOD WOMEN OF BOSTON

such a pass that I saw I should have no comfort till he and I had a reckoning. So I invited him down by the brook where the men washed their clothes and told him we might as well have a good square fight all by ourselves and find out where we stood. He was not so quarrelsome with no one around to egg him on, but I was quite determined to end the matter once for all and he finally took off his coat. We fought for some time, not very skilfully either of us, and without any such dramatic finish as I should like to record. But it served my purpose, for he had all he wanted of it and was thereafter always respectful. Curiously enough

we were I think the only two in the regiment who afterward went to college; he was graduated from Harvard in 1880 as I was from Yale in 1869. In 1902 he visited me at my home in Syracuse and deplored the inequality of fortune that made him so much less distinguished than his classmate recently made president of the United States. Yet some of the droppings of his classmate's greatness fell on him: the last I heard of him he was employed in one of the departments at Washington.

—Friday—Went up to the Sutler's tent and saw Mr. Page of Fitchburg. Was much pleased to see him. In afternoon





FAIRFAX THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

*had orders to march, and went over to Fairfax Seminary, about 2 miles where we encamped.*

This was my first march with the regiment, but as will be seen from the map, inside cover, it was a short one, and we remained in this camp more than a month.

There was considerable pillaging of the abandoned houses in the vicinity and more or less of the furniture was appropriated for camp use, with incongruous effect. The Theological Seminary itself had been converted into a general hospital. Deaths were frequent, and as the burying-ground was near our camp we became familiar with the melancholy strains of fifes wailing out the Portugese hymn to the accompaniment of muffled drums.

*Pitched tent with Joe Phillips. Saturday. Was put on Orderly*

When I was put on orderly I supposed this meant orderly sergeant and was looking around for some light blue cloth to sew stripes on my sleeves, but I soon learned it meant only to be errand boy for the adjutant, Charles E. Mudge. I had this detail every week all the time I was in the regiment, so I got pretty well acquainted with Lt. Mudge. I can see his swagger now and his self-satisfied smirk. As I look back I think he was good-natured, not too exacting, pompous and conceited but meaning to be kindly and fair. He had to look so far down at us little drummers, however, that he sometimes forgot we had some pride of our own. One day when

Phillips was orderly, the adjutant whistled for him but Phillips paid no attention. Lt. Mudge came to the door of the tent and saw Phillips near by.

"Didn't you hear me whistle for you?" he asked.

"I heard you whistle, sir," replied Jo sturdily, "but I am not a dog."

"Do you mean to disobey me?"

"I mean that I will not answer a whistle."

"We shall see about that," Lt. Mudge said, and had Phillips tied to a tree. Jo staid there till he was released at night and then went to the colonel's tent, and told what had happened.

"Call Lt. Mudge here," said Lt. Col. Baldwin, then in command, and when the adjutant came he said to him, "Lt. Mudge, when you want dogs, whistle for them, but when you want men, call them."

The last time I saw Lt. Mudge was in Boston in the 1880's. I had called on my cousin Walter Eames, formerly of the 15th Mass., who at the battle of Ball's Bluff had saved his colonel's life by swimming across the river with him, and after the war had been appointed to a place in the custom house. As I was talking with him he said, "Why, your old adjutant is just around here," and he took me over to him. Mr. Mudge had hardly changed a hair. He was a clerk here at \$1200 a year or so, but he was just as pompous as when he could order me about, and when talking with me still had the same old swagger. It was a curious fact to me that when he invited me to lunch and insisted on my going I took opportunity of his being engaged for a moment with some detail of his daily work to sneak out and get away: the instinct of obedience so extended from the old days that he

would probably have carried me off in spite of myself.

*Sunday Sept 14th 1862-*

*In the morning went down to a brook in swimming. In the afternoon, joined a Bible Class, under the direction of the Chaplain.*

This chaplain was the Rev. Warren H. Cudworth. "Holy Jo" we used to call



REV. WARREN H. CUDWORTH

him, but never disrespectfully. He was a good man, a patriot and a Christian, ready to pray with you at the proper time but never obtruding his piety, and always ready to help you in any way. There was no other officer in the regiment who approached him for genuine manhood of the highest type. He died as a soldier should, dropping dead twenty years after the war while assisting in the Thanksgiving services in the Maverick Congregational church, East Boston.

He was not a fighting parson, like Chaplain Fuller of the 16th Mass., who was killed in the streets of Fredericksburg while carrying a gun. But I liked him quite as well for that. Let the shoemaker stick to his last or we may run short of shoes. In the picture belonging to the British nation of the battle against the Zulus at Rorke's Drift the gallant chaplain Parson Smith with his great red beard is seen handing cartridges to the defenders and attending to the wounded. But his-



A SUTLER'S TENT

tory tells us that as the small body of men, hungry, thirsty, and weary, struggled against what seemed certain death, Parson Smith cried out, "Don't swear at them, my lads: shoot the —." The blank conservatively represents a reflection upon their maternity which in a clergyman seems slightly incongruous.

*Monday got an order from the Lieut. for \$2.00 at the Sutlers, and took it all up.*

This was a common custom. Except just after pay-day few of us had money, and we were allowed to anticipate the next pay-day by these orders, the amount of which was deducted from the pay due us. The sutlers were thieves, so far as I remember: once Col. McLaughlin cut our sutler's prices in half; but I suppose they had to be. Prices were high in those days anyway. Butter was half a dollar a pound

and sugar thirty cents at home, and the sutler naturally charged more. He ran a good many risks. He sometimes trusted men without officers' orders, and he did not always get his pay with the orders. It was not an uncommon lark, especially on a march if a sutler dared to appear, to make a sudden raid, turn his wagon over, grab his goods and scatter. I saw that happen more than once; I am not prepared to swear I was never *quorum pars*; but I never saw any possibility of his recovering any damages. I saw and approved of a similar raid in this state long after the war. In the early days of *The School Bulletin* I took the eight o'clock train at Buffalo, one wintry evening, expecting to reach Syracuse at midnight. The winds blew and the snows came and beat upon that train, and at ten the next morning we reached

Batavia. There was no dining car, and we all made a rush for the little eating-place that used to form the west end of the old station. The first man grabbed a piece of pie and asked, "How much?" The proprietor recognized a great opportunity and rubbed his hands as he replied, "Twenty-five cents." Almost before he could wink the greedy restaurant-keeper found himself entirely alone, no customers, no money, and also no pies, no dough-nuts, no sandwiches. I don't know how it happened but I know I got a whole apple pie.

Coffin tells that in the early days when liquor-selling was still permitted a sutler broached a barrel of beer and began to sell it at ten cents a glass. His trade was brisk for a time, but gradually fell off and eventually ceased.

"What is the matter, boys?" he asked. Aren't you thirsty?"

"We aren't going to pay you ten cents a glass for beer when we can buy it for five," some one replied.

"You can't buy it for five in this camp."

"Yes, we can."

"Where?"

"Right behind your tent."

The sutler went around and discovered that some soldier had tapped his barrel on the other end, put in a spigot, and was underselling him with his own beer. Was the crowd sorry for him? Not so far as was apparent to the naked eye. The only place where a sutler could find sympathy was in the dictionary.

On the march a sutler's wagon was seldom seen. After we were settled in camp a week or two the story would go around that there was a sutler over in the 3d division, or perhaps in the 6th corps, and all of us who had money would go searching for him. I remember when I was tenting with

Sawyer of Co. H that such a rumor came in. We both started out in different directions and we both found sutlers, but in each case when we found him he had nothing left but grape jelly. We each of us came back to the tent with a tumbler of grape jelly, and we finished those two tumblers that evening. It was a long time before I wanted grape jelly again.

If one could strike a sutler when he first opened up there was some variety. Tobacco was of course the first thing called for. Then came pies, "with a taste resembling rancid lard and sour apples", "moist and indigestible below, tough and indestructible above, with untold horrors between"; yet I still feel surprise that once when I ran across a sutler unexpectedly a long way from camp and bought for a quarter an apple pie a foot in diameter I could not eat the whole of it.

Chaplain Quint says the 2d Mass. bought 650 pies in one day, and it was an off day with them at that.

Gen. Nelson caught a peddler selling pies for half a dollar apiece, and made him swallow every one of them, threatening him with hanging if he ever showed his face again.

Even after the war an ex-confederate could find no more luxurious climax. "At Appomattox," sighed he, "we had 13,000 poor, ragged, footsore, tired, starved veterans, while you had an army of 300,000 fat, sassy soldiers provided with every luxury, and every mother's son of 'em chock full o' pie."

Then there were molasses cakes at six for a quarter, and self-raising flour, always a temptation, for we always liked to try our own hands at cooking. Butter came next perhaps at a dollar a pound and cheese at half a dollar, and condensed milk at 75 cts,

such as is now sold at four cans for a quarter. Then canned fruits at prices that would drive the modern housekeeper into hysterics and of flavors that would bring her out again if she tasted them. Besides food the sutler sold playing-cards, stationery, underclothes, socks; suspenders, shoes, boots, needles, thread, and such like conveniences, all at prices that made us sing of his tent as

"The dearest spot on earth to me."

But we were glad enough to be within reach of him, whatever he charged. The confederate army had no sutlers, partly because the south had no men to spare for that business, and partly because the soldiers had no money to buy with. This was one reason why the confederates were so ready to fight: they thought the northern soldiers were revelling in luxuries, and relied upon despoiling them. Here is McCarthy's picture of a Johnny's anticipations; how it resembles the Arab soldier's dream of a celestial harem awaiting a follower of the Prophet when he is killed in battle: "The confederate soldier relied greatly upon the abundant supply of eatables which the enemy was kind enough to bring him, and he cheerfully risked his life for the twofold purpose of whipping the

enemy and getting what he called a square meal. After a battle there was a general feasting on the confederate side. Good things, scarcely ever seen at other times, filled the stomachs and the haversacks of the Boys in Gray. Imagine the feelings of men half-famished when they rush into a camp at one side while the enemy flees from the other, and find the coffee on the fire, sugar at hand ready to be dropped into the coffee, bread in the oven, crackers in the box, fine beef ready to be cooked, dessicated vegetables by the bushel, canned peaches, lobsters, tomatoes, milk, barrels of ground and roasted coffee, soda, salt, and in short everything a hungry soldier craves. Then add the liquors, wines, cigars, and tobacco found in the tents of the officers and the wagons of the sutlers." No wonder a half-starved gray-back fought with his mouth watering. I am not sure Jeff Davis did not have some advantage over Mahomet in this stimulus to daring: in appeal to appetites the stomach comes first. Besides, the mussulman had to die to get his harem, while Johnny Reb hoped to get his plunder and fatten on it.

"I can whip any army that is followed by a drove of cattle," said Stonewall Jackson, meaning that hungry soldiers will fight desperately for food: and he proved it.

#### CHAPTER IV. ON PICKET



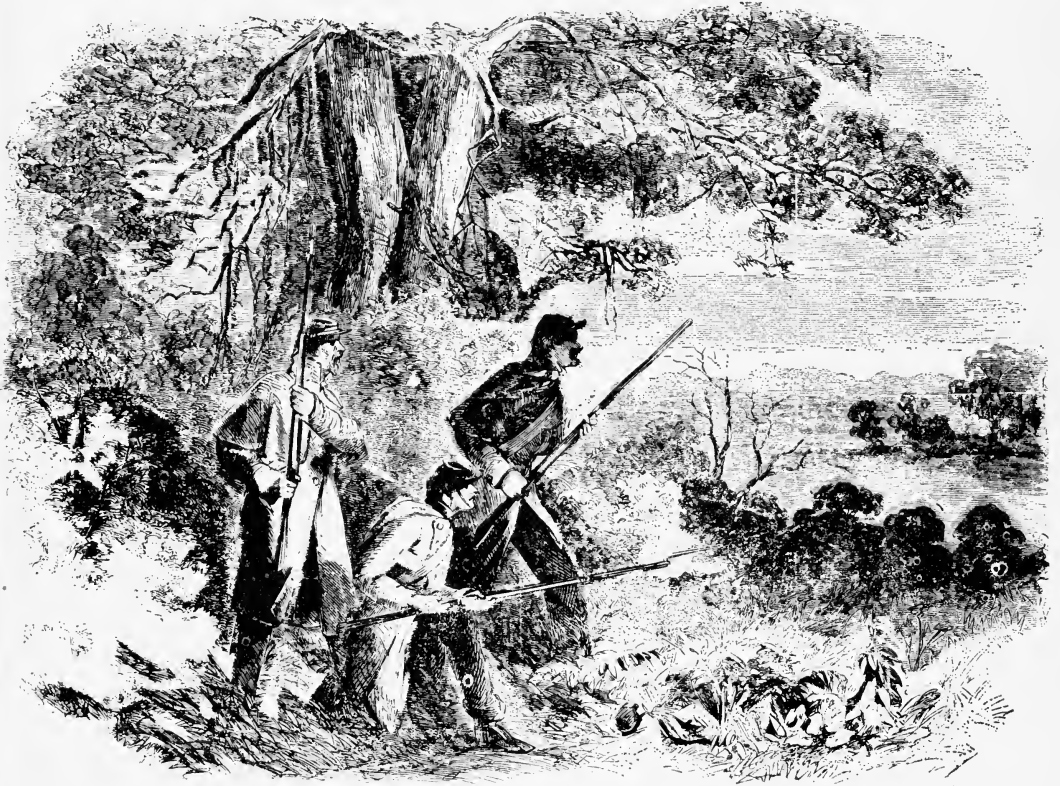
SETTING somewhat used to camp life and familiar with my duties, my first actual service is recorded on Sept. 15, as follows:

*In the afternoon, went off on Picket about 3 miles & camped out.*

The confederate army had retired from

before Washington Sept. 3, but the defences were not yet considered safe, and there were rebel cavalry hovering about, so a sharp lookout was maintained. Our companies took turns in keeping up an outpost beyond our regular lines, that any move or the enemy might be discovered.

Picket was the soldier's romance. The camp was a noisy place with always the feeling of a multitude. On picket we were far from the madding crowd, in the country by ourselves as it were, always in little groups and much of the time individually





alone. One must have eaten and slept and passed his days in a crowd to appreciate the relief of this.

Then it was about the only place where we felt individual responsibility. In a battle you are one of a company, a regi-

ment, a brigade; all you are asked to do, all you are allowed to do, is to follow orders. On picket when you are on guard only your judgment stands between your army and the enemy. You are the outpost, one of the antennae of the army. If danger



"ADVANCE AND GIVE THE COUNTERSIGN"

threatens you are to discover it and to give warning. Once I was allowed to take the midnight watch of a private suddenly ill. I put on his ammunition box, I loaded his rifle, and I peered through the moonlight across the fields to the opposite woods, where I knew confederate pickets were watching like me. There is a thrill in the responsibility one feels at such a time.

Here are horsemen approaching and when you see they mean to reach the line you summon the officer of the guard, who calls, "Who comes there?" "A friend." "Advance, friend, and give the countersign." If he has the right word for the night he is admitted within the lines, but we must all be wary.

They tell many stories of countersigns.



LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE AHEAD



ON THE OUTPOST





"O HELL, I THOUGHT IT WAS THE RELIEF."



APPROACH OF BIRNAM WOOD

One recruit challenged, "Who goes there?" "The Grand Rounds." Instead of saying, "Halt, Grand Rounds. Advance, sergeant, and give the countersign," the recruit exclaimed in disgust, "O hell, I thought it was the relief."

This conversation might occasionally be heard:

"Who comes there?"

"A friend."

"Advance, friend, and give the countersign."

"Hang it, man, I have forgotten it."

"Begorra, so have I."

A general testing the sentries came upon

a young recruit who halted him with. "Stop! Have you the countersign?"

"No," replied the general.

"What, another one without it?" exclaimed the sentry in disgust. "Well, I'll tell you; it's 'Victory'."

The general gasped for breath. "What do you mean by giving anyone the countersign?" he at last roared out: "I'm the general and I'll have you hanged."

The sentry was amazed. "Why, my orders were not to let anyone pass without the countersign," he exclaimed. "Let me tell you, I am tired of giving it. Such a lot don't seem to know it."



EVERY MOVE IS WATCHED INTENTLY

An officer approaching a sentry was surprised to be greeted with "Hi-tiddle-de-hi-ti". "What do you mean by challenging like that?" he inquired. "The last time I was on duty," was the reply, "I was told to challenge in a more musical voice, and that's the only tune I know."

On the troopship St. Lawrence in 1865 an officer who had just got up from a convivial party proceeded to visit the sentries, and this dialogue was overheard:

"Sentry."

"Yes, sir."

"You're asleep, sentry."

"O no, I am not, sir."

"But I say you are asleep, sentry."

"Very well, then, sir: I am."

"Then why on earth didn't you say you were asleep, sentry?"

"Because I didn't know that I was, sir, until you told me so."

"All right, sentry: don't let it occur again."

One might know that was a British story; the following has more the tone of our civil war. To test a sentry an officer after the usual salute said, "Let me see your rifle." The recruit handed it over, whereupon the officer said in disgust, "You're a fine soldier! You've given up your rifle and now what are you going to do?" The young fellow drew out a dangerous knife and exclaimed, "Give me that rifle or I'll cut your heart out." The officer was convinced



AWAITING THE APPROACHING ENEMY

that he would, and handed back the weapon hastily.

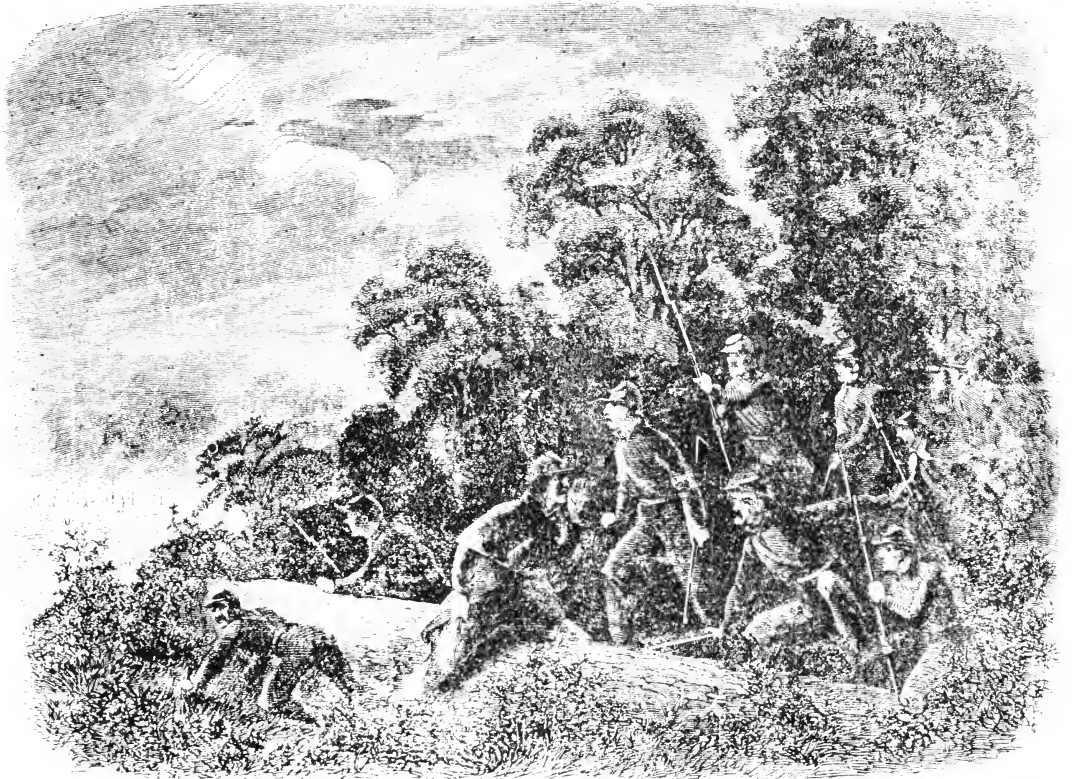
Sometimes instead of a party boldly riding up, the picket sees a stealthy approach of men shielding themselves behind every barrier, perhaps like Birnam Wood behind branches of trees they are holding in front of them to seem to be small trees and thus escape notice. For it is the picket who must detect the approach of scouting parties like these. Now there is indeed alertness and every move is watched intently, as shown on page 53.

Here are pictures showing how scouts creep upon an enemy and how pickets await the concealed but detected approach of the enemy.

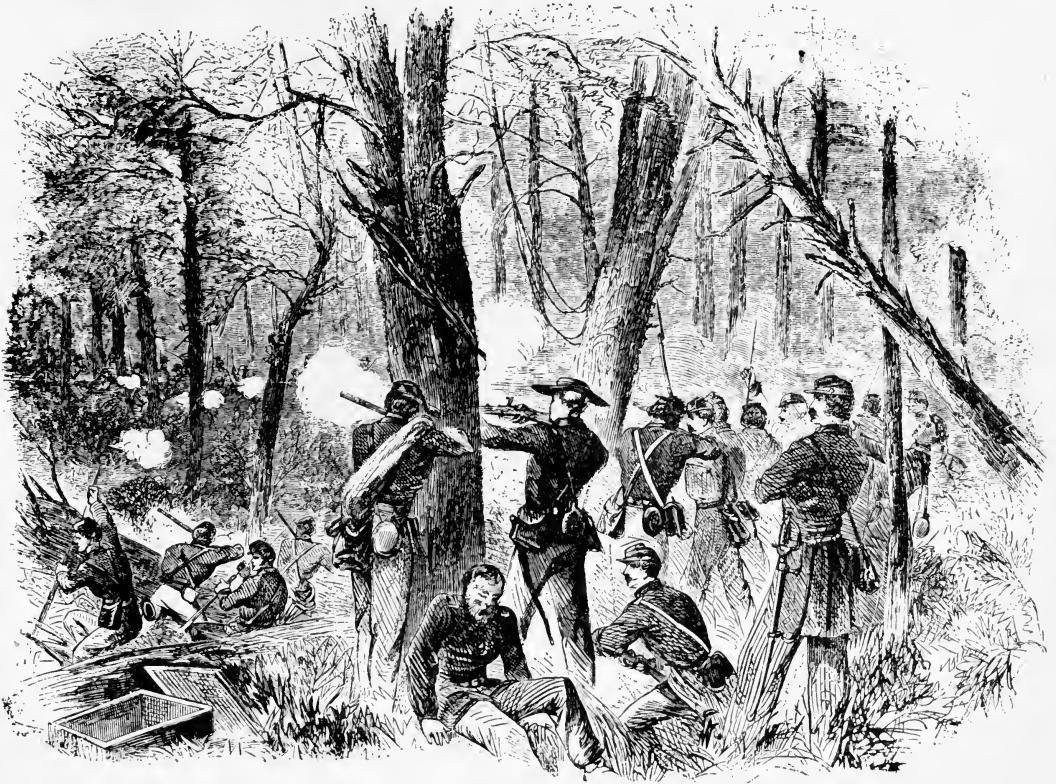
This scouting duty often involved heroism. Some of you know what it is to stalk a deer. When what you are stalking is armed men, and to step on a crackling twig may cost you your life, it becomes exciting. If the service was especially dangerous the commander instead of detailing men sometimes called for volunteers. These were never lacking, and there were remarkable instances of valor and endurance.

Somebody remarked that the Boers did not show their wonderful marksmanship at Glencoe, to which a hearer replied that the best marksmen in the world would get a little rattled if the targets were chasing them; but our seasoned men shot straight even under fire.





STEALTHY APPROACH OF PICKETS



A SKIRMISH

When the enemy are fairly within sight and disguise is thrown off, pickets fight in the open and the contest may become a skirmish. They still protect themselves behind trees as they move along, but lose no chance of a shot at the enemy, whom they strive to pick off, one by one.

On the next page is a picture of a picket shooting another; there is another in *The Illustrated London News* of July 13, 1861. Should I have shot a rebel picket if I had had a good chance? When I entered the army I should have thought so: I think that was not an uncommon idea at the beginning of hostilities. In *Harper's Weekly* for July 20, 1861, there is an approving account with illustration of Major Knife at Williamsport "winging a secessionist" whom he happened

to see riding on the other side of the Potomac. But my regiment had taught me that would be assassination. When it occurred we called it guerilla warfare, with the same contempt a man-of-war's man would have for pirates. We were fighting the confederate army, not southern men. When a battle was on we were to shoot to kill when we could not capture, but when we were on picket duty, acting only as sentries, we were friendly, guarding our posts but displaying no individual enmity. All through the war we sang:

"We'll hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree," but when we captured him, did we? When he was no longer dangerous animosity against him evaporated. There is nothing of the vendetta in American character.



ONE PICKET SHOOTING ANOTHER

Jefferson Davis's portrait is on the silver service presented in 1909 to the United States battleship Mississippi, and in May 22, 1909, 46 years after the battle of Chancellorsville where



her husband lost his life, Mrs. Stonewall Jackson greeted President Taft as the "great harmonizer of all our hearts".

Eggleston, in his *Southern Soldier Stories* tells a fortunately impossible tale of a Virginia girl—beautiful of course, it never costs any more to make her so when you are dreaming, whose lover was killed

in a cavalry contest, and who remarked vindictively at his grave: "He was just twenty-one. It will take just twenty-one to pay for him." Thereupon she joined his troop, not enlisting but dressing as a man and eating and living with the rest, and carrying "the finest Whitworth rifle I ever saw, with its long range, its telescopic sights and its terrible accuracy of fire". Sometimes when scouting expeditions were slack she would go off by herself and remain for a day or two in close proximity to the enemy's lines, and pick off men, one by one, till the tag she wore on her breast with a number on it was marked twenty-one. Then she went back home contented, having murdered twenty-one innocent men, not because they were in the ranks of those opposed to



A PICKETS STOCK EXCHANGE

her in battle or even because they were enemies of her country, but to settle a private grudge against an army that had killed her lover in a fair conflict. I am glad to believe that the number of American men who would perform a series of dastardly deeds like that is very small, and I should be sorry to believe any American woman would do it, north or south.

For weeks our pickets guarded one bank of the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg and the confederates the other, but never was there a thought of shooting one another. On the contrary there was continual bargaining, our men freighting little craft with salt and sugar and coffee and

needles and newspapers and thread to exchange for tobacco that the confederates would steer across the river to us. Not seldom opposing pickets would get together and traffic as eagerly as if they were on the Stock Exchange. In fact by the time I reached the army, so far as I had occasion to observe, the feeling of the northern for the southern soldier was friendly. Both sides recognized that the conflict was calamitous and regretted the necessity of fighting. This made the strife no less determined when the battle was on, but it left us men and brothers when we were not in action. War is hell, as Gen. Sherman has epigrammatically defined it, but it by no



means follows that soldiers are devils, or that either side looks upon the other as such. At Talavera, as is well known, French and British bathed together in the Tagus between the battles, and shook hands when the bugles sounded the recall as the signal for renewing the conflict.

In his account of the Peninsular war Napier tells of a French sentry twenty yards from the British line who walked his beat so unconcernedly that he laid his knapsack on the ground. When the order to advance was given, the British helped him replace his knapsack.

"So well," says Napier, "do veterans understand war and its proprieties."

At the siege of Kalunga a Goorkha who had his lower jaw shattered by a cannon ball came forward amidst the fire waving his hand. The guns ceased till he had reached the British line, when he explained that he wanted to have his jaw attended to. He received the best surgical assistance, was kept in hospital till he recovered, and was then sent back to his friends.

This comity between pickets sometimes extended to the fighting. In the Boer war a Highlander under cover persisted in raising and taking a pot shot, immediately sinking under cover again. One of the Boers pursued the same tactics and it became a duel between them. But finally when Sandy arose chuck went a bullet through his hand, so surprising him that he gave a startling yell. "Serves you right, Mac," remarked an officer; "you were told not to show yourself." "Nae doot, sir," replied Sandy, "but hoo did I ken he was gaun to fire oot o' his turn?"

In the early days of the war a good deal was said of rebel cruelties, and in *The Illustrated London News* for Sept. 14, 1861, you will find a picture of union soldiers

attacking with bayonets unarmed confederate soldiers marching under guard through the streets of Washington. But that was before they had acquired experience. In *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* for August 27, 1864, you will find a picture of confederate soldiers carrying water to union wounded, holding up their canteens as flags of truce. In the Wilderness when the woods were fired by artillery, the confederate troops as they pushed our troops back, seeing that the wounded would be tortured by the flames in the midst of the battle, raked the dry leaves away from their prostrate foemen. At the battle of Kennesaw mountain Col. W. H. Martin of the 1st Arkansas, seeing the woods in front of him on fire and burning the wounded federals, tied a handkerchief to a ramrod and amidst the danger of the battle mounted a parapet and shouted to the enemy, "We won't fire a gun till you get them away. Be quick." With his own men he leaped over the confederate works and helped remove them. A union major was so impressed by his magnanimity that he pulled from his belt a brace of pistols and gave them to Col. Martin, saying, "Accept them with my appreciation of the nobility of this deed." Of similar magnanimity to my own regiment on the left at Fredericksburg I shall tell later.

Even as early as Cedar Mountain, Chaplain Quint, a rabid hater of everything southern, admits that the confederates built shelters of boughs for the union wounded and brought them water and biscuit and apples.

A straggling Yankee soldier was in a squad that was captured and passed before Gen. Semmes. One of the men remarked that the prisoner was hungry. "Feed

him," said Gen. Semmes. "Shoot 'em on the line, but feed 'em on this side of it."

At Elandslagat Col. Schiel was lying in a row of Boers guarded by a Gordon Highlander, who whenever he came near him stopped and deliberately spat on the ground. "Can't you see I'm wounded?" asked the colonel. Instantly the soldier dropped on his knees, wrapped his blanket round the wounded enemy, gave him his water-bottle, and as he stood up said: "You should have told me that before. Now I've gi'en ye ma blanket an' I've gi'en ye ma water-bottle, but mind, we're no friends."

Gen. John B. Gordon in telling the story of the taking of Fort Steadman March 25, 1864, the last confederate assault of the war, illustrates the relation among pickets that had developed in four years of conflict. The affair was a desperate one and the early movements were overheard by a federal picket, who called out, "Hullo there, Johnny Reb, what are you making all that fuss about over there?"

The men were just leaning forward for the start, and Gen. Gordon was apprehensive, but a rifleman called out, "O never mind, Yank; lie down and go to sleep. We are just gathering in a little corn: you know rations are mighty scarce over here."

As a matter of fact there was a patch of corn between the lines, some of it still hanging on the stalks, so the Yankee picket replied, "All right, Johnny, go ahead and get your corn; I won't shoot at you."

Gen. Gordon gave the command to go forward, but the rifleman, not to take advantage of the federal picket's good-nature, called out, "Look out for yourself now, Yank: we're going to shell the woods."

"This exhibition of chivalry and of kindly feelings on both sides," says Gen. Gor-

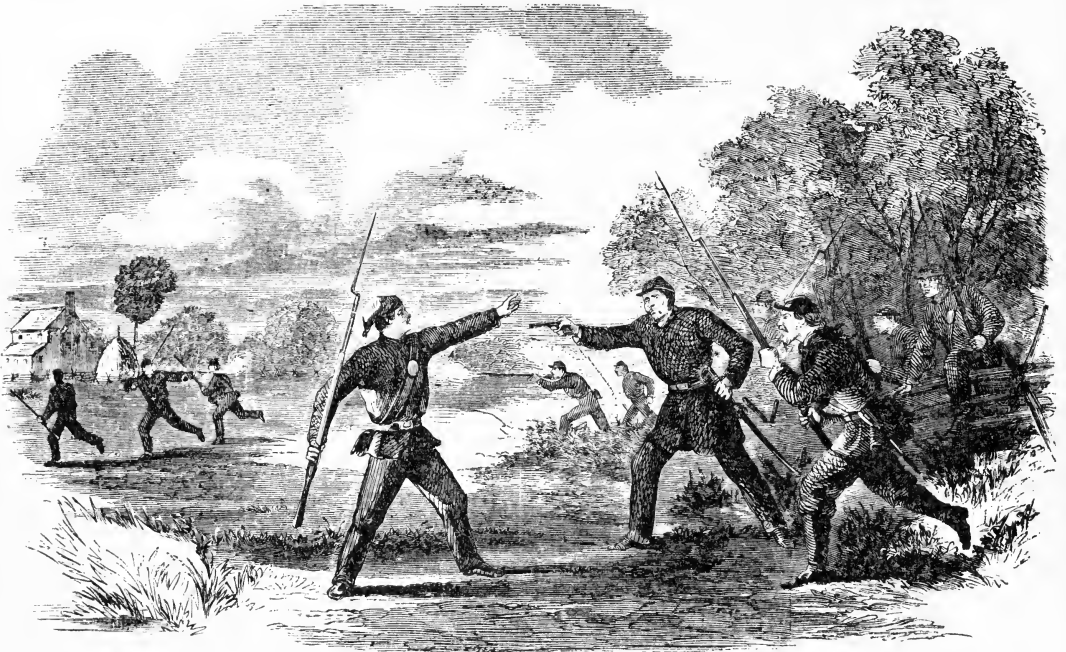
don, "touched me as deeply as any minor incident of the war."

Before the battle of Orthez, Wellington sent word to Soult that to blow up the bridge would be a disaster to the people of Orthez and if the French would not destroy it he would promise not to use it. The bridge was spared and the English forded the river under severe fire. The bridge stands to this day, a monument of good sense and good faith.

We had similar instances of good faith. Cole tells that at South Mountain he was on the skirmish line and stumbling along in the dark when he fell down on top of a man who proved to be a confederate, who said, "Well, Yank, there's no use for us to kill each other: let's make a bargain," which was that if the union troops won he should be Cole's prisoner, and if the confederate troops won Cole was to be his prisoner. He kept his compact, and though he was six feet tall and Cole was a little fellow, he marched in a prisoner.

Before the battle of Omdurman Kitchener gave orders to bayonet all wounded dervishes, because they feigned death in order to murder men who might come within their reach. Fortunately it is only in dealing with heathen that such cruelty becomes imperative. No American, north or south, showed such treachery.

Washington wrote in his stilted way to Burgoyne after the surrender: "Viewing you in the light of a soldier contending against what I conceive to be the rights of my country, the reverse of fortune you experienced in the field cannot be unacceptable to me; but, abstracted from considerations of national advantage, I can sincerely sympathize with your feelings as a soldier."



CAPTURING A PICKET

Sometimes pickets were captured, of course; this was considered an achievement and when it was attempted there was likely to be firing; the picket line had become a skirmish line. Sometimes when we were trying to surprise the enemy our men had to kill a picket to prevent his giving alarm.

But this was a necessity of war. To "wing" a picket in mere wantonness would disgrace a soldier. Here is a picture from *Harper's Weekly* of Dec. 21, 1861; the pickets are apparently firing at random into the opposite woods. I never saw anything of this sort, and I think it was one of the



PICKETS FIRING NEAR FAIRFAX.



A PICKET BIVOUAC FIRE

immature practices of raw recruits that service and reflection proved to be unworthy and unwise.

I am dwelling too much on the serious side of picket duty. Really that was seldom uppermost. The main body of the picket guard relied on their sentinels and enjoyed themselves about the bivouac fire. I remark later in my diary that picket duty brought officers and men into more social relation. That was only one of the manifestations of the general spirit of freedom and good fellowship that picket duty afforded. The picket was the soldier's picnic.

Sometimes in winter, when it was cold and rainy, especially when there was snow, picket duty was onerous, occasionally the clothing would freeze upon a sentry; but such occasions were rare, and even then there was the joy of getting back to camp. If you had seen my hut at Brandy station you would not have thought it luxurious, but to a man returning from picket duty or from an expedition that had proved futile, it was a palace, and it was worth while to go off on little jaunts to appreciate it when one got back.

## CHAPTER V. GETTING ACCLIMATED



OR three lines of diary my last chapter was a long one, "an intolerable deal of sack," Falstaff's prince would say. The disproportion here will be

less great.

*Tuesday. Got home to Camp about noon. Wednesday. Commenced having Dress Parades in the P. M.*

This is always a sign of being established in camp, with accoutrements replenished and decent clothes to wear once more—a sort of military afternoon tea. Every coat had to be brushed, every shoe polished, every belt pipe-clayed. We drummers came into evidence here, for after the line was formed we marched up and down in front, playing our prettiest. In later days I found the first dress parade after a battle pathetic. The captains would report, "Company A all present or accounted for," and so on down the line, but we all knew how some of the poor fellows were accounted for.

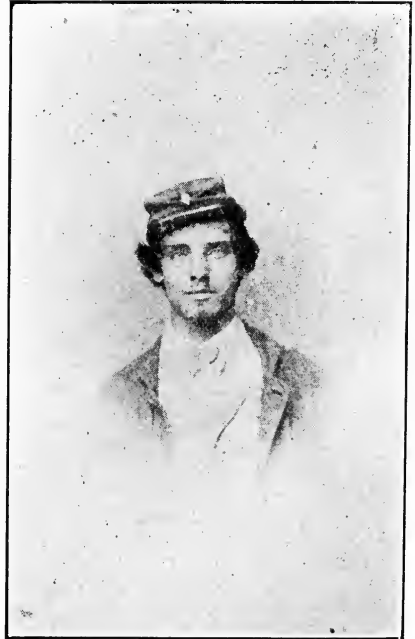
Dress parade was the time for privates to get a sight of the visitors to camp, for they always came out to witness it. Sometimes we were interrupted. I remember once at Brandy Station being on parade about five o'clock when a sandstorm was seen coming, a small simoon, with such dangerous velocity that we were ordered to our tents without ceremony, and ran, each to save his own. Many tents were blown down, some into tatters, and though I wrapped a loaf of bread I happened to

have in my blanket so much sand got into it that I could not eat it.

*Friday. Was put on Orderly again. Saturday went on picket again.*

*Sunday. Sept 21st. 1862—*

*Returned from picket. Went to the Bible Class but was not much interested. Had a cold night. Got my drum — Tuesday. Went over to see John Tarbell. Went over Fort Ward with him and saw mortars cannon etc, in profusion. Saw Light Artillery Drill. Wednesday. Went out to practise drumming. Find it no easy thing to learn to drum. Thursday. Phillips moved out to go in with Chapman.*



JOSEPH M. PHILLIPS

It was fourteen months before I learned why he had deserted me.

I have said that in the early days of the war I took fencing lessons, not many or very effective, but enough to give me some of the movements. While we were here in camp the drummers were provided with drummers' swords, toad-stickers the boys called them, though a man could never stick a toad with one unless the toad were tied to a very short string, about as clumsy



and awkward and absolutely useless weapons as could be devised: I would rather have an Irishman's shillala any day. I was demonstrative with mine, flourished it about, swore it should never be taken from me, and all that, but I had entered the army as a boastful patriot and had not yet had the nonsense taken out of me by actual service. I can see now with what grim humor these veterans of a dozen conflicts used to listen soberly as I stood before the fire and told what gore I should shed as soon as I got to my first welcome battle, no doubt remarking among themselves like Senator Hill of Georgia that the invincible in camp were likely to be invisible in the field. Before one is tried it is difficult to predict whether he will be battle-

scarred or battle-scared.

But to get back to our toad-stickers. I used to practise with the other drummers more or less, and one day I was fencing with Phillips down by a little brook. It was all good-natured enough, till of a sudden he turned his back upon me and returned to camp alone. When I followed a few minutes after I found he had taken away his

half of our tent, and joined in with Chapman.

He was of English birth, proud, of few words, easily offended and of long resentment. I was also rather proud myself, disdainful of explanations, thinking that if people misunderstood me so much the worse for them. So I said nothing to him and made no inquiry. For more than fourteen months from that day Jo Phillips and I, though drummers in the same company and sometimes obliged to tent together, never exchanged one unnecessary word. I had no resentment against him; on the whole I liked him for what he was, as well as because he had been kind and helpful. But I was satisfied I had given him no reason to break with me, and as he had made the quarrel I left him to end it.

On Dec. 2, 1863, Gen. Meade had led us out on a wild-geese expedition that resulted in our living eight days on three days' rations. Everything was gone. That morning I had followed the path of a cavalry horse through the woods, picked up from the ground the southern corn it had nosed out of its bag and chewed the dry kernels one by one. The day before a few of us had found and killed a cow and I still had a few pounds of the carcass in my haversack, but none of us had salt, and only those who have tried it know what it is to eat fresh beef unsalted. The army was retreating, as usual, going back to our old camp probably, and as usual I was straggling along by myself: I never marched with the regiment by fours if I could help it.

Of a sudden a voice called out, "Halloa, Bardeen!" I looked up and there was Jo Phillips, as fat and contented as though he had just left camp. He was quite given to escaping long marches, and I was indignant enough that he should have evaded what

had been so grievous for the rest of us. So when he added, "Got any hard tack?" I replied surlily, "No, and if I had I wouldn't give you any."

"Well, I've got a haversack full," he said; "come on over."

I could hardly believe my ears, but I lost no time in getting to him. He had not only crackers but coffee and salt and even butter: with my beef we could give Delmonico cards and spades. I was for sitting down at once, but he advised getting across the river first; and it was well we did, for as we came out of the little hollow where we had built our fire we saw that the bridge was up, our troops were out of sight, and the confederate cavalry were trying to swim their horses across. As we came in view they shouted to us to halt, but we were not especially eager for news from Richmond and did not exactly what you might call linger. They sent a few shots after us, but I do not think they tried very hard to hit us. They could see Phillips's drum, and they were not blood-thirsty about boys.

Stopping to cook that meal had made us two youngsters absolutely the rear guard of the big army of the Potomac, but no one who reads this, had he been in my place and as nearly starved as I was, would have allowed the chance of capture to hurry that meal. To this day I can smack my lips over that steaming coffee and that salted and buttered beefsteak.

When we were out of range I asked Jo, "What made you desert me so suddenly, down by the brook?"

"It wasn't fair of you to pink me," he replied.

"Pink you? What do you mean?" I asked.

When he was assured I really did not

know, he pulled open his shirt and showed me a scar in his breast not a great way from his heart. It seems my clumsy toad-sticker made it, and he really thought I did it on purpose.

I do not think we carried our swords far on our first march, and they were never replaced; their absurdity had become manifest.

*Friday. Orderly again. Had quite a talk with Ed. Coudin's hired man, a negro, who came with him from Boston, about battles etc. In the evening played on the fife with Geo Allen. Saturday. The Reg. was paid off today although I got no pay.*

*Sunday. Sept. 28th. 1862.*

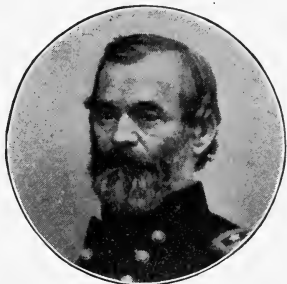
*Went around with Chapman, till his money was about gone, \$3.00. Then borrowed a V of Henry Mingall and spent a good portion of that.*

There were two Mingle brothers, both drummers. Both were good fellows, not talkative but never shirking and always ready to oblige. I would have selected them from the entire drum corps for trustworthiness of the watch-dog type. The younger one, George, could not see after dark and had to be led. He called it moon-blindness, and attributed it to sleeping one night with his face toward the full moon. He was in Co. F and when we came home was transferred to the 11th Mass. Henry was in Co. A.

*Monday. This was a regular feast day with the Drum Corps. Most all got drunk, and all eat till they were surfeited. Tuesday. Lucius Saunders came to see me. He was at home a week ago & of course I was glad to see him. Wednesday. Orderly once more. Went over to Div. Headquarters after tatoo. Thursday. Went to review of Hooker's Division. Saw Heintzleman,*



*Sickles, Patterson. It was quite a sight. Went in swimming coming back.*



GEN. SAM'L P. HEINTZELMAN, 1805-80

This was my first review, and I got an idea of what an army looks like when it is massed. Heintzelman was our corps commander.

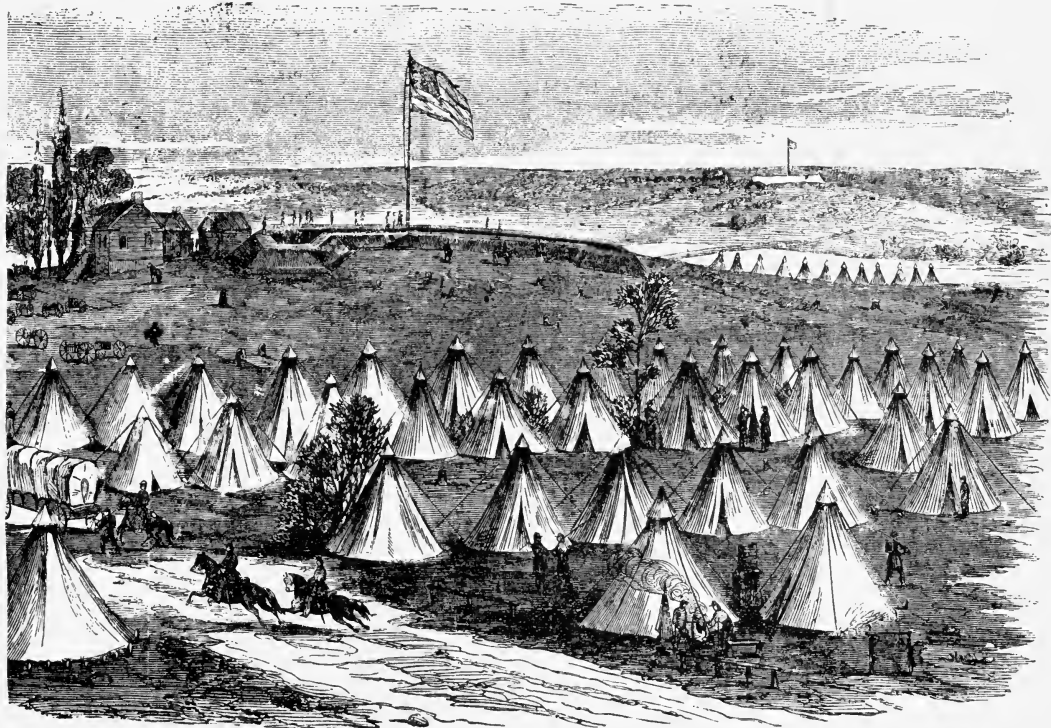
*Friday. Went over to see Cousin John. Went into*

*the Fort and saw Heavy Artillery Drill. Saturday. Went in swimming.*

*Sunday. Oct. 5th. 1862..*

*Commenced drumming in the morning. Had divine service. Went in swimming in afternoon. Monday. Moved into Sibley Tents. Wednesday. Did not get to sleep untill about midnight as the boys were so busy fooling.*

Sibley or bell tents were big conical affairs, 18 feet in diameter and 12 feet high, for 12 men, one to each seam, we used to calculate. It had grown cold for our little shelter tents, but the change was for the worse. Two men can get adjusted to one another so as to sleep comfortably together, but there were no dozen men in the world I



A CAMP OF SIBLEY TENTS

wanted to sleep in the same apartment with. Among so many there were sure to be some who felt like fooling, some had to be summoned at all hours of the night for duty, and somebody was sure to make himself conspicuous just as the others were dozing off. Then most of them smoked, some wanted the tent closed up tight, and showed that they had not manifested the appreciation they should have had for the opportunities to bathe that a steady camp usually affords. Some soldiers habitually slept with all their regular day clothes on, and I have heard of a private so negligent about changing his underclothes that when he finally took a bath he peeled off a number of shirts and socks he supposed he had lost.

We slept with our feet toward the centre, and any one who had occasion to go out of

the tent during the night was sure to stumble over his sleeping companions. No one could stand or sit erect except at the centre, so there was crowding when we were called upon to get up and dress.

*Thursday. Had inspection & drill near Fort Ward by Gen. Sickles. Saturday. The boys were noisier than ever at night.*

*Sunday Oct 12th 1862.*

*Still they keep teasing Chapman. I should think the very Devil himself had got into some of the boys, by the noises they make. Tuesday. While fencing with Joe Welch, cut my finger and was excused 'till Friday.*

Welch was drummer in Co. C. I have lost all track of him.

*Saturday. Signs of rain. Sawyer came to our tent and asked us to let him in as it was cold and he had no tent—*



BAILEY'S CROSS ROADS, ON THE ROAD TO MUNSON'S HILL

Sawyer was drummer in Co. H. I afterward tented with him for a time.

*Sunday. Oct. 19th 1862.*

*John Tarbell came over to see me, and showed me a letter from Eldorah. Wrote a letter to Georgie and to Mr Eames' folks. Went down to the brook, but could not wash as it was too cold to go in all over.*

This was a deprivation, for a camp is a dirty place, muddy when it rains and dusty when it is dry. Virginia mud could change to dust with remarkable celerity, and clung in either form.

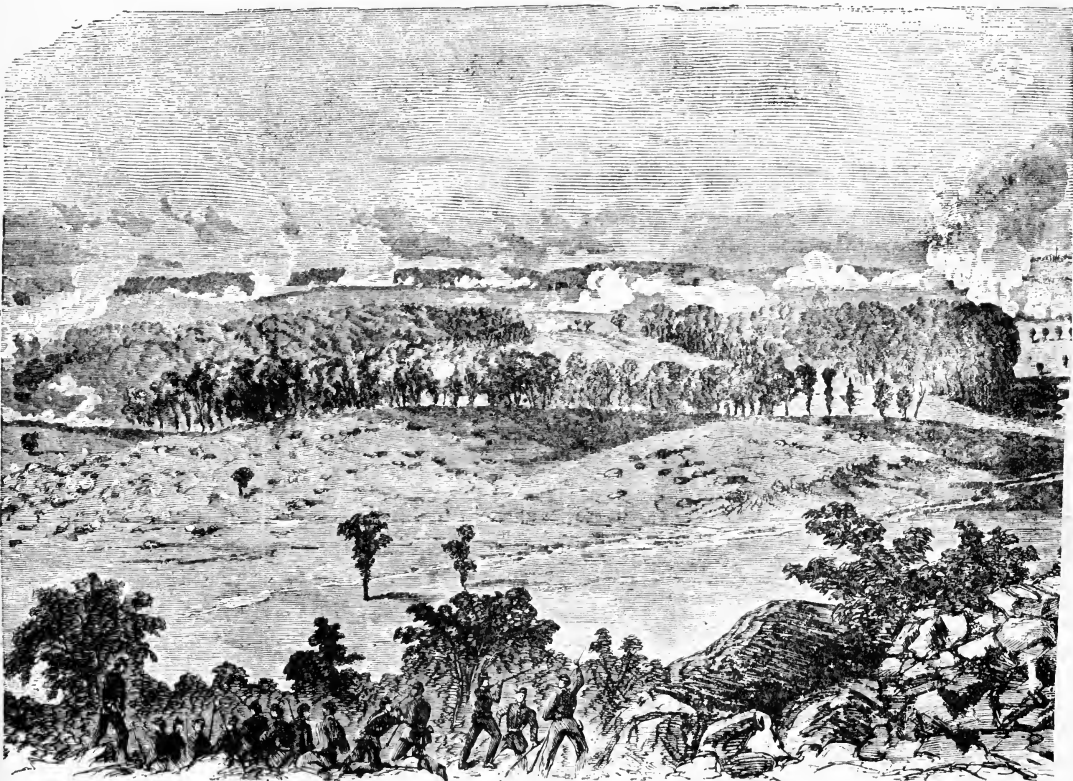
*Monday.*

*Had Reg. Drill at Fort Ward. Put up a stove in our tent and had made prepara-*

*tions for a warm night, when, about dark we had orders to march, and went to Munson's Hill, about four miles, where we encamped.*

We marched by way of Bailey's Cross Roads, which looks now very much as it did then.

Munson's Hill was interesting as being the most advanced post the confederates ever held. There is in *The London Illustrated News* of Oct. 8, 1861, a picture of it with the confederate flag flying, and another Oct. 26, 1861, of McClellan riding proudly up to take possession. It is as will be seen way inside of Fairfax Court House, in command of the western roads out of Alexandria and only six miles from Wash-



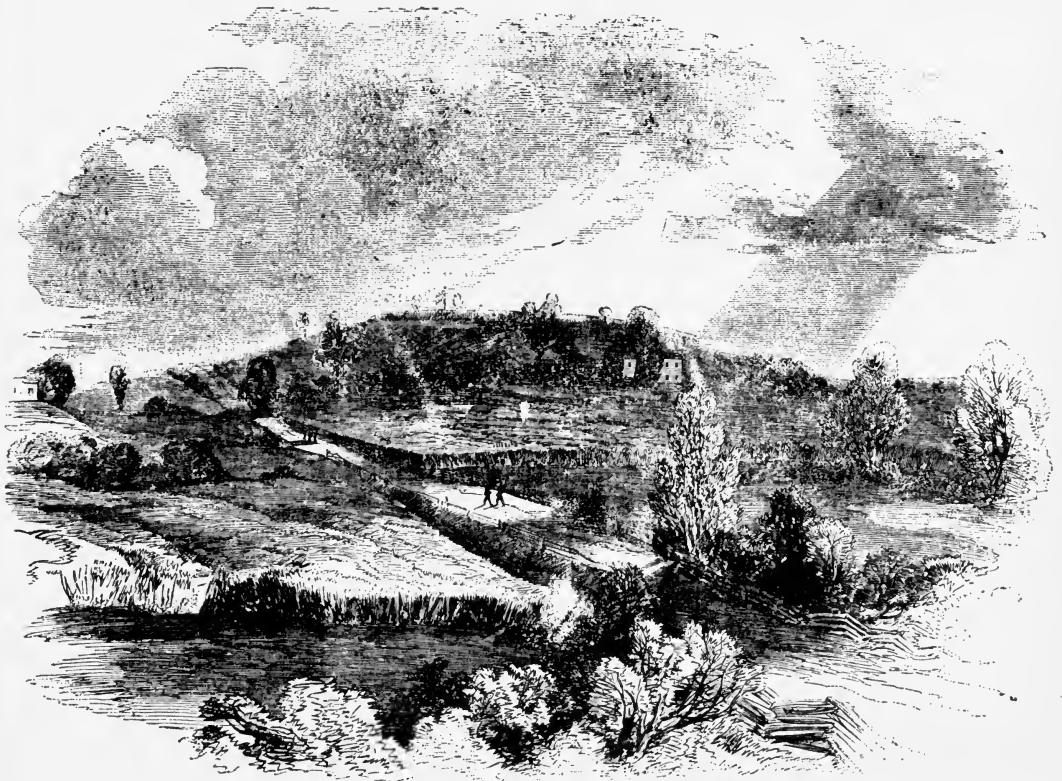
MUNSON'S HILL IN POSSESSION OF THE ENEMY



ANOTHER VIEW OF MUNSON'S HILL

ington. The confederates had thrown up a circular redoubt without the usual ditch but with a strong abatis, which gave the walls height and impregnability. I give views both of the confederate fortifications and of those thrown up by the Garibaldi regiment. Bailey's Cross Roads is just below the symbol for the fort in the map on inside cover.

George Cary Eggleston says that after the first Bull Run Stuart suddenly occupied it with a strong force because a woman who allowed herself to be captured on picket at Falls Church took out of her long black hair and gave to Stuart some papers that he found very interesting. After dining with him she was sent back to the federal lines under a flag of truce, with the message



MUNSON'S HILL

that Gen. Stuart did not make war on women and children. The next day Stuart occupied Munson's Hill with a strong force, and thereafter kept a close watch with a glass on a certain house in Washington in easy view. The house had many windows, each with a dark Holland shade, and these Holland shades gave information as they were put up or pulled down. Eggleston says: "We never knew what three shades up, two half up, and five down might signify. But we had to report it, nevertheless, and Stuart seemed from that time to have an almost supernatural advance perception of the enemy's movements."

I regret to say that to an old soldier Eggleston's "Southern Stories" seem more

impressive for their imagination than for their veracity, "Twenty-one", for instance. So while what he writes may be true, his writing it is not proof that it is true.

*Was very cold at night and staid by the fire most of the time.*

We had no tents and four of us agreed to sleep together under our four assembled blankets. This was comfortable enough for the two men inside, but we drew lots for places and I got one on the outside. The blankets would not quite reach the ground, so I spent most of the night by the fire, toasting first front and then back and then one side and then the other. A little dark-ey a dozen years old slept with his back to the same fire, barefoot, with only a shirt





and a ragged pair of trousers, with nothing over him and only a newspaper under him and yet seemed perfectly comfortable: I do not recollect his turning over. He explained the next morning that he always slept on the windward side. That kept the warm flame wafted over him, while if he had slept on the other side the wind would have struck him before it did the fire. The picture above is of a comparative sybarite.

*Tuesday. Pitched tent with Prest.*

John J. Prest was drummer of Co. I, a green fellow from Maine, long and lank as the two written J's in his name, who always seemed a joke to me and yet who proved companionable. He came out as a recruit about the same time I did, and when he

caught from the old soldiers as I did the disagreeable household companions I have shudderingly referred to, he ingenuously remarked that he had known them at home. That was for a time an awful blight. In the army, yes: but at home? perish the thought. I don't know how it happened: very likely he was brought up in a lumber camp or among sailors. Certainly I found him scrupulously neat: in fact he had such a fresh, rosy complexion that he might have been an advertisement for Pears's soap; I could not scrub my face enough to look as clean as he did when he got out of bed. He was a thoroughly good fellow. He enjoyed any amount of badinage that did not reflect upon his honor. His sense of that was keen and he was justly jealous of it. But he never balked at any expedition I

proposed, however wild, and he never shirked his share of labor or cost or danger. I had a good deal to do with him, and I have not one memory of him that is not pleasant. Yet he is still a joke to me. I have not heard from him since the war. With his health and vigor and pleasant disposition and scrupulous uprightness he ought to have done something in the world.

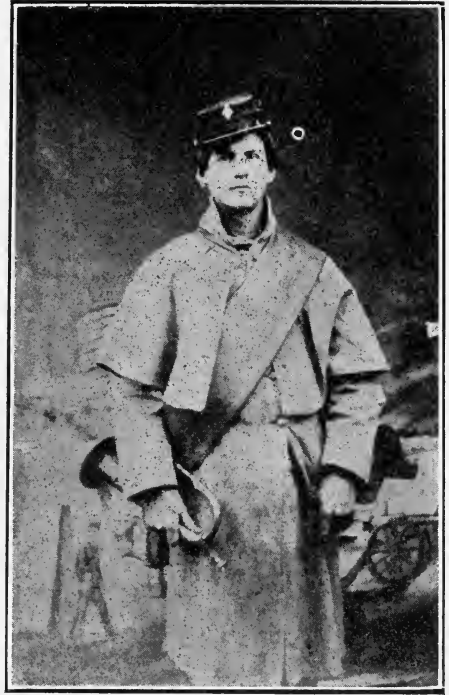
*Wednesday. In the afternoon had orders to march with canteens & haversacks and went to Alexandria, about 7 miles, and then over to a field where we were reviewed by the President, Banks, & Heintzelman. Then marched to Fairfax Seminary where we had supper and thence back to Munson's hill making a march of about 13 miles. Thursday. The Reg. got their overcoats.*

It was none too soon. I have a good picture of one in this photograph of Perkins, a private of Co. K who became bugler.

I saw Perkins at the 48th annual meeting of the regiment, May 25, 1909. At first I could hardly recognize him in the little man with gray hair and white mustache, but as I talked with him the Perkins of the old times came back, alert, cheerful, reliable. He had been employed for forty years in the city surveyor's office in Boston.

The coats were of light blue, with cape, and those our regiment got were of good material. Some of the pioneers, or woodcutters and carpenters of our brigade, big fellows from Maine, used to wear their overcoats on the hottest days in summer, declaring that what would keep cold out would keep heat out. Nothing could kill those giants but bullets, so they survived, but they had no imitators.

You will notice on Perkins's cap, as perhaps you did on Jo Phillips's, a white diamond. That was the badge of our division:



CHARLES C. PERKINS

2d division white, 3d corps diamond. You will see that white diamond on top of the marker erected on the battle-field of Gettysburg to show where Gen. Sickles was wounded, and in granite upon our regiment's monument there. The first division of our corps had a red diamond, the third division a blue diamond. The 1st corps had a circle, the 2d had a clover leaf, the 5th a Maltese cross, the 6th a St. Andrew cross (changed in 1864 to a Greek cross), the 11th a crescent, and the 12th a star. These badges were compulsory, and made it easy to see at a glance in what part of the army a man belonged. They were introduced later than this, in the spring of 1863.

*Friday. Sent by Burditt for the best fife to be got in Boston.*





1ST MASS. MONUMENT, GETTYSBURG

I paid Burditt seven dollars for it. Most of the drummers afterward bought drums through him. Some time after we were discharged I saw him in Boston, and as we talked over old times he chuckled as he told how he soaked the boys for those drums. However, the fife paid me at any price. I knew something of music, having taken a few lessons on the melodeon before I was ten years old, and I made more rapid progress on the fife than on the drum.

*Sunday Oct. 26th 1862.*

*A rainy day. In the afternoon the wind rose and it rained like a hurricane. The tent begins to leak. Monday. Last night the rain continued and the wind was so strong that not one tent in ten was left standing—Ours was however, although we were wet*

*through. In the morning we went over to a barn, near, and were calculating on a nice breakfast of baked beans. So we took them out of the oven and lo, they were burnt to a crisp. So here we were, half frozen, and nothing to eat.*

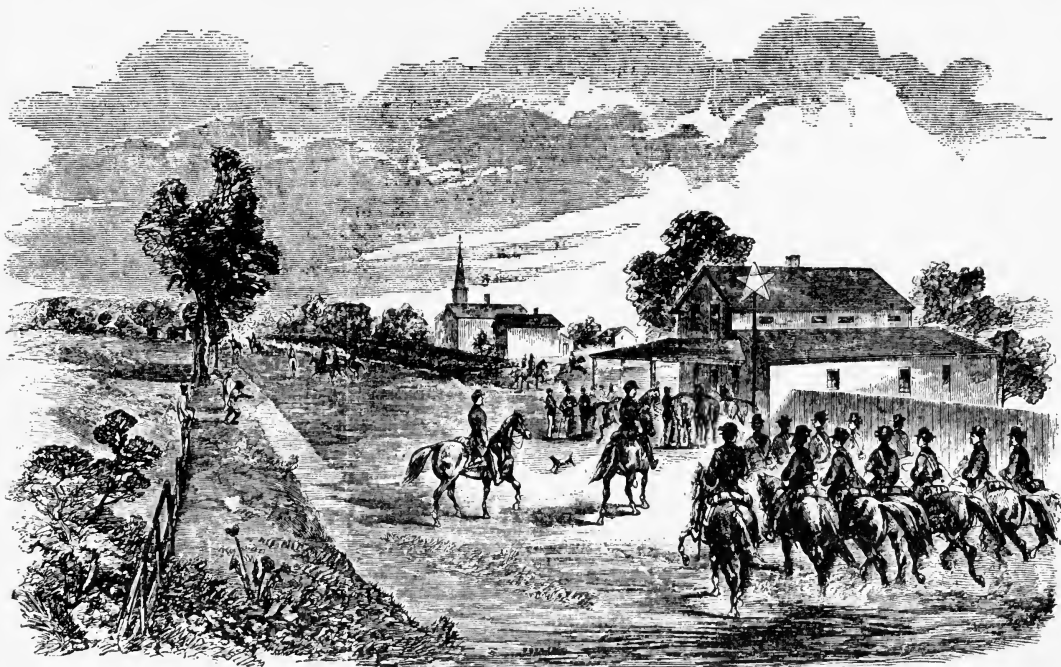
I don't know about the rest of the army, but ours was a Boston regiment and baked beans were our great luxury. They were the real thing, too, brown, individual, with huge masses of pork, the rind sliced and crackling, and cooked all night as in a baker's oven. A hole as deep as the mess kettle was dug the day before like a grave and kept full of burning wood. Then the coals were shovelled out, the kettle of beans put in with hot coals, sticks covered with matting were put over and covered with earth, and the next morning the feast was ready to serve. It was this feast we had been anticipating as we shivered in our wet beds; we had longed for morning and beans. Morning came, but no beans: the hole had been too hot. Unhappily the company rations had been drawn in pork and beans so that we had nothing else to eat save our coffee and what hard tack happened to be left over in our haversacks. It was a doleful time.

*Went up into the loft and laid down in the hay, but were driven out by the owner of the barn.*

The owner of the barn was quite right to drive us out. Most of the soldiers smoked, and a pipe in a haystack is a foe of insurance companies.

*Got some Hard Bread. But it cleared off in the afternoon and Prest and I went up to Falls Church. The Church has been used as a stable—Went up into the belfrey and had a good view.*

What a difference a little sunshine makes



FALLS CHURCH

Longfellow's "Rainy Day" may be homely philosophy but it is sound.

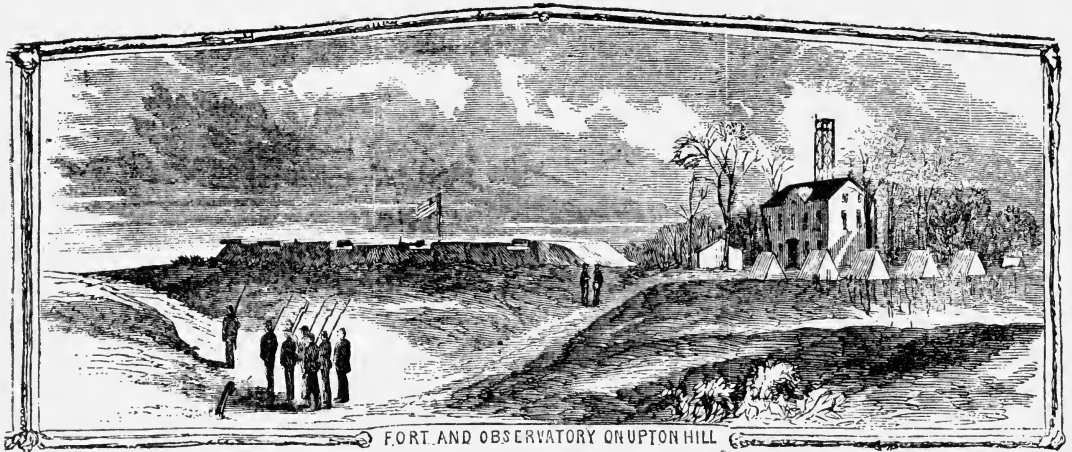
In the fall of 1909 I hired a carriage in Alexandria and drove with my daughter over this entire region. At Fort Lyon there are still remains of the entrenchments. At Fairfax Seminary, the president of which was most courteous in pointing out the changes that have been made, the main building is still the same. It was in this theological school that Bishop Potter and Phillips Brooks were trained. I could distinguish pretty well where the tent stood from which Phillips deserted me, and could see the stream beside which I fought with Chapman. I had forgotten what a glorious view there is from the hill.

Then we drove by Bailey's Crossroads, with buildings not quite the same as those

shown in the picture on page 68 but giving the same dilapidated effect; and over Munson's Hill, on which little has been done since the war. On Upton's Hill there was however no trace of the observatory that used to stand there.

The great surprise was Falls Church. In place of the straggling little street with its single church that Prest and I entered there is now a thriving village of considerable extent and quite attractive, with its communication with Washington both by steam and by trolley evidently a favorite suburban residence section.

This seems a new Virginia, a reawakened and hustling Virginia, but no where else in the region we drove over was the new spirit manifest. We started from Fredericksburg an hour before noon, relying on getting dinner at Chancellorsville, as



FORT AND OBSERVATORY ON OUPTON HILL

one of my regiment had done. But when we were too far to go back our driver assured us the house was in ruins. Was there no hotel? Not till we got to Spotsylvania at four o'clock. Some little store, surely? He didn't know of any.

But where the road forks before reaching Chancellorsville we saw what evidently had been a little store. We finally got a woman to the door who said the stock had run down, she had not even crackers or bread or canned goods; absolutely nothing at all. "But," and she suggested it as hospitably as though she were an F. F. V. of the olden time, "I have some potato

soup just ready for my dinner and the children's. There is plenty, if you will share it."

We were very glad to, so she brought out two steaming bowls and was delighted to see us eat it. She refused pay. "It isn't much," she said, "and I am sorry it is all I have, but you are more than welcome."

That was the true Virginia spirit. We had dined the night before at Harvey's on steamed oysters and mallard duck, but my daughter and I agreed that we would much rather have missed that meal than this.

## CHAPTER VI. ON THE MARCH



TEST now came of my marching power, the suddenness of the call being well indicated in the entry. In the army we never knew what a day or an hour would bring forth.

*Tuesday. Fixed our tent up good. Friday. Had mustering in for our pay. Saturday. Had marching orders and went back to Fairfax Seminary where we got three days rations and then took the road for Centreville. Found it impossible to keep up with the Reg. so fell out of the ranks, and about 9 o'clock went out in a field and went to sleep.*

This was a humiliation. It was my first serious march, with all I owned in the world on my back. I had boasted so much and so often of the soldier I was to be that it was shameful to collapse. I had been tired on the little tramps the regiment had taken but I had managed to conceal it, and I had hoped if I fell in battle it could be put on my monument (of course I was to have one), "He never flinched."

It seemed to me I ought to be able to march with the best of them. I was a fairly strong boy. I have said that I walked from Boston to Randolph, Vt. The last day I walked thirty-five miles, from White River Junction to Randolph Centre. I had not planned to go so far, but it was a moonlight night, I felt like it, "I got to going", to describe a condition that has often carried me a good ways, and I completed the journey, getting to John

Mead's at two o'clock in the morning and doing a good day's work on the farm the next day. Afterward in the army I grew to march better than the average soldier, I find it recorded that one day I marched eight miles in three hours without taking off my knapsack; and on two of the hardest marches the regiment made I was one of the very few who slept with the colors at night; on the third there were only seventeen that did it and five of them were mounted. Yet on this first march I was "all in" before we had gone ten miles. I would have held out if I could, for pride's sake if for no other, but I saw that it was a question of dropping down in my tracks and so fell out while I still had strength enough to crawl over the stone wall and drop down under a tree.

*Sunday Nov. 2nd 1862.*

*Woke up about 2 o'clock and went on to find the Reg. Soon found Patterson's Brigade and was assured that Carr's Brigade was not far on, so lay down and went to sleep again.*

How well I remember that night. It was clear and starlight, and as I dropped down there were the tramp of feet, the murmur of voices, the occasional, "Close up, men: close up!" When I awoke there was not a sound. The troops had passed, the road was empty, there was not a noise; as I sat up and looked around there was absolute solitude. It gave me a curious feeling after living four months as one of a crowd to find myself the one animate thing in sight and hearing. Stuart's cavalry had a way of circling about our troops at pleasure and there was already talk of guerillas, so I was not sure what manner of men the



REVEILLE IN CAMP

first troops I found would be. It was not altogether a safe predicament I was in, but manifestly the thing to do was to go on, following the road the regiment had taken. I was soon reassured. Patterson's brigade was the New Jersey brigade of our division, and as they had halted no doubt the whole division had. So as I was still exhausted I might as well finish my night's sleep here and I did so.

*Was awakened at 4 o'clock by the Reveille and went on. I found the Reg. Made some Coffee and eat breakfast.*

Reveille on a march produces an interesting spectacle. Men have been sleeping about in all sorts of positions, many of them dropping down in their tracks without even taking off their cartridge boxes.

Few have had enough under them to keep out the chill of the ground, and as they are awakened find themselves stiff as with rheumatism. After the battle of Gettysburg I lost all the little equipment I had left, and lay down two or three successive nights on wet ground with absolutely nothing under or over me. When I woke up I had to limber myself out by sections. I would move the fingers of my left hand till I could use them; then my left wrist and arm; then my right fingers and wrist and arm; then my left leg; then my right leg, till finally I could get into a sitting posture, and eventually to my feet. It was literally a matter of some minutes and of detailed effort to stand.

The beating of drums for reveille gave way to the bugle, and this tune became familiar:

## REVEILLE.



The boys found many words to it, of which this was a common version:

I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,  
 I can't get 'em up, I tell you.  
 I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,  
 I can't get 'em up at all.  
 The corporal's worse than the private,  
 The sergeant's worse than the corporal,  
 The lieutenant's worse than the sergeant,  
 But the captain's worst of all.  
 I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,  
 I can't get 'em up this morning;  
 I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,  
 I can't get 'em up to-day.

In the infantry the bugle call for taps was the same as the artillery tattoo. At its conclusion the drummer beat a few isolated taps, and the army day was done. All lights must be put out, all noises must cease, and every man but the guard must be in his quarters. But my recollection is that these regulations were seldom enforced.

*At daylight we started and I soon fell out again. We got to Fairfax about noon and about a mile beyond had a long rest. Soon I saw the Reg. coming back and falling in with them we went back to Fairfax and encamped near there. My feet were very sore, but on the whole I got along very well.*

I wore the regular army shoe, and always the first day of a march after breaking camp my heels became a mass of blisters. I grew to expect it, and to know if I pricked them at night they would begin to

harden the next day; but this first experience gave me only the present pain, and I had not learned it would not be permanent.

Coarse as army shoes were, I am not sure but with their broad soles and heels they were better than a more fashionable boot. I tried the home kind once or twice but was glad to get back to those dealt out by the government, ungainly as they were. The Duke of Wellington replied to the question what was the best requisite for a soldier, "A good pair of shoes", and when asked what was the next requisite, answered "A spare pair of good soles". A confederate soldier who has laid a Yankee low has been known to rush for him, shouting, "Them's my shoes!" But the confederate shoes were poor as well as scarce. I had no reason to complain of the shoes dealt out to me.

It is said that Lee had no intention of fighting at Gettysburg, and Gen. Heth was sending his soldiers there to get shoes.

Gen. Wadsworth on the march to South Mountain came to a town where all the shoe-stores were closed, and made 200 men take off their shoes and give them to his soldiers.

Gen. Meade held the army for a day after Gettysburg because he found 900 men without shoes.

When Sir Harry Smith, after whose wife Ladysmith was named, was governor of Cape Colony his troops returned from a campaign against the Kaffirs in most dilapidated outfit. He inspected them on parade and made a speech congratulating them on their gallant conduct, but one of the men stepped forward from the ranks and said, "Beggin' your pardon, Sir 'Arry, we don't want no gammon; we want boots."



Whatever else I discarded I always tried to keep several pairs of socks and when possible I kept them washed, but there were many men who owned but one pair at a time and wore them as long as they held together, often not taking them off at night. I do not see how these people endured long marches. Not seldom their feet would get so heated and sore and inflamed that they would take off their shoes and socks and march barefoot, even in cold weather. McCarthy, who says that few confederate soldiers had socks, speaks of this carrying shoes as a common habit, and says bloody footprints in the snow were not infrequent. Besides the inevitable chafing of coarse, ill-fitting shoes, sand and gravel would work in, for when marching in line one could not pick his footsteps; and as there was no

chance to remove these intrusions till the next long halt, hours on perhaps, the feet became raw and the gravel was ground into the open flesh.

*At night pitched tent with Prest, and went to bed, but for some time I lay thinking over the events of the day & thinking how different was a Sunday at home from a Sunday in the Camp. Monday. Cos D, F, H & G were ordered to Fairfax Station on the R. R. and a drummer went with each Co, but Phillips went with D.*

This I regretted, for there was a possibility of a skirmish and I still wanted to get into a battle.

*Went over to the Camp of the 119th N. Y. which they were leaving. Got a pair of leggings and a good deal of other stuff.*



*Played Out*



It is a pitiful thing to break up camp and leave behind the comforts one has accumulated. You know what it is to pack your kit for the Adirondacks and how hard it is to throw out this and that which seem so necessary and yet which you realize you cannot carry forty miles on your back. But when you throw them out it is to return to them; it is only doing without them for a few days. In the army it was throwing them away for good, and it came hard. The old soldier learned to do it ruthlessly, but even he did not know how long the march was to be, and he often started with what he had to scatter along the road. I saw the most instances of this the next June 15, when we were marching wearily along the railroad on a very hot day, with no water. I never saw elsewhere such a quantity and variety of castaways. I picked up a beautifully bound prayer-book; a bawdy book of which the half page I read before I knew what it was is branded in my memory to this day; even a letter from a wife telling her husband how in her poverty she had finally succumbed to the landlord who had pressed her for rent and would not be otherwise appeased. Think of throwing away a letter like that without even tearing off the address; even I, a stranger, kept it till I could burn it with the book. I threw things away, too, on that march, more and more of them, till when we got to Gettysburg I had only a haversack, a rubber blanket and a canteen left, of all the luxuries I had gathered in the winter camp.

The principal mistake I made on this first march was carrying too heavy a knapsack. It is amazing how every ounce weighs down, till the straps around one's shoulders seem to cut into the flesh. McCarthy says the confederates did away with

overcoats and knapsacks, and even with canteens, preferring tin cups. They even discarded cartridge boxes and carried cartridges and caps in their pockets. It was amusing to see the men hauling out of their pockets a mixture of corn, salt, caps, and cartridges, selecting the material needed before they loaded or ate. "Reduced to the minimum," he says, "the private soldier consisted of one man, one hat, one jacket, one shirt, one pair of pants, one pair of drawers, one pair of shoes, and one pair of socks. His baggage consisted of one blanket, one rubber blanket, and one haversack."

There were occasional exceptions. When the 30th Georgia went into its first fight one man had a violin strapped to his back declaring, "If I die I want to die to the sound of Betsy." When the fight was over he was found under a tree, badly wounded, but propped up against the trunk and playing on Betsy.

On the next page is a picture published about the time of the battle of Antietam, representing confederate prisoners. I saw a great many confederate prisoners but I never saw any who looked like this. They all have shoes and hats and clothes enough to cover them. They may have looked that way when they started out from Richmond but not when they got into Maryland. The picture in "Battles and Leaders", iii. 250, of confederates crossing a ford is most amusing. There was never a Johnny Reb north of the Potomac with any such outfit as these men are carrying.

On the retreat from Moscow Ney had twelve million francs in gold which he saw he must abandon, and made the fatal mistake of distributing it among the soldiers. They so overloaded themselves that hundreds of them failed to reach the frontier. Sir John Moore was wiser. On his retreat

from Corunna he had the money thrown down a precipice after the army had passed.

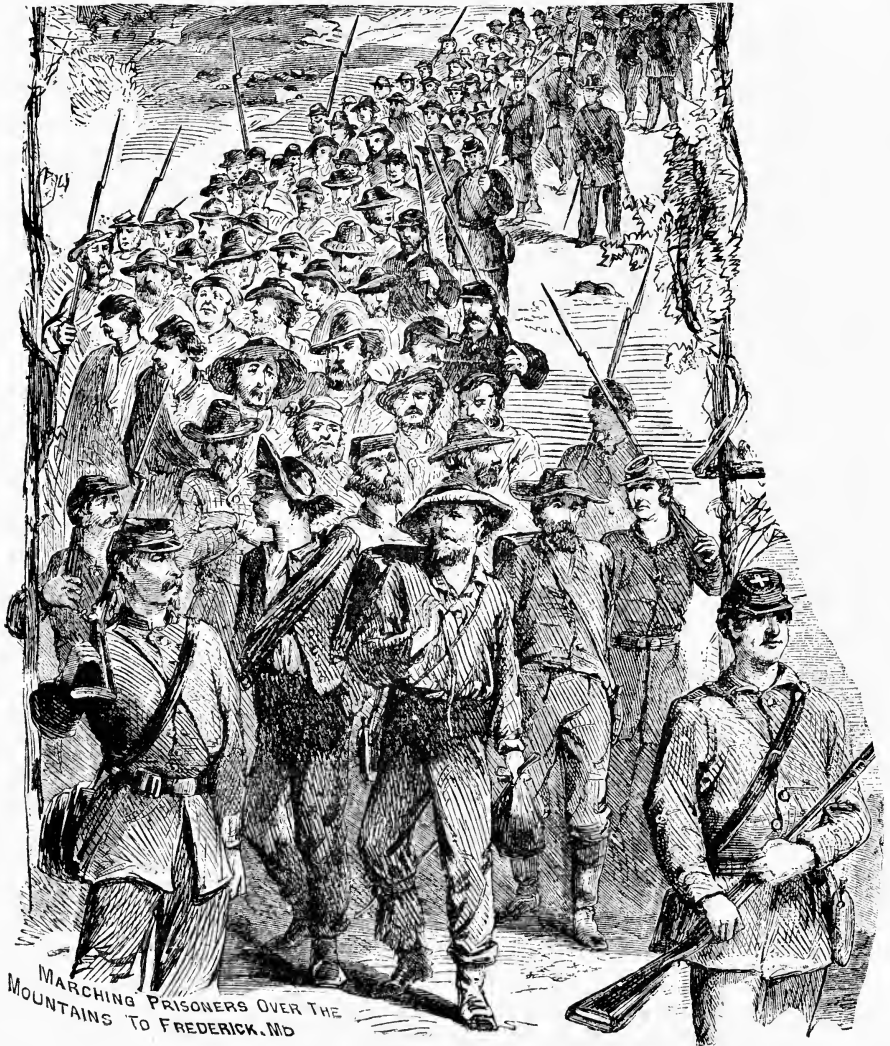
*One of our boys stole a box of candles out of one of the wagons and Prest. and I got 71.*

If I had been writing for other eyes I might have modified this entry, but in this diary a spade is a spade. As a matter of

fact soldiers thought no more of pilfering from a commissary or a quartermaster than a child does of getting at its mother's cookie jar.

"Weren't you afraid when you went into that dark closet for the cookies?" asked an earnest mother, trying to instill what conscience was.

"Yes, mamma, I was a little afraid."



MARCHING PRISONERS OVER THE  
MOUNTAINS TO FREDERICK, MD

"Afraid of what, dearest?"

"Afraid I couldn't find the cookies."

As the darkey proved to have taken one of his master's shoats explained: "Dat ain't no stealin', Mahse John; hit's all in de family; you'se got less shoat but you'se got mo' niggah."

*I traded off some of them in the village. As I was buying some stuff in one of the shops a sick soldier of the 134th N Y. came along & bought five cts. worth of cakes with all the money he had. I bought him some cakes & cheese for which he was very grateful.*

When I first read over this diary I thought I recoginzed here a little intercommunication between my right hand and my left, but it stands so alone in this respect that I think it was chronicled merely as an interesting incident.

*Wednesday. Had orders to move and so packed our knapsacks, but had them carried on the wagon.*

This was an unusual concession: perhaps an echo of an order of Gen. Pope in which, to prevent straggling, he commanded the officers to march behind their companies instead of before, and on the other hand recommended that knapsacks be carried. This would have been wholly impracticable for such campaigning as we did. Wagons could seldom accompany us in sufficient number, there would be great delay in putting our knapsacks on the wagons and getting them back again, if there was a skirmish the wagons would get separated, perhaps captured, and altogether the idea belonged to militia training rather than to a fighting army.

*Went to Fairfax Station. Prest & I pitched our tent. Thursday. In the morning it began to snow, and a wet, cold, miserable day it was. Saturday. Went*

*about ½ mile to an old Church which the soldiers had torn down, and got some boards. Prest got enraged at my laziness and we separated. Laid cold at night.*

This is not to conflict with my statement that I have only pleasant memories of Prest: I did not say he had only pleasant memories of me. I have no doubt he was perfectly justified, only he was a half older than I and six feet tall, so it was easier for him than for me to carry a dozen boards half a mile on his shoulder.

Much ingenuity was shown in the building of huts, for we had only our shelter tents and hardly averaged a blanket apiece.

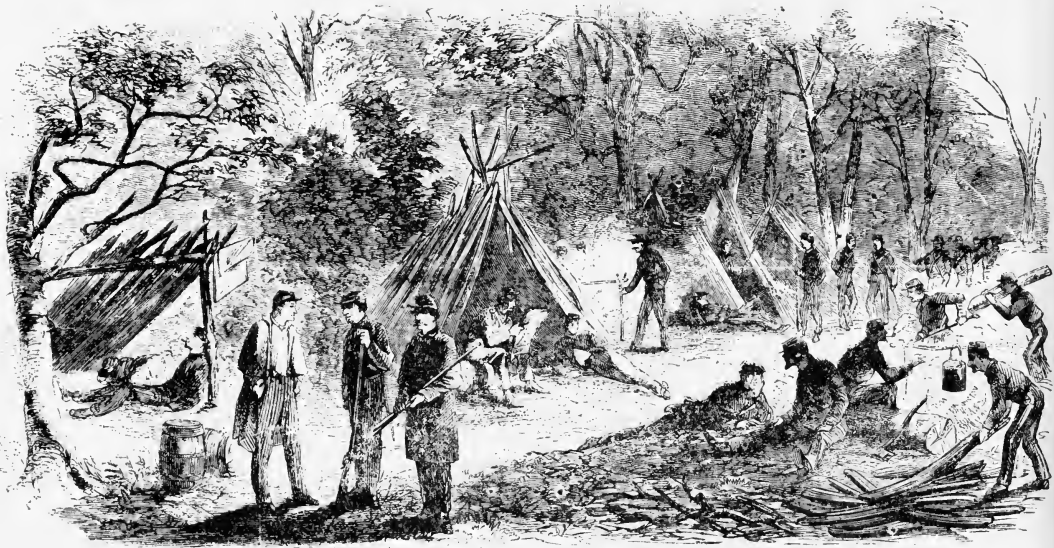
Our own regiment picketed the railroad for some distance, and to save marching out and back distributed companies along the track. They constructed bivouacs, often stretching their rubber blankets over rails or poles as shown on the next page. Some of them dug holes in the embankment of the railroad to make beds in, and Bailey of Co. H., who was asleep in such a cavern, was covered by a cave-in and died before he could be rescued.

*Sunday. Nov. 9th.*

*Got two papers from home. Sent two letters in the P. M. Fixed my house, Monday. Built me a Chimney. Tuesday. Got two letters, from home. The Reg. was called out to give a salute to McLellan. Saw both McLellan & Hooker.*

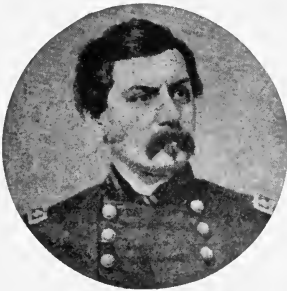
Gen. McClellan had been recalled from command of the army, and was on his way from Warrington to Washington.

I have heard a good deal about how the soldiers idolized Little Mac and resented his dismissal from command, but I heard nothing of the sort in my regiment. They had been with him all through his peninsular campaign, and they were quite ready to try some one else.



TEMPORARY QUARTERS

Some man asked Lincoln for a pass to Richmond. "A pass to Richmond," exclaimed the president, "Why, my dear sir, if I should give you one it would do you no



GEN. GEORGE B. McCLELLAN, 1826-85

good. You may think it strange, but there are a lot of fellows between here and Richmond who either can't read or who are prejudiced against every man who totes a pass from me. I have given McClellan more than 200,000 passes to Richmond, and not a darned one of them has got there yet."

My regiment had been within four miles of Richmond, and then turned back because McClellan had not the sand to fight a battle. They had read his dispatches promising to die at the head of his troops, and seen him take refuge on a gunboat. They knew that this caricature published in *Frank Leslie's* for Feb. 1 was unjust in that it represented his troops and Beauregard's as equal, while as a matter of fact it was divisions against brigades. They had no doubt it was with McClellan's connivance if not by his command that his pets Fitz John Porter and Franklin refused to obey Pope's commands and lost the second battle of Bull Run. When afterward McClellan ran for president on a platform pronouncing the war a failure, they wagged their heads at one another and echoed, "I told you so." I don't know what the army thought about Little Mac, but that was what the enlisted men of the 1st Massachusetts thought, and what they said about the camp fires.

*Wednesday. Sick to day. Got some pills from the Dr. Geo. Allen gave me a Sedlitz powder which tasted firstrate. Thursday. Sold my dirk knife to Prest for \$1.25, payday. He got me checks for 1.00 and I spent part of it. Friday. Still sick & appearances of Jaundice. Saturday Felt better in P. M.*

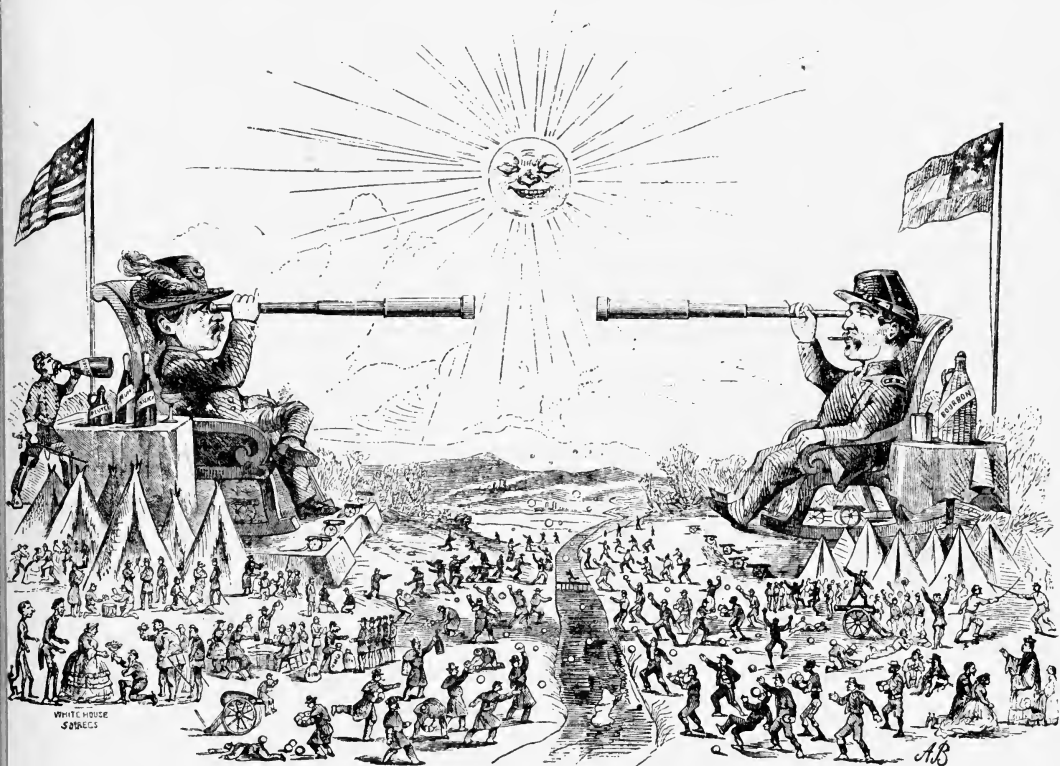
George H. Allen was fifer in Company A. I saw him at the fortieth reunion of the regiment. He is an officer in the soldiers home in Maine, I think.

This was my first illness, and I had few afterward, none serious. The taste of the powder seems to have been more worthy of record than whether it cured me. The spending of the dollar seems to have result-

ed in return of the complaint, which was hardly worthy the dignified name of jaundice.

*Sunday. Nov. 16th 1862.*

*Got some papers of the Chaplain. Monday Fixed my house more. Everybody is building houses. Tuesday. Had orders to pack knapsacks and get ready for a march. The 11th. N. Y. and 2 N. H. passed us. Wednesday Rainy. My house leaked badly—Thursday. Still raining. Went over to a house near and bought three pints of meal, for which I traded some needles & thread. Drew Pants, Blouse, Cap, Stockings & Shoes. Rainy night. Got wet. Friday. Towards night it cleared up. Saturday. Fixed my No. 4 Blouse into a coat with Side Pock-*



ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC

*ets. Fixed my house with raised bank & tent overhead—*

*Sunday Nov. 23d. 1862.*

*Got knowledge of a box containing liquor and arranged with the Sentinel to open it as it is contraband. So opened it and got some butter, sugar, & tea.*

Since this is recorded I suppose it must be true, but I am more ashamed of it than of any other deed recorded in these pages. I wonder who the sentinel was who made me his cat's-paw; no 1st Massachusetts man, I hope; my own conduct inflicted disgrace enough upon it. The sentinel was probably upon brigade guard, as the regimental guard would have had no such authority. I was a Son of Temperance, and as will be afterward seen I poured my government rations of whiskey on the ground, but I think this is the only time in my life I ever played informer and got paid for it. If it had been a characteristic and not a vagary I don't know how low I might have sunk; I might even have written a text-book on physiology with statements about liquor exaggerated enough to have the book approved and sell, so that when a schoolgirl who used it saw a glorious sunset, the first thing it would remind her of would be the appearance of her father's stomach after he had drunk a glass of claret.

*—Monday. Went over to a house near and traded some tea for a pie & some flour. Tuesday. Was awakened about 2 A. M. by Hull who told me to get ready to march.*

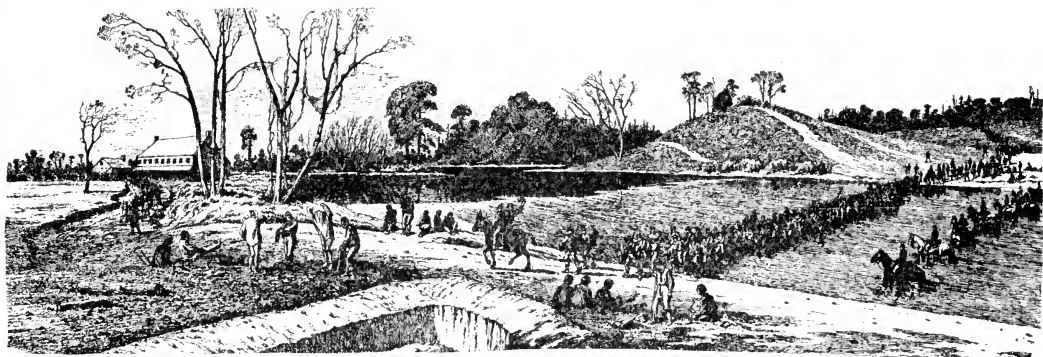
Hull was the drum major, and in many respects a good one. He could beat as even a roll as I ever heard and his single and double drags were a pleasure to hear. He was pretty faithful to his duties, too, in a subordinate's way. You could depend

upon him to wake us all up and see that we got in line. His discipline was not what it should have been. More than once the drum corps made mortifying blunders on dress parade that under a better drill master would have been impossible. He was not fond of danger, but he always staid by the regiment till the drum corps was ordered back, which was more than could be said of Major Hart, the other principal musician, a fifer. Once when we were ordered to the firing line with stretchers Hull balked, telling us to start with the ambulance but to turn back. Of course it was not our legitimate work, but it was in the Wilderness under Grant, when men were growing scarce and even boys counted. This was near the end, however, and it was natural to want to get back to Boston with a whole skin. Personally he was a pleasant fellow, companionable and always good-natured. I played a great many games of chess with him. I am told he lives now in Laconia, N. H.

*So I got up and cooked some flapjacks etc. and at daylight, took some sugar and tea and went over to the house and got 80 cts. in money and two pies. Started about 8 o'clock for Wolf's Run Shoals, which we forded and encamped the other side.*

Fording a river is no fun. We shall hear a good deal about fords in this narrative, for Virginia had forty fords to one bridge. Usually a pontoon bridge was thrown across for us, but now and then we had to wade through, often in the midst of a march. If marching is difficult in dry clothes, guess what it must be with all our heavy woollens dripping, and our shoes soaking. Often the fords were dangerous, and cavalrymen were stationed below to rescue the men carried off their feet.

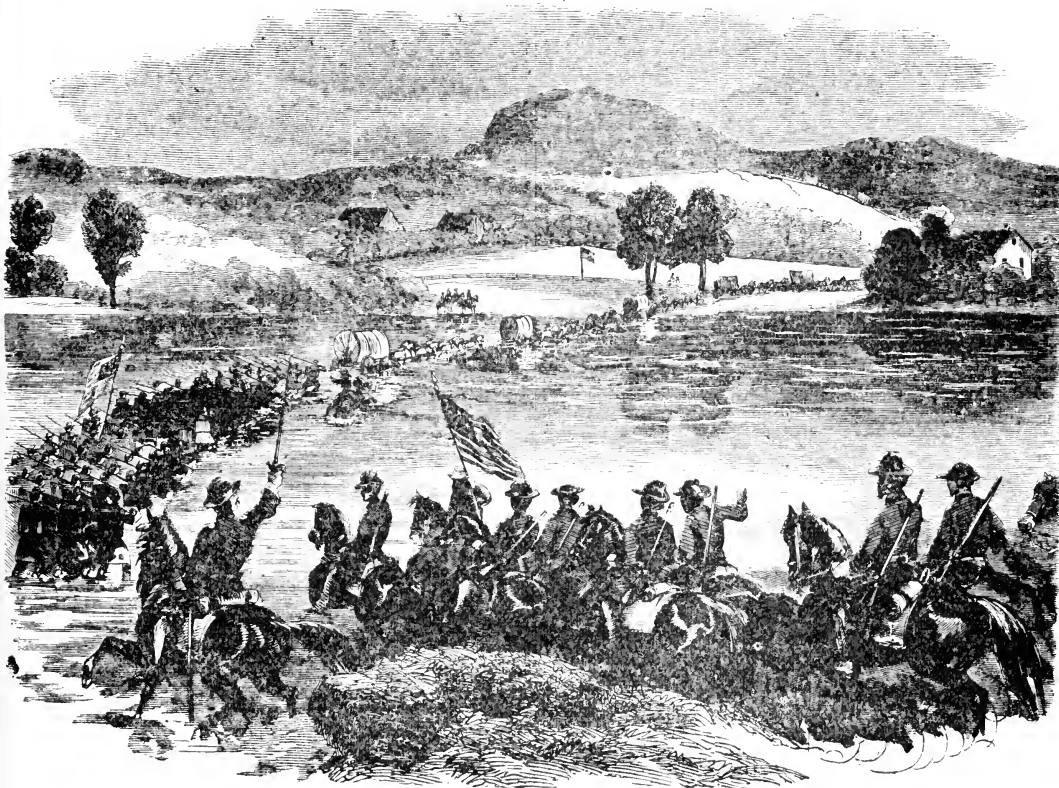




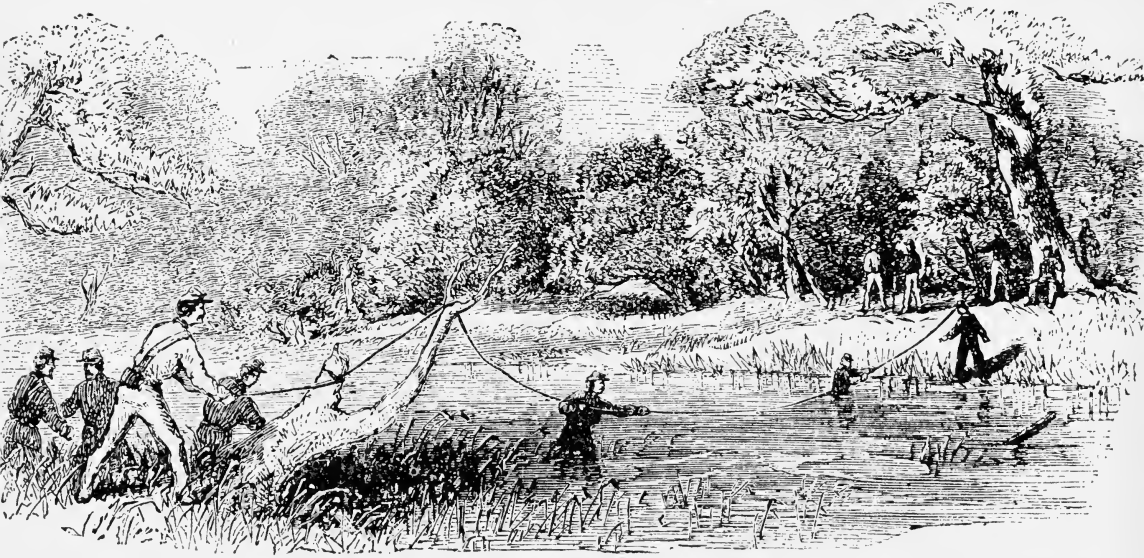
Three men in the 12th corps were drowned at a single fording.

Sometimes a rope was stretched across to which the men could cling to keep from being carried away.

When the march for the day was ended there was always a rush for fence-rails or anything else we could get to sleep on. Any thing would do for a bed that kept us off the ground.



FORDING A RIVER IN VIRGINIA



FORDING BY A ROPE

O. D. Robinson, principal of the Albany High School and during the war a soldier in the 9th N. H., wrote, Dec., '62, in his diary of the battle of Fredericksburg: "Fires were all extinguished at dark, and we bivouacked in the muddy streets. I procured a couple of house doors, one of which I used as a bed, which though not soft was dry, and the other I arranged to break off the wind, and thus with one of my tentmates slept soundly and sweetly." Here I saw and ate for the first time persimmons, which the men are picking in the trees. When fully ripe they are rather pleasant to the taste, but if eaten prematurely they are astringent. A confederate who was asked why he ate green persimmons replied, "To pucker up my stomach to the size of my rations."

*Pitched tent alone. Got letter from home with receipt from Express Co. for box. Also for fife. Whole bill for fife \$7.00. Wednesday. It rained last night but I did not get wet. Bought a corn-cake at a house near. Was put on Orderly and bought another at*

*noon. Thursday. Thanksgiving. Co. E. had boxes come in the morning and had great dinner in P. M. I went up when they were through and got some mince pie. At night my box came. It was in pretty good shape, and contained Chicken, Cakes, Jelly, etc.*

I was doubtless entitled to signs of jaundice again, next day, but apparently escaped.

*Friday In afternoon went over to see the 14th Vt. but saw none whom I knew.*

I was a good deal of a visitor, and never failed to look up anybody I might have been acquainted with in Vermont or Massachusetts regiments. Indeed I used to visit regiments as regiments, to get a general impression of them, from their camps and appearance. The differences were marked, depending I suppose upon the original officers as well as upon the character of the men. Some regiments were always slouchy, in dress, in gait, in camp arrangement, while others were habitually trim. I was usually glad when I came home from a visit to a new regiment



SHAKING THE PERSIMMON TREES

to congratulate myself upon having been assigned to a regiment that was trim. As elsewhere told we received frequent compliments upon this, and on two occa-

sions were granted substantial recognition.

*Sunday. Nov. 30th. 1862*

*Had divine service. Wrote off my Diary up to date.*

## CHAPTER VII. WITH A WAGON TRAIN



OR a boy who had started out in rather hard luck the rest of the march to Fredericksburg proved very easy, and afforded

paying and going down Broadway with him.

"You've been mighty good to me, sir," he said as I left him.

"Some of you Virginians have been mighty good to me," I said, thinking of Thomas Lamb, "and I am always glad to have a chance to pay back. You Virginians are pleasant people to meet."

"Well," he replied, straightening up proudly, "I think we uns are a pretty decent lot. Of course there are some mean Virginians, but you don't meet them often."

And that is true. I have fallen in with quite a number of Virginia men and women since the war, and always with gratification. It was worth the price of the breakfast to hear "we uns" again.

*2nd. Started early and were overtaken ere we had reached D. by a train of wagons carrying Lowe's Balloons &c. Stated my case to the Wagon Master and was surprised to have him say "Get upon any wagon you choose." Rode untill night and encamped a little North of Stafford Courthouse.*

This was another unmatched experience; the wind was being tempered to the lame-shouldered lamb.

The balloon was used a good deal that winter: indeed Burnside relied more upon his balloon than upon his cavalry to discover the enemy's movements. He was criticised for neglecting his cavalry: Stuart's confederate cavalry raided Dumfries way in our rear the day before the battle of Fredericksburg. But after the war Gen. Alexander, a confederate officer, expressed his surprise that other generals discontinued Burnside's use of balloons, which had put the

some interesting experiences.

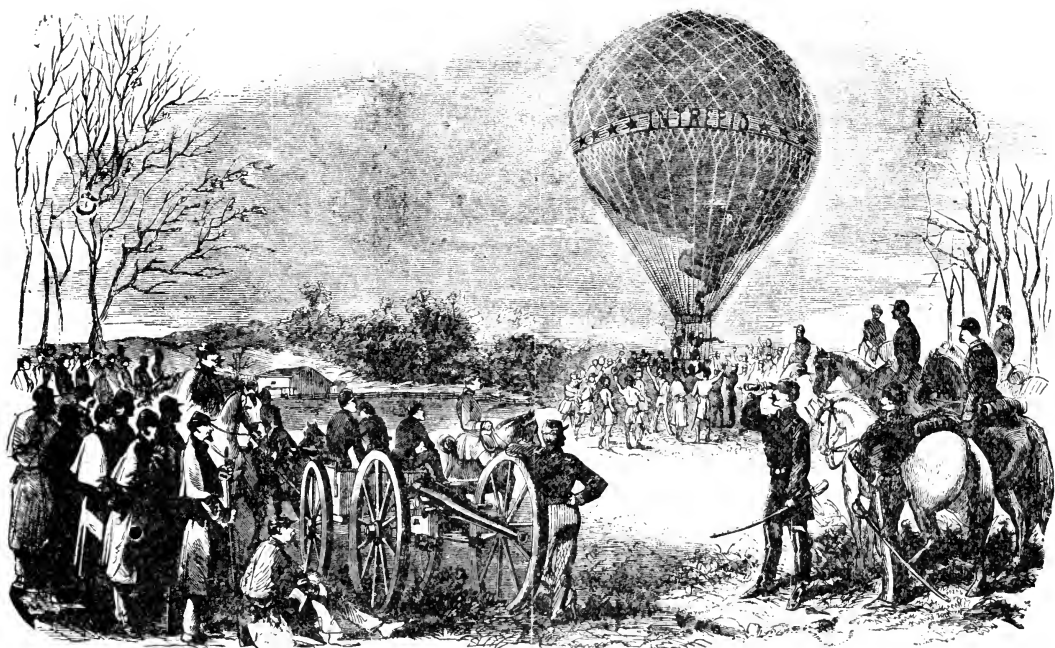
*Diary for month of December, 1862.*

*1st. Left Wolfs Run Shoals at daylight in the morning and was soon obliged to fall out, as my shoulder was very lame. Dearing of Co. G. accompanied me.*

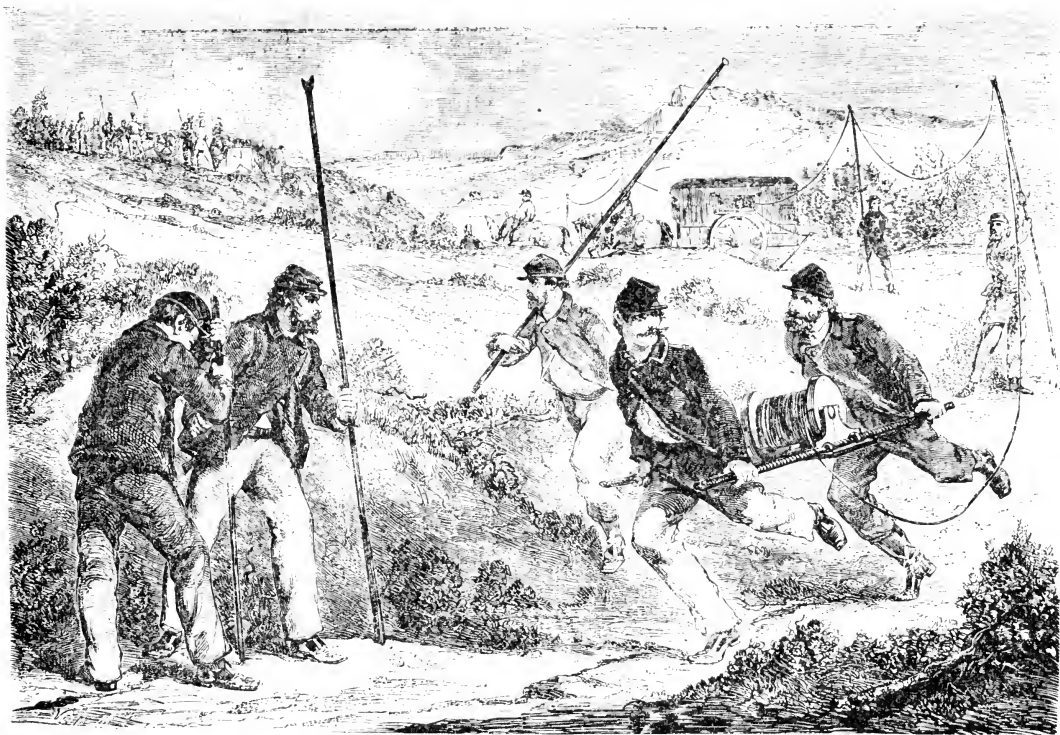
Dearing was a drummer of Co. G, who just before we were discharged re-enlisted in the 11th Mass., Co. C.

*We came within 2 miles of Dumfries and stopped at Thomas Lamb's over night. Was much pleased with the Family & felt more at home than ever before since leaving home—*

This was an unparalleled experience in my army life, so I have always remembered it. Once on the train to New York I heard a boy in the opposite seat ask the conductor how to get to a shipping office in lower Broadway. The conductor did not manifest much interest in directing him, so I went over beside him. In the course of explaining what he wanted to find he told me he was a school boy from Virginia, and had spent the summer working in an automobile garage in Syracuse. I took him in to breakfast with me and called for both checks. "O I have money," he said proudly: "I'll pay," and he showed a two-dollar bill. But the breakfast had cost more than he would have ordered, and I insisted on



PROF. LOWE MAKING A BALLOON ASCENSION



CONNECTING THE ARMY BY TELEGRAPH DURING BATTLE



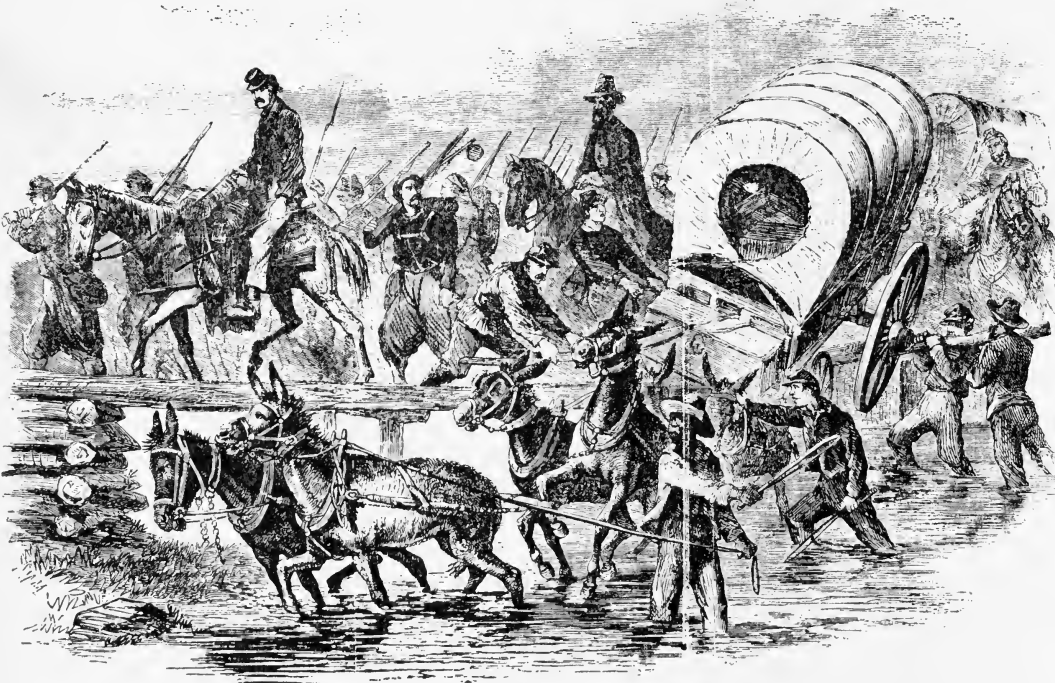


HALT OF A WAGON TRAIN

enemy at great inconvenience to conceal his movements.

In the Franco-Prussian war a balloon was sent up from Metz with 45,000 letters and a cage with two pigeons in it. A note

was affixed offering a reward of 500 francs to anyone who would send back news from the outer world. But the balloon fell into the hands of the Prussians, who sent word to Metz by official dispatch that the birds



A DARKEY MULE DRIVER IN TROUBLE





AROUND ANOTHER FIRE

made a meal both welcome and tender.

Another present help in trouble was the telegraph, which our men learn to lay on temporary poles even during a battle, so that the commander could keep in touch with all his leaders.

It was an easy life these wagoners led, and the night encampment was a lark to

me. A sutler's wagon had joined them for protection, and that night it was rifled. It contained a large stock of officers' boots, and each wagoner picked out a pair for himself. I was above such things: besides, none of the boots I tried on were as comfortable as my army shoes.

The wagoners were a good-natured lot,



MULE DRIVERS WATERING THEIR TEAMS

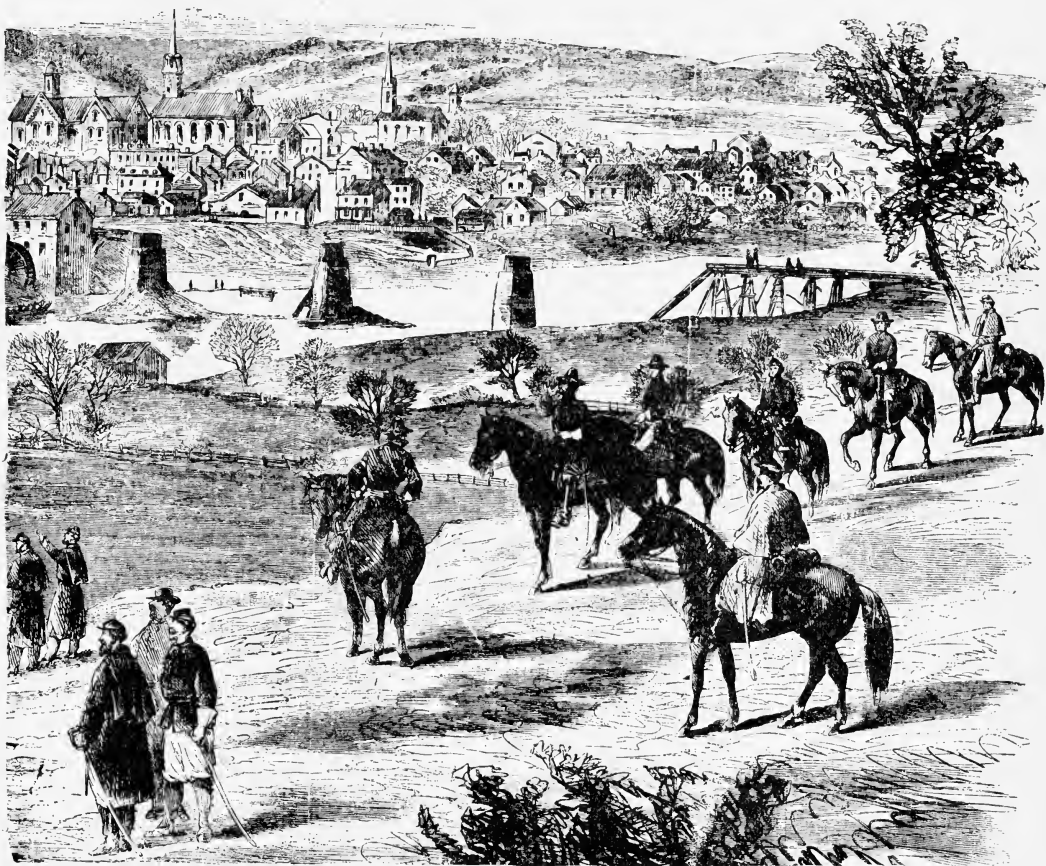


ATTACK ON A WAGON TRAIN

and it was fun to sit about the fire and hear their yarns. They were all white, while the usual mule driver is colored, and the stories were amusing enough they told of those darkey drivers when a wagon went off a bridge or the train was attacked by confederates. Afterwards I now and then saw these attempted seizures of wagon-trains, and on one occasion helped a little in recovering a train the enemy had captured. I remembered what these men about the fire had said of the negroes' terror under fire and found it fully justified. A darkey driver trying to lash a contrary

sextette of mules into running fast enough to escape is a sight to make a soldier weep with laughter even when he is under fire himself.

Not that the negro is especially a coward. When he was enlisted as a soldier his bravery made it a slang phrase that the colored troops fought nobly. There were individual instances among colored servants of indifference to danger, as where it is told of a darkey whom the frangibility of shells filled with disgust, that he exclaimed, "I 'clare, massa, de Yankee shell ain't wort a cuss: some on 'em buss when he hit de



FREDERICKSBURG FROM FALMOUTH STATION



FREDERICKSBURG AS SEEN FROM FALMOUTH

ground, an' some on 'em so no 'count he buss right in de air."

*3d. Started again with them and rode to Falmouth and hence to near the Phillips House, the birthplace of Geo. Washington.*

I have given the legend generally be-

lieved at the time, though of course Washington was born in Westmoreland county. But his father lived here for many of the years of Washington's boyhood; the can't-tell-a-lie incident would have occurred here if it had occurred at all—indeed sol-



FREDERICKSBURG FROM BELOW





MARTHA WASHINGTON'S MONUMENT

diers sent home relics made from the cherry tree he cut down; and his mother's monument, scarred during the war by many a bullet, stood in a graveyard in the southwest of the city. President Jackson laid the cornerstone, May 7, 1833. It is now replaced by a tall shaft.

Falmouth was on the other side of the river from Fredericksburg, then in confederate hands, so we could see not only the city but sections of the opposing army, as detachments appeared from time to time. The most distinctive feature of the city was the old mill with external wheel, near the railway bridge. That mill played its part in the battle there, for it was the narrowness of the bridge over its race that made it so difficult to mass men for the charge up the hill.

The name Falmouth on the map on the inside cover shows Falmouth station



THE RAPPAHANNOCK RIVER ABOVE FREDERICKSBURG



on the railway. The village is a mile up the river, on its bank.

The river itself is a rather interesting and not unattractive stream. Views will be given from time to time in these pages, above and below the city, and at United States ford and Kelly's ford. On the Rapidan I shall also show Ely's and Germania fords. The map on inside cover will make the story of the marching and fighting clear.

*Then rode with a 2nd N. H. Wagon to the Regt and surprised the Drum Corps by my appearance as they thought I had stopped somewhere on the road or had been taken prisoner.*

*5th. Had Review by Gen. Hooker, and Hull told me to turn in my Drum & take up fife. Had very good review*

My march had proved what an incon-

venient thing a drum was to carry. If it was thrown upon the back over the knapsack it was always in the way, particularly when the column stopped for a little and I sat down to lean my back against a tree or a wall. If it was carried at the side it was continually swinging around in front and hitting my knees, and was again in the way when I wanted to rest. Heavy as a musket is, I would rather carry it, cartridges and all, than a drum. As for a fife it slipped into the knapsack out of the way and had practically no weight.

*6th Pitched Tent with Chipmunks.*

This was our commonest name for Chapman.

*8th Burditt & Phillips came into our tent and we all four slept under five blankets.*

I do not mention it, so I hope this time I drew one of the two inside places.



## CHAPTER IX. THE BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG



ET this map of the vicinity of Fredericksburg well in mind, for it will serve for the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Locust Grove, the Wilderness, and Spotsylvania. More than 50,000 union soldiers were killed and wounded in the triangle between Germania ford, Spotsylvania, and what is marked Pontoon bridges.

From Washington to Richmond the natural route is via Fredericksburg, which is

almost exactly half way. Yet two other routes were chosen first for the union army. McClellan originally insisted upon the peninsular campaign, going by the Potomac and Chesapeake bay to Norfolk and thence up the James. This had the advantage of connection with Washington by water and the assistance of gunboats, but the disadvantages of leaving Washington uncovered and thus dividing the army, and of a swampy and unhealthful climate. When this proved a failure and Pope was put in command he chose a second route by way of Culpepper and Gordonsville, and told boastfully how he was going to Richmond from the northwest. "I'm goin' ter



MAP OF THE REGION NEAR CHANCELLORSVILLE.



GEN. JOHN POPE, 1823-92

pound the stuffin' out er you," said one ragamuffin to another; "I'm going ter paste ye in the eye and bang ye in the nose an' swat ye till ye don't know whether ye're on yer head or yer heels." "So?" retorted the other scornfully, "an' wot am I doin'

all this while?" Pope had not paused to ask himself what the confederates would be doing, and the first he knew Jackson had interposed between him and Washington, and made him turn his army right-about-face. Still, after McClellan had driven the confederates back into Virginia at Antietam and was urged to do something, he was planning to take this same route, and our first march had been to join the rest of the army at Thoroughfare Gap. Longstreet believes that Burnside should have carried out the plan McClellan was contemplating in his leisurely way, of going from Warrenton to Chester Gap and fighting him and Jackson separately.



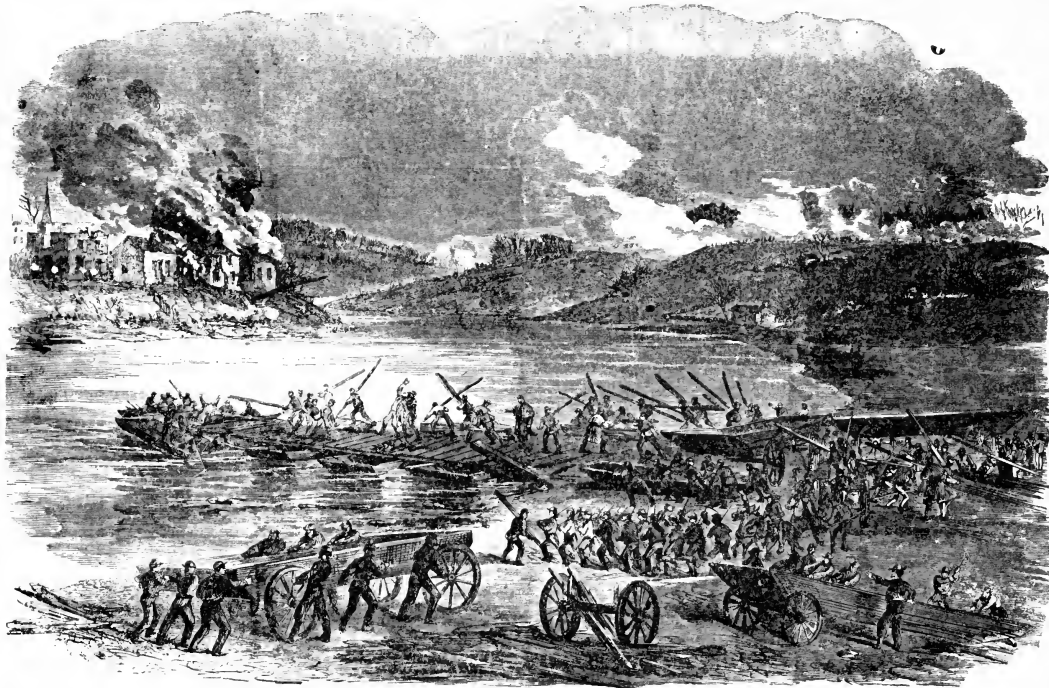
BRINGING THE PONTOONS FROM AQUIA CREEK



FREDERICKSBURG FROM FALMOUTH HEIGHTS

10th. Had orders to move and prepared ourselves with knapsacks packed but we got no orders to start. Gen. Sickles rode up and observing large fires in front of Field Tents said "No unusual fires, Major." So we think there must be something up—

There was something up: my first battle had begun. The pontoons had been floated down Quantico creek from Dumfries (see map, inside cover), and carried to Aquia Creek landing by water, then by train to Falmouth, and this night were being car-



LAYING THE PONTOON BRIDGE

ried to the river for use the next day. We were supplied with three days rations, and the privates with 60 cartridges each. It was an exciting time for me, and I was eager for action.

*11th. Wakened at 3 in the morning by Rolls of Cannon. Soon had orders to leave in light marching order, and went about a mile this side of Fred'g, and halted and staid till night. Went over by the Phillips House to see how they were getting along and had fine sight.*

The morning was cold and chilly, but the men were busy laying pontoons, as shown on page 101. The big clumsy boats were placed side by side and joined by planks that made a solid roadway across the 140 yards of river. As soon as the

confederates, warned by their signal cannon, perceived the improvised bridge under construction they opened so heavy a fire that the work was interrupted, but detachments from the 19th Mass. and 7th Mich. crossed the river in boats, dislodged the sharpshooters from the houses along the river, and enabled the engineers to complete the bridge. The heights on our side were 140 feet, so much above those on the other side and so covered with artillery that the confederates had no hope of preventing our men from crossing, and, as afterward appeared, were glad to have us do so. At the time I went to the Phillips house troops were marching over into the town unmolested. Some houses were burning, and the whole city looked demolished by our cannon.



CROSSING INTO FREDERICKSBURG

12th *Early in the morning had orders to start and went out near the Phillips House.*

Our division had been ordered to follow Getty's division of the right wing across the bridge, but halted in front of Sumner's headquarters and at 4 received the other order. Had the first order been unchanged we should probably have taken part in the charge on Marye's hill.

*I started out alone and went into Fred'g. Such a sight I never saw. Every house was riddled with balls. The city was ruined.*

As we still lay idle, and it was too foggy to see much from where we were, I undertook a little expedition of my own, crossing the pontoon bridge, and walking down the main street, of which the picture following accords with my recollections, though at this time there was no fighting. Some of the streets were held by our troops and

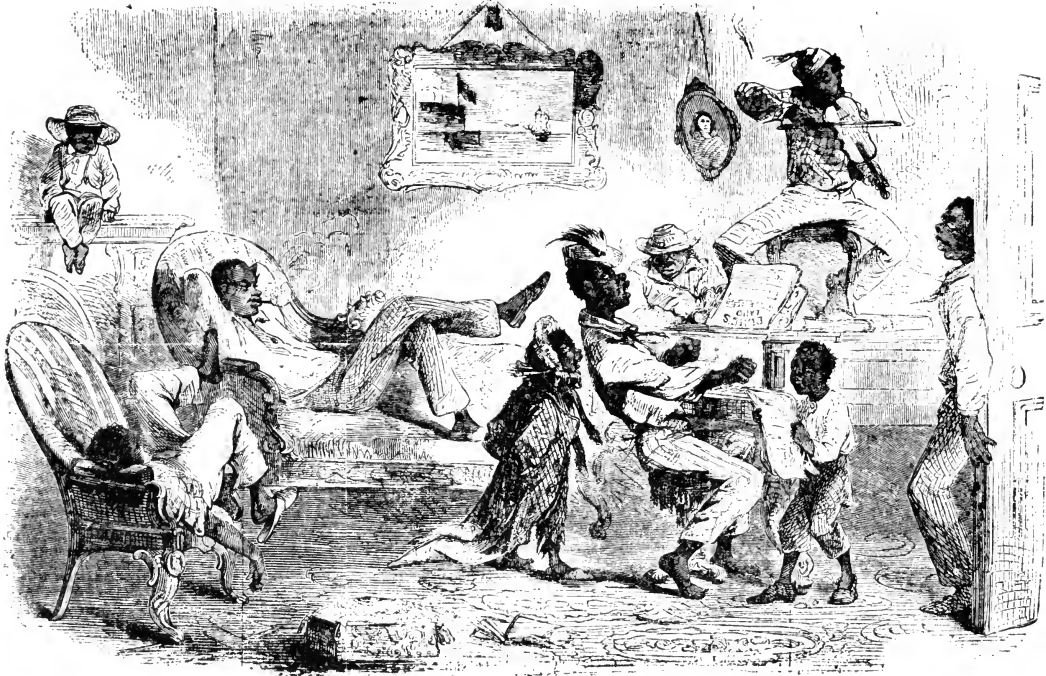
some by the confederates. What interested me most was the sacking of the city by our men. Stores and private houses alike were plundered, and what could not be carried away was destroyed. Men plunged their bayonets into mirrors, smashed piano keys with musket butts, pitched crockery out of the windows, shovelled dirt into barrels of flour. Sofas, arm-chairs, beds, carpets were carried into the street and put to ridiculous uses. I saw one man cooking flapjacks in a silver cake-basket, at great inconvenience. "One soldier carried off a stuffed monkey, one a dozen custard cups on a string, one a beaver hat." Much was said of the desecration of their masters' houses by the emancipated negroes, but our soldiers destroyed as well as misused.

Cole says that some of the men found a

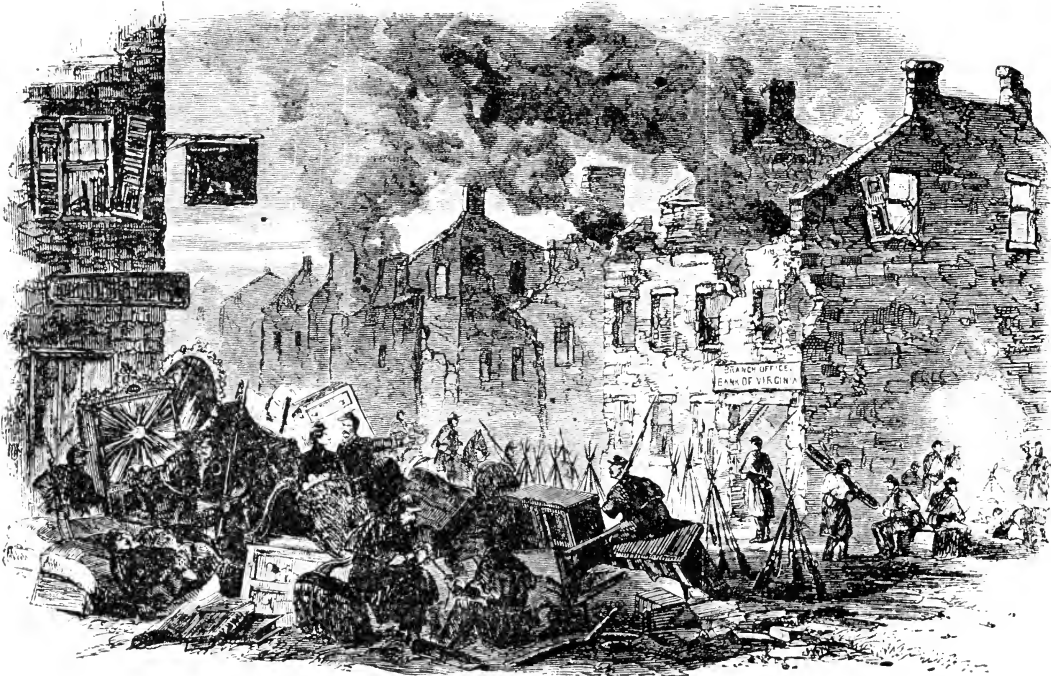


UNION SOLDIERS IN THE STREETS OF FREDERICKSBURG





NEGROES DESECRATING THEIR MASTERS' HOUSES



SOLDIERS DESTROYED AS WELL AS MISUSED



barrel of whiskey in a cellar, with results that could have been expected, but I saw no signs of this. What I saw was looting, but it was decorous looting.

When the Imperial Light Horse arrived at Pretoria, it proceeded to use a front door for kindling wood. The indignant owner exclaimed, "Do you know who I am? I am the commissioner of police." "Think yourself lucky, my son," replied the sergeant in charge; "this corps usually boils its coffee with pianos."

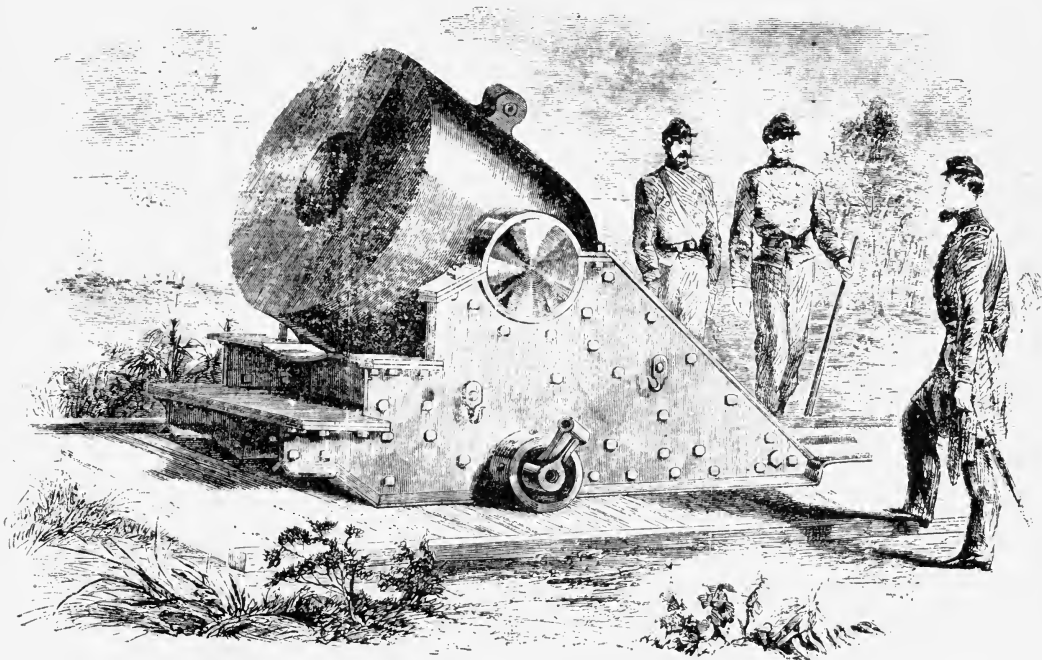
*Got a few Relics, which I brought back, but not being satisfied thought I would go again.*

I contented myself with a few relics, like a flattened bullet and a confederate bayonet, both of which I threw away on my first long march. When I got back to the regiment and told them what I had seen they asked indignantly, "Where is your flour?" "Where is your tobacco?" naming

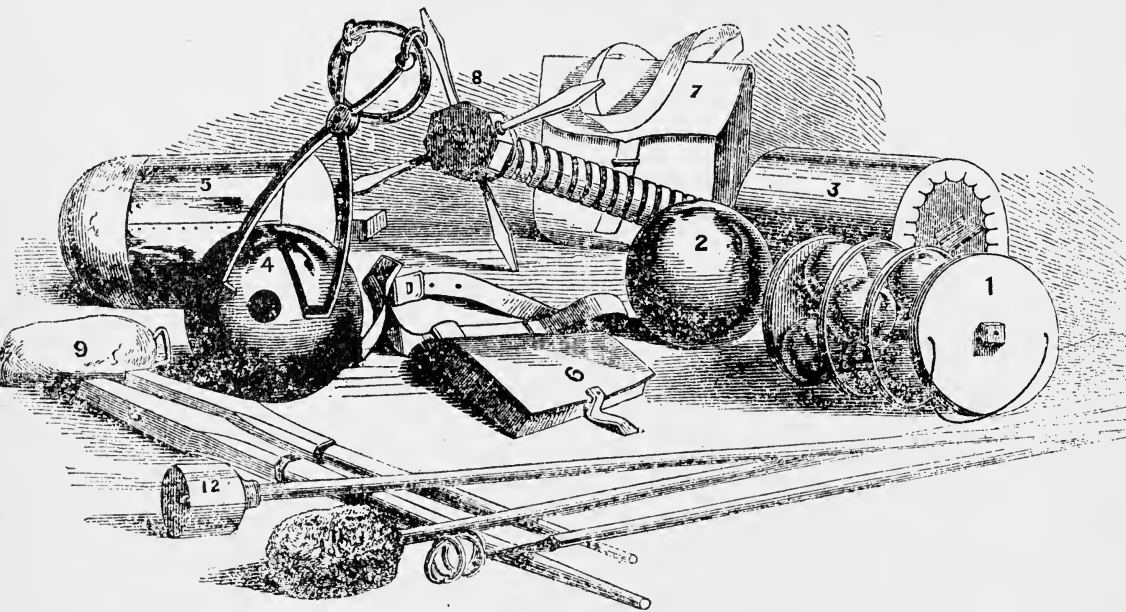
the things they would have seized if stores were being plundered.

*So started and got nearly to the river when a shell came whizzing among us, closely followed by others. I thought it time to leave and ran back to the Regt.*

I felt ashamed of my unpracticality, and started again back, this time Prest accompanying me. We had just reached the top of the bank near the bridge, troops were passing across, a band was playing at this end, the sun was shining, there had been no firing for some time, when as I happened to look above the city where the confederate batteries were I saw a flash, and I have always believed that I saw the shell leave the mortar. At any rate I followed its flight easily enough, for it was one of those high circling, slow travelling fellows such as we used to read about in physics when the problems were on calculating the



A THIRTEEN-INCH MORTAR



SHELLS AND OTHER ARTILLERY APPLIANCES

1 Stand of grape, 2 Round shot, 3 Empty canister, 4 Shell, 5 Shell and cabot, 6 Priming box, 7 Ammunition pouch, 8 Elevating screw, 9 Cartridge, 10 Worm, 11 Sponge, 12 Rammer, 13 Handspike.

path of a projectile. Why does it not occur to somebody in these days of learning to do by doing to let the class work those problems under the inspiration of the real object? It would be an interesting sight to witness a high school with desks set out in the open field for a regents examination in projectiles, the shots to be calculated being shells fired over their heads. This particular shell went straight over my head, exploding behind me among the troops who were marching toward the river. No one who has not heard a shell can imagine the sensation it produces as it goes *whiz-z-z-Z BANG!* The troops that were crossing halted, the band scattered in more directions than there were men.

Then occurred one of those psychological inconsistencies of which life is so full. I was scared, Prest was scared; I knew he was scared, he knew I was scared; I knew

he knew I was scared, and he knew I knew he was scared: yet though either of us if he had been alone would have lost no time in getting to a place of safety, rather than acknowledge to each other we were scared we pretended to deliberate.

"Do you think we ought to go on?" I asked, and like the heroes in the *Aeneid* who were scared my voice stuck in my throat.

"P-perhaps they won't let us in," he replied with similar indistinctness.

"May be the regiment will be moving," I added.

"Yes, I think we had better go back to it," he assented.

By this time the gunners had got the range and the shells were coming fast.

"Perhaps the regiment may charge these batteries," I suggested, "and we shouldn't want to miss that."

"No, we shouldn't want to miss that," Prest agreed, his teeth chattering; "we'd better start right along;" and his lengthy strides made back up the hill.

"Hold on," I cried, "you're right in range. Come down the river apiece before we start back."

But if he heard me he did not turn, and he made a bee line for the regiment. I went down the river almost to the Lacy house before I turned up the hill and was soon out of the line of shells.

But I was certainly scared. One shell had exploded near enough so that I could realize its effects, and the one thing I wanted was to get where no more shells could burst around me. This patriotic hero who had declared in front of campfires how he longed for gore would have liked to be tucked up once more in his little trundle-bed. Bomb-ague is a real disease and I had caught it.

There was no question of getting back to the regiment as soon as possible, for the firing continued and this reopening of the battle meant movement for us. I could see that my division was preparing to march, and while I did not actually run I certainly walked fast to get to it. It is curious how little annoyances will keep themselves prominent even in time of danger. I had on thick woolen drawers which had somehow broken from the fastening that held them up. It was a warm day and as I hurried up the hill those drawers kept slipping down till they drove me almost distracted, disturbing my equanimity more than the danger did.

*Found them already for a start and we marched some four miles to a point down the River where Franklin crossed. Halted on this side.*

I did not get back any too soon, and was

scolded as usual for being off sight-seeing when I ought to have been at my post. In fact the regiment had already begun to move and I should have lost my knapsack and other belongings had not the men in my company carried them along for me. They were certainly a mighty good-natured lot of fellows; I wonder to this day at the kindnesses they used to show to a little reprobate like me, always skirmishing off where I didn't belong. They even accepted without expressing incredulity my explanation that we had given up our entry into the city because the provost guard would not let us in, "just on account of a few rebel shells". Fortunately Prest, who had got back before me, had hit on the same story. But we deceived no one. Cowardice is like sea-sickness: you may keep your voice cheerful but the color shows.

We marched rapidly over poor roads and ploughed ground to the east along the bank above the river. The little boy who had been so eager for battle had just one prayer, that we should stay on this side, out of danger. As a matter of fact after marching some four miles we did halt and remain on the north side.

But it was only for the night and there would be battle for us to-morrow, so we were a sober regiment. Just before going into action there is considerable to think of. There are letters to write that for some will be the last ones, and injunctions for one's comrades "if anything happens", as the men used to say. It was a solemn night for me.

*13th. Soon had orders to move as the heavy peals of cannon and musketry gave evidence of the need of our assistance. But we did not cross the river but remained in a place*



THE CHARGE ON MARYE'S HEIGHTS

*where we had a perfect sight of the whole line of battle—Saw the Charges on the Batteries.*

It happened to few private soldiers during the war to witness such a sight as spread out before us after the thick mist rose in the morning. We could see not only our own troops but the confederates, every movement, every attack, almost every cannon. The charge of Meagher's brigade was a pitiful sight. Again and again they started up the hill in solid platoons. At the first fire of the confederates they would be thinned to a fine-tooth comb, at the next to a coarse comb, at the next to a rake,

and then the remnant would fall back, and another division would succeed them with the same result. It was not only slaughter, but as it seemed to me hopeless slaughter and I would have given a good deal to be walking the streets of Fitchburg. This is the way Conyng Lane tells the story in "The Irish Brigade" (New York, 1867):

"Early in the morning the Irish brigade was drawn up in line of battle, a green sprig in the cap of every officer and man. At 9.30 they marched to centre of city. At almost 12 the battle became general. French made the attack, Zook's followed,

then Meagher's. French's division fires, falls, lies down, scatters, rallies, but in vain—already *hors du combat*. Zook's advanced in fine style, but rapidly fell. Thinned but on they went. Then the Irish brigade forward double quick, guide centre, and on it dashes through the cornfield, greeted by grape and canister and minie balls. Gaps are opened but they close and press forward. The first fence is gained and passed. The enemy falls back to 2d line of breastworks. They gain the 2d fence within 60 yards of the enemy's batteries, and are met by a disastrous enfilade and direct fire from enemies' batteries. They had not a single piece of artillery to support them, and yet they stood against shot and shell, grape and canister, minie and conical balls to fight a formidable enemy, artillery and infantry posted behind stone walls and fortifications in an impregnable position. An oblique flank fire swept them so that the whole regiment melted away. The advance was impeded by bodies piled on top of one another. It was not a battle but a slaughter." As Gen. Bosquet said of Balaklava, "It was grand, it was magnificent; but it was not war."

There was only one other Balaklava in the war to compare with this, Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, and I saw that too. History will condemn both as unpardonable attempts to achieve the impossible.

When Gen. Longstreet suggested adding another cannon to those that swept the plain below Marye's hill, Gen. Alexander replied: "We cover that ground so well that we will comb it as with a fine tooth comb. A chicken couldn't live in that field when we open on it." There were six distinct charges, beginning about 11 and ending about sunset, 7,000 killed and wounded, some of them piled three deep.

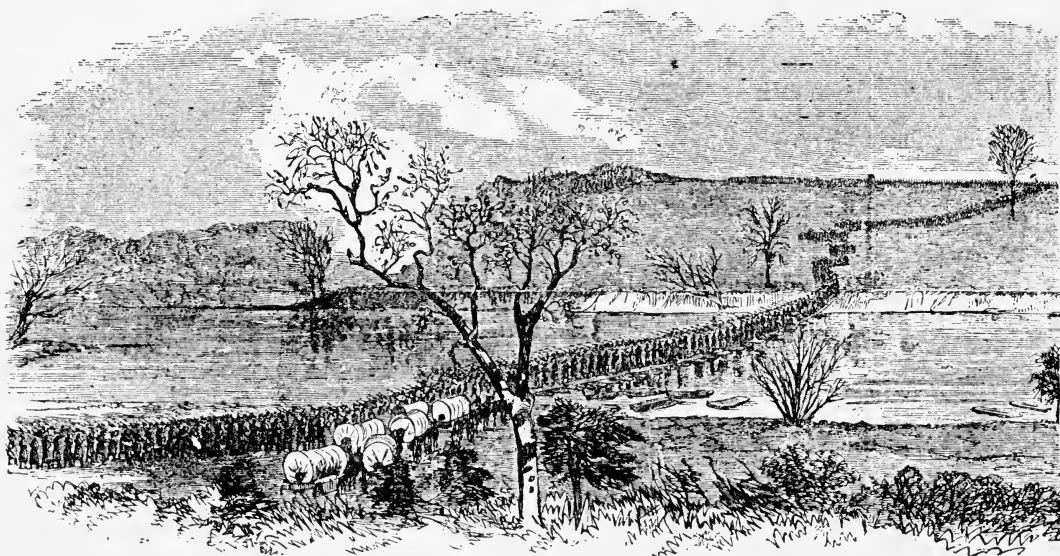
Lee said here to Col. Alexander, "It is well war is so terrible or we would grow too fond of it."

Cole tells modestly how the 57th N. Y. carried its colors away. When the colonel saw that it was impossible to get nearer the enemy without sacrificing every man in the regiment, he planned to withdraw without seeming to retreat, and let the men fall back two or three at a time till there were only six men with the colors in line. Then it was arranged that two of the men should start back with the colors; if they fell the next two should seize them, and if they dropped the last couple should strive to carry them back. This was accomplished, and though the fire was fierce only one man was seriously wounded, and his comrades carried him off the field.

On Dec. 17 Col. Brooks crossed the river under a flag of truce to bury the dead. He buried 913 soldiers, and brought back the bodies of five officers. Nearly all these bodies had been stripped of all their clothes.

*About 2 P. M. Had orders to cross the river and went at once into action.*

After some delays, at every one of which I clutched as a straw, we crossed the river at the left at the pontoon bridge below Deep Run to take the place as I learned afterward in the centre of the general line of Gibbon's discouraged and retired division; and I knew that when we had marched up that hill we should be under fire. Even when we had crossed I hoped we might be detailed to guard a wagon train or a hospital; anything to keep away from battle. But an aide gave us orders to proceed and we went on and on up the hill as shown in the picture, except that what seems to be forming into company front in the middle did not occur till we had



FRANKLIN'S TROOPS CROSSING THE RAPPAHANNOCK

nearly reached the top of the hill. The picture does not show what is prominent in my memory, an artilleryman lying on the left of the line of march a third way up the hill with the top of his head taken off by a shell. Some way this man lying dead made more impression on me than those I had seen wounded by a bursting shell or killed on Marye's heights, for I marched within two feet of him. It happened that my regiment had the right of the column, so that we musicians were in the very front of the troops. Not all of us staid there. Hart, the principal fifer, much older than the rest of us, fell out before he had gone far, pleading a call of nature. The men looked at one another significantly: he always did that before a battle. I would have done the same had I dared to, but scared as I was it would have taken more bravado to sneak out like that than to walk straight up to a cannon.

Then I began to realize something of what the French mean by *esprit de corps*,

the spirit that makes a hundred united men so much more than a hundred times as strong as one man because each is not only held in place but stimulated by his fellows. Napoleon said, "In war men are nothing: a man is everything." In a sense that may be true, but in another sense the opposite is true. Prest and I had shown a feeble symptom of the way a body of men stimulates each man in it when we had delayed running when we were for the first time under fire because each was ashamed to let the other see he was scared. Later I saw a remarkable instance of the want of it. If there was in the whole army a division to be relied upon in any emergency, it was ours. It saved the army at Chancellorsville when the 11th corps broke; it held the Emmetsburg road at Gettysburg for a time against ten times its number. But in the Wilderness, in the last fortnight of our regiment's fighting, the saplings were so thick and close together that in our first charge there the line could not



be preserved, the men had to make their way through and around these wretched little trees as best they could, and the division of five thousand men became five thousand individuals. What happened? When a murderous fire opened unexpectedly right in front, these five thousand grizzled veterans, who if they had been at elbow touch and with officers in their accustomed places would have plunged forward and very likely have captured rifle-pits and men, finding themselves disorganized and each man obliged to act for himself, actually turned and ran back to the breastworks. Most of us felt that the division was disgraced. But it was easily accounted for. Fifteen minutes later when these same men got together again in organization they held those breastworks against the most determined assaults, and five days later they made a brilliant and most successful charge. The difference was that when they were scattered they were no longer sustained and stimulated by *esprit de corps*.

Napier tells of the panic that struck the Light Division just before Busaco, when no enemy was near, no alarm was given, yet suddenly the troops as if seized with a frenzy started from sleep and dispersed in every direction. This strange terror could not be allayed till somebody called out the enemy's cavalry were among them, when the soldiers mechanically ran together in masses, the illusion was instantly dispelled, and *esprit de corps* was restored.

John A. Logan, then a member of congress, walked out to the first Bull Run and took part in the fight. When he got back and was telling about it, a fellow-member asked, "Are the cars running?" "No," said Logan, "the cars ain't running, but as

near as I could make out every other damned thing in the state of Virginia is." The army had not yet acquired *esprit de corps*.

When we got to the brow of the hill the column, which had been marching by fours, halted to wheel into companies. Company C had the right and as I stood by the colonel I was close to Captain Jordan, who had the reputation of being one of the bravest officers in the regiment. I watched him with curiosity to see how this approach to danger affected him. To my astonishment he was digging his nails into the palms of his hands, and his lips were white under his clenched teeth. Then I knew that he was more scared than I was; and I realized that he ought to be, for he had more at stake. If my poor little candle were snuffed out nobody would notice that it had grown any darker, but he was a husband and a father.

At Spotsylvania I saw Captain Moses Warren brought in from the battle-field where he had lain all night bleaching in the rain, and I was with him till he died. His voice grew fainter and fainter but the moan never varied: "O my poor wife and child! O my poor wife and child!"

Next page is a picture of a soldier on the battle-field of Gettysburg, with his little boy's picture on his breast, his last thought of the darling he should see no more.

Those were the heroes of the war—the men who had something to lose. But these men who had so much to lose were the men to be depended on. They had counted the cost and thrown their lives into the balance. When they went into battle they met danger not recklessly but unflinchingly.

This knowledge that Captain Jordan was scared put things in a different light to me. The great truth became real that the good



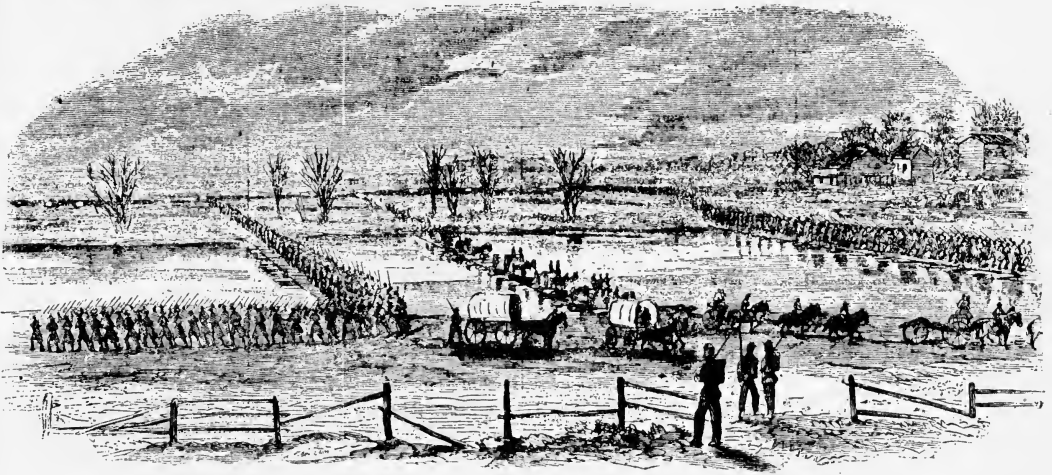
THE DYING SOLDIER'S LAST THOUGHT

soldier is not the one who is not scared but the one who holds his post whether he is scared or not. That helped a good deal, and I saw that I was going to get through without disgrace, scared as I was. So when we started again and came under fire, though I was alert I was reasonably cool.

Birney's division had crossed at noon and carried the heights across the railroad, forcing the confederates beyond them. We had crossed a swamp to get on the left of Gen. Howe, as first ordered, and had to turn back to get to our new position on Birney's right. The column advanced double quick down the Bowling Green road, shown in the map near the spot

marked "pontoon bridges". We crossed the road and were deployed in two lines, our brigade on the right of the first line, which was advancing about half way between the Bowling Green road and the railroad.

Skirmishers were thrown out and engaged the enemy, whose front was concealed by the railway embankment and heavy timber covering the ridge where Meade's and Gibbon's divisions had been repulsed. Our line crossed the railroad, and a company of our regiment was sent to the burnt chimneys on the right, from which its fire was very effective. Meantime the confederate artillery kept up an active fire till dusk, our own guns replying at intervals.



FRANKLIN'S DIVISION RECROSSING THE RAPPAHANNOCK

There was no further advance. Our division with Birney's now held the center of the line of battle on the field, and if Franklin's charge expected by Burnside had been made, we should have been at the apex of the advancing troops. As it was, our regiment lay all night in the damp furrows of a cornfield, no fires allowed for fear of drawing the fire of sharpshooters.

The next morning the enemy opened fire early, but most of the next day our troops lay quiet. At 9:30 at night Gen. Stoneman ordered the second line to retire under the slope that descended toward the swamp in the rear. An hour later all our division retired across the river, our regiment being the last of all Franklin's grand division to cross. Our part of the battle, like all the rest, had ended in a fiasco.

Was Franklin a traitor that he did not make this charge? Don't ask me. Burn-

side removed him, but Lincoln did not approve it, and Burnside resigned. I



GEN. WILLIAM BUSH FRANKLIN, 1823-1903

know we privates of the 1st Massachusetts thought Burnside was justified. But this is no history of the war, only a record of a little fifer's experiences as he remembers them, and those experiences did not qualify him to sit in judgment on his commanding officer. He gives his opinions now and then but only as part of his reminiscences, without a suggestion of their being history.

## CHAPTER IX. HOSPITAL WORK



WHEN one has gone through the struggle of getting to the front and is reasonably contented there, one is entitled to be left there, for the hard part is getting nerved up to it. But orders came for the musicians to retire, and at this early period I obeyed orders more zealously than I did afterward.

*The Drum Corps were ordered back to the Hospital and*

*none of us were wounded. Here we lay at night with the Dead & Dying around us.*

*14th. Spent the day attending to the sick and changed our sleeping place out of the Hospital—*

No doubt the place for the drum corps in battle is at the hospital, and at this battle when we were ordered there I went. I staid through, and did everything I was asked to do as well as I was able. But it was the only time I did it, for reasons that will appear. Thereafter whenever it was possible I kept by my regiment in battle, not always on the firing line for I had no musket, but near enough to see what was



THE SURGEON AT WORK IN THE REAR

going on, which when I discovered how practically useless I was without a musket, succeeded the ambition to do valiant deeds. I was always glad to help any of our wounded to the hospital, where I was willing to take care of men if they were our own, but I did no more service as a general nurse.

I did not object to the work itself. I was not fond of pathology and unless I was needed would avoid as zealously as many others seek the sight of persons or animals badly injured. But I found that when I had some part to perform my attention was so concentrated on doing it well that the horrible aspect made little impression. Theoretically it would be a difficult thing for

me to hold a man's leg while it was being sawn off. Practically I did it here without shrinking, much more easily than I could have looked on without holding the leg.

There was a great difference in the attitude of the surgeons. There was a doctor in the 16th Mass. who revelled in operations. As soon as firing began he would roll up his sleeves and await the first man to be brought in with positive appetite. Weird stories are told of operations he performed where there was no possibility of recovery but unusual chance to experiment: I remember his taking off a leg out of the hip joint, for instance, where death was inevitable, but he thought it a pretty operation.



THE EAGER SURGEON



Carl Schurz has well described the slaughter-house character of an army hospital during battle. "Most of the operating tables were placed in the open where the light was best, some of them partially protected against the rain by tarpaulins or blankets stretched upon poles. There stood the surgeons, their sleeves rolled up to the elbows, their bare arms as well as their linen aprons smeared with blood, their knives not seldom held between their teeth while they were helping a patient on or off the table, or had their hands otherwise occupied; around them pools of blood and amputated arms or legs in heaps sometimes more than man high. Antiseptic methods were still unknown at that time. As a wounded man was lifted upon the table, often shrieking with pain as the attendants handled him, the surgeon quickly examined the wound and resolved upon

cutting off the wounded limb. Some ether was administered and the body put in position in a moment. The surgeon snatched his knife from between his teeth where it had been while his hands were busy, wiped it rapidly once or twice across his bloodstained apron, and the cutting began. The operation accomplished, the surgeon would look around with a deep sigh, and then—"Next!"

Some surgeons were arrant cowards. Dr. Sim, surgeon in charge at Chancellorsville, reported: "On my return I found that some of our surgeons had obeyed the directions in the circular of Oct. 30, 1862 (reminding them of the impropriety of unnecessary exposure) so literally that they had disappeared, and I have heard since that some of them did not stop until they were a mile or two on the other side of the river." On the other hand there are instances of great



FORTUNATE ENOUGH TO BE BROUGHT IN



heroism. This happens to be English, but I have no doubt our men could match it. Surgeon Hugo found Lt. Ford bleeding to death from a bullet wound in a night attack. The fire was too hot to permit a light, but by the spluttering of a match the surgeon saw the nature of the injury, seized the bleeding artery and as no ligature was available remained for three hours under fire holding the artery between his fingers and his thumb. As soon as it was possible he picked up the officer and carried him on his shoulder to a place of safety, without relinquishing his hold upon the artery.

How does it feel to be wounded? I cannot tell from experience. I have felt the wind of a bullet, and I know the *thug!* of a minie as it penetrates the breast of a man at my side, about the most distressful sound imaginable, but I was never touched. Here are some experiences of others that seem to me accurately told.

A soldier wounded at Inkerman said: "A man fell in the front rank. 'Close in,' yelled the captain. Another moment and I felt a dizzy numbness creeping over me, almost like a man hopelessly drunk. I sank gradually to the ground. The roar still rang in my ears but sounded as though miles off. It became dark slowly, then all was blank. When I regained consciousness I heard moans and groans all about me. It seemed like a month before anyone came to me. I felt as though I was burning up. How I craved for a drink of water. At last some chaps came, pulled a dead man off my legs, and carried me to the hospital. I lay there a month. When I came away this arm was gone."

Major Simmons, who was shot through the thigh, said: "Being wounded in this way was quite a new thing to me. For a few minutes I could not collect my ideas,

and was feeling about my arms and body for a wound, until my eye caught a stream of blood rushing through a hole in my trousers, and my leg and thigh appeared so heavy that I could not move it."

There was a remarkable difference in the way men took their wounds. At this battle Sergeant Jim Sprague of my company got a bad wound in the thigh, but he was the liveliest man in the hospital. I remember a picture he drew there of a couple on the beach under an umbrella. A soldier whose leg had been amputated said to the surgeon who was throwing it away, "Hold on! give me the sock, please: it will be as good as a pair to me now."

In an English hospital a young guardsman wounded in the arm was making great ado, crying "I shall die! I shall die!" "Be aisy wid yer noise now," cried an Irish surgeon, "ye're makin' more noise than that poor chap wid his head cut off." At Chancellorsville a young fellow with a flesh wound through the upper arm that would have healed of itself moaned over it so that he died; and another man so struck by a cannon ball that his intestines fell out and his comrades, thinking his case hopeless, would not carry him to the hospital, walked there, holding his intestines in place by his hands, and got well.

Cole tells of a little fellow on Marye's hill crawling along on his hands and knees and dragging behind him by a thread of flesh his broken leg. He seemed unconcerned till spoken to, and then, yielding somewhat to the pain, asked the way off the field. "Cheer up, my brave boy," replied a soldier: "follow that fence and you will get off all right." On the boy crawled, leaving a trail of blood behind him. Very likely he recovered: pluck is half the cure.

At the battle of Colenso a nurse asked of one of the men brought in. "Is he a man or an officer?" "Well," replied the bearer, "he ain't got no inside, we've carried 'im seven miles, let him drop twice, and 'e ain't squeaked once: if 'e ain't a man I don't know one when I see 'im."

"You see, begorra," argued an Irish soldier who lost a leg at Colenso, but wanted to go to the front again, "if the Boers hit me where the leg's missing they won't hit me at all."

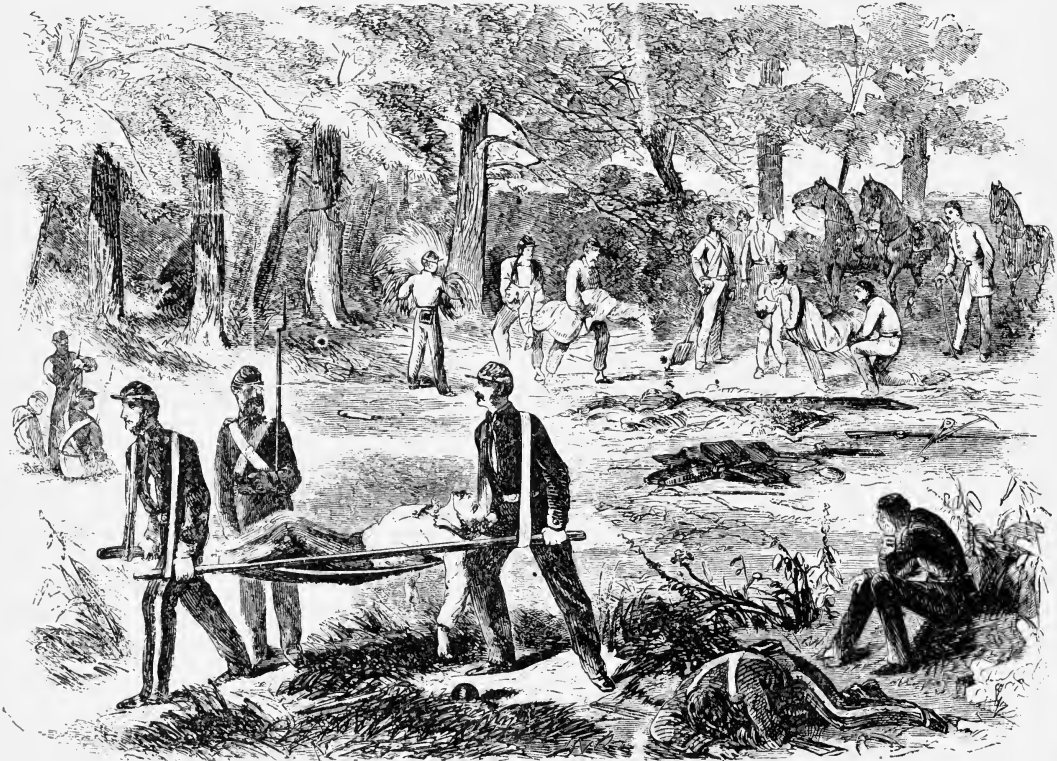
A private of the Dublin Fusiliers in the Moori River hospital was explaining his wounds. "That bullet," remarked a visitor, "must have passed perilously near the region of the heart." "It did, sorr," was

the reply, "but ye see me heart was in me mouth for safety."

An Irishman tells that in one of Gen. Rundle's battles a Boer ran thirteen yards after his head was shot clean off, and fell right on his face.

There are several stories about wounded men who have had to lose part of the brain but who have replied, "O never mind, that won't matter now: I've got a place in the war office," or elsewhere.

When Gen. Mahone was wounded at the second Bull Run, the messenger said to his wife, "Don't worry: it is only a flesh wound." "Impossible," she replied, "he hasn't enough flesh on him for that."



CARRYING IN THE WOUNDED FROM THE FIELD



BRINGING IN THE WOUNDED UNDER DIFFICULTIES

One of the hardest duties while the engagement was going on was to determine whether it was worth while to take a man to the hospital. Unless there was a fair chance of his recovery it was considered not legitimate, as it took a man from the ranks when every man was needed. They tell of an Irishman at whose side a comrade fell and called to him, "Take me to the hospital quick; my leg is shot off." Pat threw the wounded man over his shoulder and made his way to the rear through shot and shell so thick that when a ball took off the wounded man's head he did not perceive it. When he got to the hospital the surgeon in charge exclaimed, "What do you mean by bringing in a man with his head shot off?" Pat dropped his burden and looked at him. "The desavin' crater," he

exclaimed indignantly; "he tould me it was his lig."

Archibald Forbes says that Major George Napier was shot in the breach of Ciudad Rodrigo, and was picked up with his arm shattered. Lord March bound his sash about it and bade him go seek the amputating place. After an hour's search he found it, but had to wait two hours for his turn. The operation took twenty-five minutes, the surgeon's tools being blunted, and then Napier was directed to go and find quarters. He walked about most of the evening before he could find a place, and then sat by the fireside until the death of Gen. Crawford provided him a vacant bed.

The native Indian troops have remarkable powers of endurance. A Sikh at the Koragh Defile was shot. He could feel the

bullet in his body, and so worked away at it with both hands so that he pushed it outward till he extracted it. Then he shouldered his rifle again and did a march of twenty miles in spite of the loss of blood.

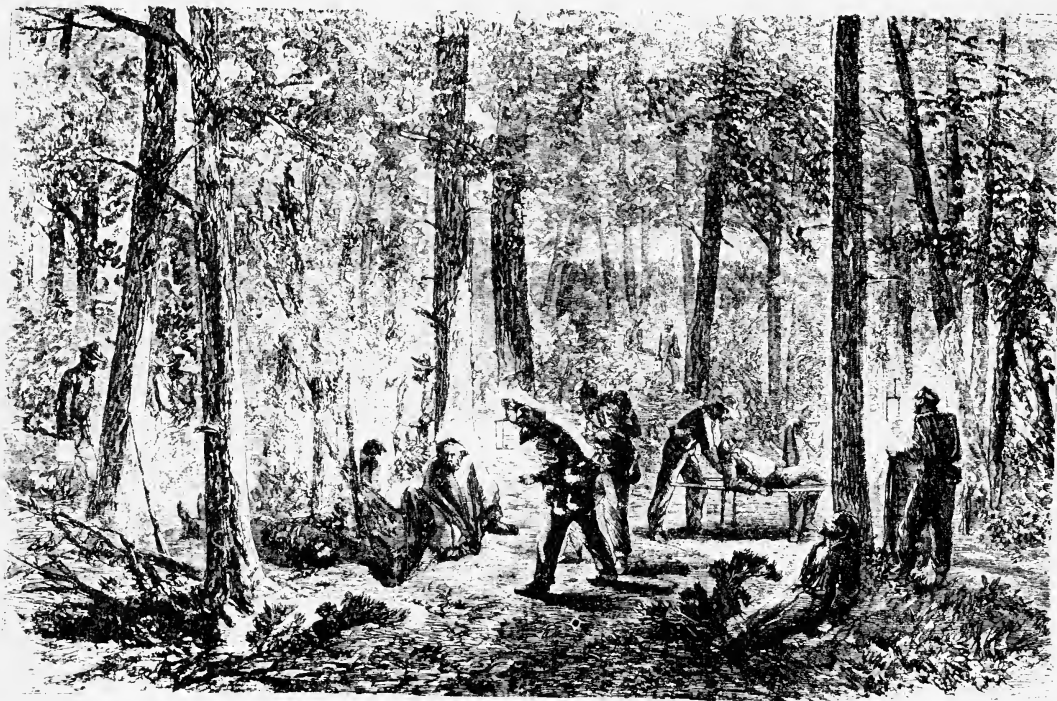
At Austerlitz Napoleon forbade that the ranks should be weakened to give assistance to the wounded.

In some battles wounded men were carried to the rear at once, either by ambulance men or by their comrades: in others they had to lie during the battle and perhaps long afterwards. Sir Colin Campbell said to his Highlanders at Alma: "Now, men, you are going into action: remember this, whoever is wounded—I don't care what his rank is—must lie where he falls till the bandsmen attend to him. No soldier must go carrying off wounded men. If any sol-

dier does such a thing his name shall be stuck up in the parish church."

At Spotsylvania we were not allowed to bring in our wounded, and Capt. Warren lay all night in the field, bleaching in the rain. But here at Fredericksburg Early's men, who were opposite us, were delightfully humane. Gen. Sickles reports:

"Opportunely the stretcher-men from my ambulance corps in going to the front for wounded skirmishers occasionally went unmolested to the verge of the enemy's line to get the wounded of Gibbon's division who fell on Saturday. Their stretcher-men were told by the enemy that if our skirmishers would not fire any more on them, our ambulance parties might come anywhere along or within their lines and get all of our wounded, hundreds of whom



SEARCHING FOR COMRADES AT NIGHT

were appealing for succor. This was soon afterward said to be confirmed by Gen. Ewell, whose division was in my front, and I directed all firing along my lines to cease, and by a tacit though informal understanding no more picket-firing occurred along my lines."

This truce was carried so far that the troops on both sides mingled in the most friendly way, exchanging southern tobacco for northern newspapers, and drank together when anybody on either side had anything to drink, toasting their respective sides. Two officers, one union and one confederate, played a game of cards.

When men died on the field there were often evidences that their last thoughts had been of their loved ones at home. I gave a picture on page 106 of a soldier's body found at Gettysburg with the photograph of his little son on his breast, the last thing that dropped from his nerveless fingers. After the battle of El Teb the body of a soldier was found with this scrawled inside his helmet with a leaden bullet, "All to my wife." In Afghanistan a soldier's body was found after it had lain for weeks beside a stone wall on which he had written with his own blood, "I want all to go to mother." In both cases the English war department held the wills to be valid, and ordered their property to be distributed accordingly.

During the South African war many volunteer nurses, mostly amateurs, journeyed there to assist in the hospitals, and often made themselves a nuisance by their sentimental attentions. One soldier pinned this scrawl above his head: "Too ill to be nussed to-day, respectfully Jim." Another replied to one of those volunteers who offered to wash his face, "All right, miss, if you can 'urry hup. Hi've 'ad me

face washed sixteen times since breakfast and there's two more ladies Hi've promised. But Hi dessay Hi can get some snooze afore tea."

Perhaps the most melancholy of our duties was to search the field at night for the bodies of those of our own company who had not reported.

Cole says: "For the burial of our dead we would dig a trench about 20 feet long by 7 feet wide, and then would lay the bodies side by side until we had filled its length; then about a foot of dirt was placed on them till all were covered: then we would lay again other bodies in the trench, then more earth until the trench was covered. A head board was placed at their head on which was marked their names and the number of their regiment and company."

I wrote frequent letters home and three of them were preserved. I give one written this night, still transcribing the spelling, capitals and punctuation of the original.

*Co. D. First Mass. Vol. Inf*

*Hospital near the Battlefield Dec. 14*

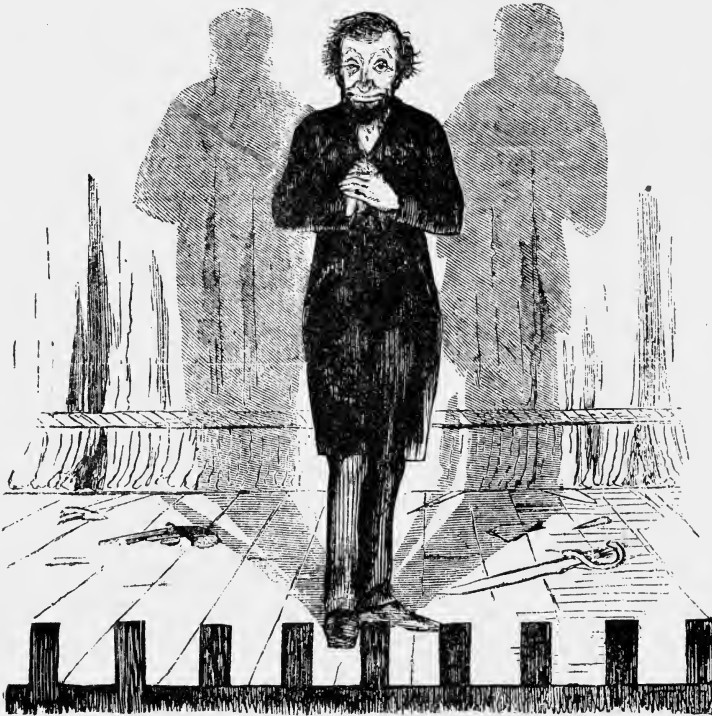
*Battle of Fredericksburg 5th Day*

*Dear Mother;*

*When I closed my last it was Sunday Morning. I will relate what has passed since then. I believe I mentioned that there were several wounded Rebels brought in. As they were suffering badly, I made a Coffee pot full of coffee, giving it to all of them who wished. Most of them were in Georgia Regts, particularly the 61st & 62d & 60th One was the Adjutant Gen'l of Erwin's Brigade, under Jackson, and in the absence of Erwin he led the Brigade in a charge upon one of our batteries. Our infantry in front united to give the batteries a chance to open with cannister, which, as soon as the enemy were near enough, they did, with terrible effect. Our infantry then advanced and took*

many prisoners. This Adj-Gen'l was wounded in the Groin and was in great pain. In company with all of them, he expressed great surprise at the kind treatment he received at our hands. He said he was treated as well as our own boys. All day I staid there, doing all I could for all of them. At night we went out a little way from the Hospital to sleep. I saw many legs & arms taken off, and the sight was awful. The men say that it is not battle but butchery, as the rebels are well protected by breastworks. Monday morning we were ordered back across the river, as the Div. Hospital had

been established there. So the drummers were put in reliefs of six hours each to attend to the wounded. My relief is on at dark. The following were the instructions given to me by the Nurse, in the tent assigned to me. "The men on the left side will not require much attention. That man in the corner is wounded through the temple and is insane. You will have to hold him down if he attempts to get up, and you must keep close to him and keep him covered. The one next to him is crazy also. Every time he wakes up you must give him some water & look out that he does not get up. The one in this cor-



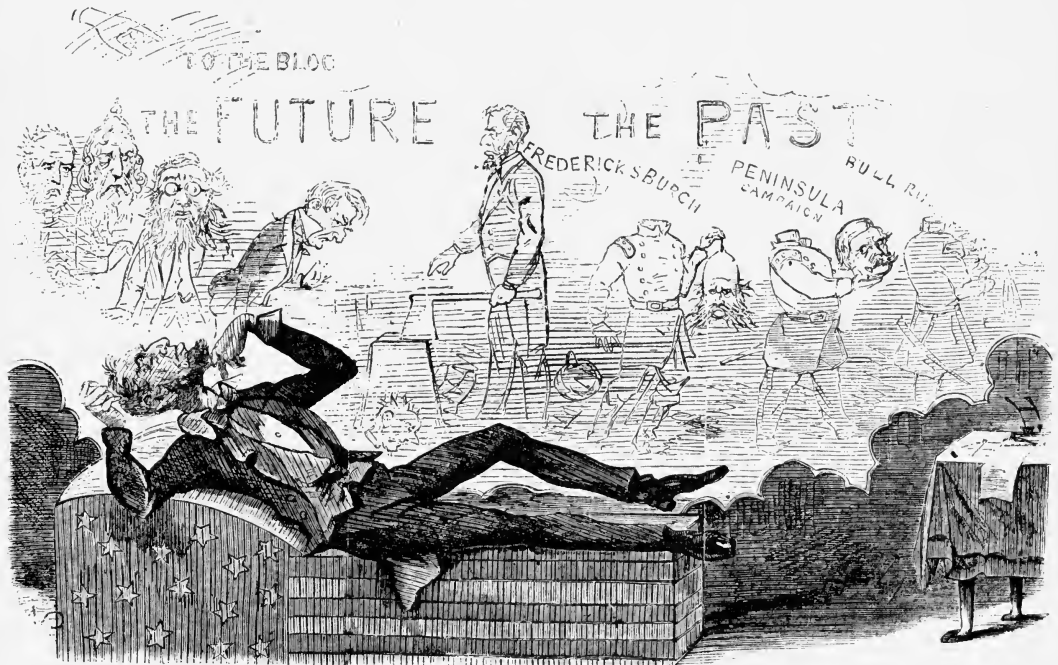
**Manager Lincoln.** "Ladies and Gentlemen, I regret to say that the Tragedy, entitled *The Army of the Potomac*, has been withdrawn on account of Quarrels among the leading performers, and I have substituted three new and striking Farces or Burlesques, one, entitled *The Repulse*

at Vicksburg, by the well-known, popular favorite, E. W. Stanton, Esq., and the others, *The Loss of the Harriet Lane* and *The Exploits of the Alabama*—a very sweet thing in Farces, I assure you—by the Veteran Composer, **Gideon Welles.**" (unbounded applause by the Copperheads)



ner has got the Dysentery and will require the Bedpan often—You must pay strict attention to them all, and not let the crazy men get the upper hands of you." So off he went and left me alone with two crazy men and 6 or eight wounded ones to attend to. It was a hard place, but I did my duty as well as I was able 'till my six hours were up. I never want to go into a Hospital again. Tuesday morning as you know by the papers our Troops all returned to this side of the river and we joined our Regt, and marched quick to where our knapsacks were, when we left. 9 A. M. Wednesday Morning. The 15th crossed the river and entered the city Saturday, and as the Rebels shelled the city and the hardest of the fighting was there, Walter must have been in great danger. I shall go and see him as soon as possible. My first battle is over and I saw nearly all of it. Saturday the hardest fighting was done. I saw

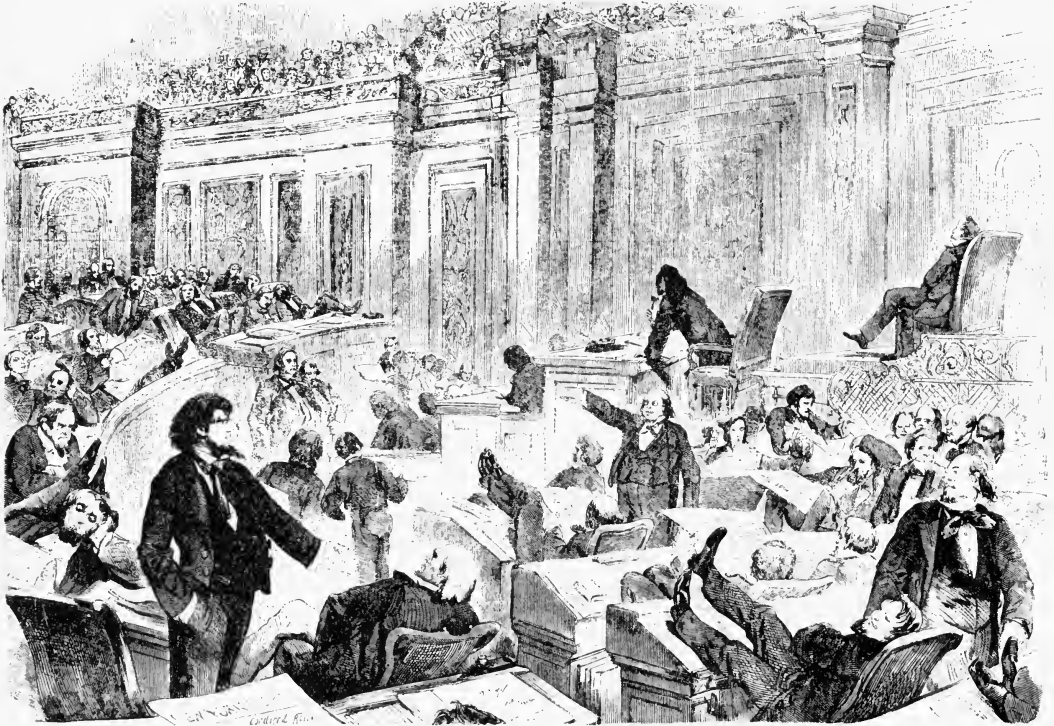
the Irish Brigade make three charges. They started with full ranks, and I saw them in less time than it takes to write this, exposed to a galling fire of shot and shell and almost decimated. I saw gallant fighting every day for six days. I saw wounded men brought in by hundreds and dead men lying stark on the field and then I saw our army retreat to the very place they started from, a loss incalculable in men, horses, cannon, small arms, knapsacks, and all the implements of war, and I am discouraged. I came out here sanguine as any one, but I have seen enough, and I am satisfied that we never can whip the South. They have too much the advantage of position and every thing else, and while I hate to confess it, I must say I am satisfied that sooner or later we must give up. Let any one go into the Hospital where I was and see the scenes that I saw, and see the effect of the enemy's



LINCOLN'S DREAM OF A GOOD TIME COMING



LINCOLN: "I THINK MINE ARE THE SMALLEST."



UNE SÉANCE DE LA CHAMBRE DES REPRÉSENTANTS À WASHINGTON



MILITARY GYMNASTICS, OR THE GREASED POLE IN VIRGINIA

fire on our ranks as I saw it and they will agree with me. But I must close as I have written a long time now. I received some papers yesterday—Write at once.

Your Son Charlie

If the prophetic tone is Cassandra like, at least it reflects the feelings at that time. *Harper's Weekly* was a staunch friend of

the Union and usually of the administration, yet it published on Jan. 31, 1863, the cartoon on page 122.

On page 123 is another cartoon, published in *Frank Leslie's* Feb. 14, showing Lincoln dreaming of beheading McClellan and Pope and Burnside, while Seward and Staunton and Welles tremble as they approach the

block; while here is still another from *Frank Leslie's* of Feb. 28 comparing Staunton and Welles with Tom Thumb; and yet another representing the attacks on Richmond as a greased pole.

At Richmond it was believed that the war was ended. Gold had gone to 200, and capitulation was expected in a month or two.

The government was not in favor anywhere. *Le Monde Illustré*, Paris, gave April 27, 1861, the picture on page 124 of our House of Representatives, apparently based on a similar caricature that had appeared in the *London Illustrated News* of April 16 preceding.

*15th. Crossed the river again in the forenoon and went to the Div. Hospital. Here we had to go on duty by Reliefs in taking care of the sick six hours at a time. In the meanwhile the Regt crossed the river.*

The picture on page 107 of recrossing the Rappahannock represents a scene that became familiar to me. Of all the battles in which I was engaged we were successful only at Gettysburg; from all the rest we

went back to camp like this, except that from the Wilderness and Spotsylvania, as severe defeats in themselves as Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, the army did not go back, but kept on going, to try again some where else.

*16th Went back to our old Camp and glad we were to get there. The Regt lost 1 killed & 45 wounded. Our company lost one Orderly Sargeant wounded (since dead) and four or five wounded. 18th Mc took command.*

Col. McLaughlin was a regular army officer, grim and strict, but not without humor. I remember his telling one wild Irishman who had blacked the tips of his shoes but not the heels that he would make a good soldier because he never looked behind him. He proved a great man for us when the 11th corps broke at Chancellorsville and came flying through our ranks. He pulled out his revolver and faced man after man, threatening to shoot them on the spot if they did not turn in and fight with us; and he would have done it, too. For his services in this battle he was recommended by Gen. Carr for brevet promotion.

## CHAPTER X. REFLECTIONS AFTER THE BATTLE



HERE was the romance of the drummer boy's life? Here is a picture drawn by Thomas Nast that makes him a little hero. Now I don't say

that no drummer boy ever marched like that early in the

which the drummers went along playing for encouragement and comradeship, but in my experience, charges played a very small part in fighting. We could seldom see the enemy, and learned more and more to protect ourselves as we advanced, keeping behind trees and displaying ourselves as little as possible. "Only recruits and fools neglected the smallest shelter," says McCarthy.



war, or in some other regiment later in the war: I am telling what I do know, not what I don't know. What I do know is that no drummer in my regiment ever played a drum on the battlefield or could see any sense in doing it. Fighting isn't done that way. I can imagine a charge in

An Irish soldier put it this way, "Ye gits a blade o' grass six inches high an' ye takes cover behind it an' they nicks it off inch by inch, an' whin it gits to the last inch, be jabers look out." A Gordon Highlander, describing his experiences, said: "We didn't see a bloomin' Boer, only felt their bloomin'

bullets, an' when the order was given to get under cover, the only cover I could find was a daisy."

The legend is that at Fontenoy the English and the French Guards found themselves within thirty paces of each other, when Lord Charles Hay stepped forward and taking off his hat called out in French, "Gentlemen of the French Guard, fire." To which the Marquis d'Auterroche, commander of the French replied, "We never fire first, gentlemen; fire yourselves." That is magnificent, but it is not war.

I remember the last month I was at the front, near Spotsylvania, a heavy artillery brigade that had come into active service for the first time was ordered to recapture a baggage train. The general actually formed his men in solid front and charged through the woods.

Colonel Peck once rode up to the confederate general Zeb York and cried, "General, we are ruined: the Yankees completely surround us." So much the better," replied the general, "for we are sure to hit them whatever way we fire." On the other hand, at Phillipi a Virginia company worn out with marching was straggling wearily along when the captain shouted, "Close up, boys. Hang you, close up. If the Yankees were to fire on you when you're straggling along like that they couldn't hit a blamed one of you."

As this regiment marched every confederate bullet was sure of its man, and the dead lay thick: I helped bury and mark the graves of more than a hundred. It even failed with its five thousand men to capture the train, and then our poor little brigade, hardly twelve hundred altogether, was sent in, and advanced rapidly, every man keeping under cover in the thick woods and brought in the train, hardly losing a man.

But they did not have the drum corps beating drums to show where they were.

The only time I remember music in battle was when Gen. Devens's brigade was crossing the pontoon bridge at Fredricksburg, and then it had to be silenced, for it led the men to keep step, which would have destroyed the bridge: and this was long before the troops came under fire.

Sometimes there were charges, of course, and my regiment had its share of hand-to-hand conflicts when even musket-butts were used. Capturing a battery is an exciting experience. But these formed a very small share of the fighting that was done. Oftener the enemy would not be seen at all for hours, as in the trenches. Under the artist's brush war is picturesque, but in the field it is usually commonplace.

When Steel the sculptor was modelling a bust of Wellington he tried to produce animation by asking the Duke to tell him about the battle of Salamanaca. "Were you not galloping about the field," he asked "cheering on your men to deeds of valor by words and action?" "Gah!" was the reply. "If you really want to model me as I was on the morning of Salamanaca, do me crawling along a ditch on my stomach, with a telescope in my hand."

General Maurice says the secret of success to the British army soldier is his stolidity. He looks upon the work at hand as a thing that has got to be done and not talked about. This stolidity leads to heroic actions because they imply entire forgetfulness of self at moments when nothing will be left of him if things go wrong.

A lady said to an invalid from the front that she was delighted to make the acquaintance of a hero from South Africa. "I ain't no 'ero, mum," he answered; "I'm just a bloomin' reg'lar."



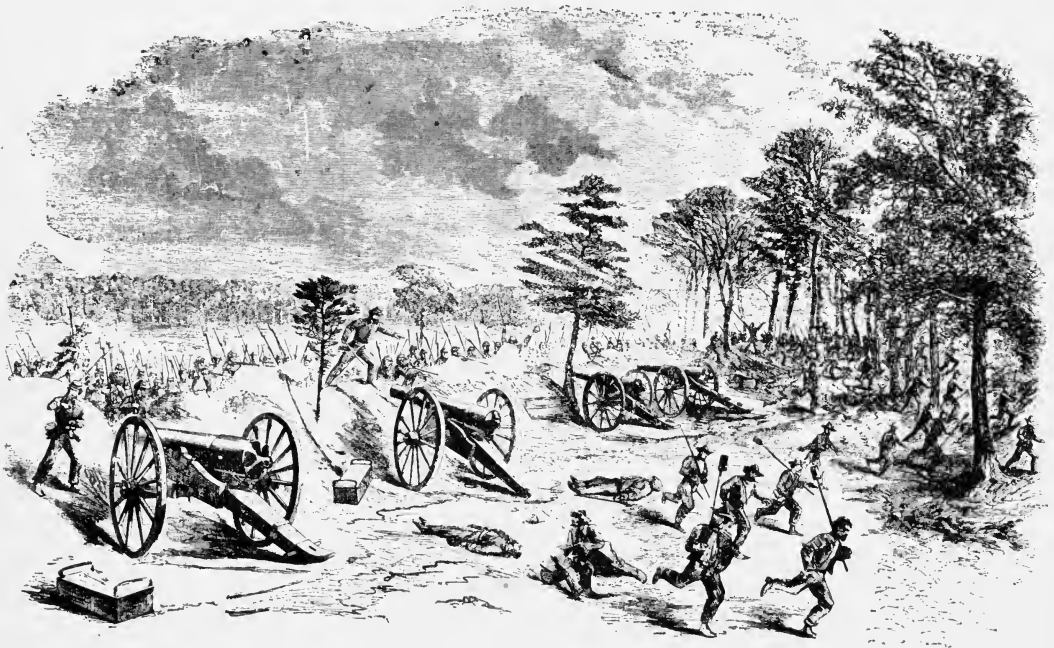


A BATTLE AS IT IS IMAGINED

It is amusing to read the comments of Capt. Vaughn-Sawyer of the English army on the ferocious fight at the salient at Spotsylvania in which my division was engaged, the "bloody angle" as it is commonly called. We supposed that it was a desperate effort for the sake of our country

to win what must be won if there was a possibility, but he speaks of it as a mania, to be encouraged as one stings a dancing girl with a tarantula. He says:

"It is one of those instances of the remarkable effect produced on men by certain conditions of battle. These instances



CAPTURING A BATTERY

show that under certain influences, not only individuals but masses of ordinary civilized persons will exhibit a complete absence of the sense of fear and will behave in a manner which is actually insane. This form of mania is a product of the primitive aggressive instinct of the stronger animals, and as it is generally found associated with victory, is to be encouraged. Any over discipline amounting to individual repression tends to make troops less subject to its recurrence."

This shows how different the feeling is in the English army from what it was in ours. With us the motive was a mixture in varying proportions of sense of duty and love of excitement; with the English soldier it is opportunity for advancement. There was the same difference between our civil war soldiers and the English that there is between a volunteer fire

company and paid firemen. The old volunteer fireman would jump out of bed at the alarm, work like a Trojan till the fire was put out, and then go back to bed again and be an ordinary citizen till the next fire; while the paid fireman is nothing else. So our men were farmers and mechanics and tradesmen and professional men before they enlisted, and they were farmers and mechanics and tradesmen and professional men after they got back: the war was only an interlude. But regular soldiers are that and nothing more. War is their profession. All their chance of advancement comes through fighting.

Long after the war I was impressed by this while spending a day with some officers of the regular army in garrison near Salt Lake City. All their talk was of impatience to get into active service, not for what they could accomplish for their country but be-



IN THE TRENCHES

cause it was the only way they could get ahead themselves. The lieutenant wanted to be a captain, the captain to be a major, the major to be a colonel, and so on, and this could come only through battles that would give these men a chance to distinguish themselves and would kill off some of the officers above.

So in the English army the soldier is eager for danger because it is the only way he can get ahead. Every Tommy Atkins of the better class dreams of the V. C., the Victoria Cross, that intrinsically valueless bit of iron that marks him a hero, and he will seize greedily a chance to obtain it. Not that this is the only motive. Many a man has won it and wondered why. Lt. Willie M'Bean of the 93d Foot got it for killing eleven with his own hand at Lucknow. When the cross was presented to him at dress parade, Sir R. Garrett re-

ferred to it as a good day's work, whereupon the hero protested, "Toots, mon, it didna tak' me twenty meenutes."

Regiments as well as men have to demonstrate their efficiency. In the famous charge at Omdurman the 21st Lancers performed prodigies of valor because it was their first battle. Sergeant Diggs lost two fingers cut off by a Dervish sword, but though the surgeon was close by refused attention. "There's plenty much worse off than me," he said. Major Wyndham's horse was killed, when he was seized from the ground by Captain Kenna, who lifted his fellow officer into the saddle behind him, handed him his own revolver, and while one urged on the horse the other fired the revolver on the pressing enemy. Private Byrne rescued Lt. Byrne and was twice wounded, but when ordered to fall out for medical attendance refused, but

waving his bent lance shouted, "Never! Fall in, No. 2 troop!" As one soldier said: "You see the regiment had to win its name: we had all made up our minds to do that and only wanted the chance. You don't know what it is to go into a canteen and have every man's finger pointed at you, and hear them all say, 'Thou shalt not kill.' Now there's an end of that. A man of the 21st can go among all the cavalry regiments of the service now, and look 'em straight in the face and hold his head up. We meant to do it all along and we done it."

With this spirit predominant cowardice is shamed out of sight and indifference to danger becomes a habit. During the Peninsular war one English soldier bet another that he would light his pipe by the fuse of a shell that had just landed, and won, afterward stamping out the fuse with his foot. At Sebastopol an Irishman incautiously raised his head above the trenches when a Russian bullet whistled by and smashed the bowl of his pipe, leaving the stem in his mouth. Hastily dropping under cover Pat expressed his desire to come into contact with that thafe that stole his only pipe. At the siege of Ostend in 1745 a soldier was holding up a loaf of bread when a shot carried away the top portion, leaving the rest in his hand. The man coolly examined the other half. "I must say they play fairly," he said; "they have left me the bigger half." At Lucknow Johnny Ross of the 93d Highlanders was disputing with a companion over a game of cards when the signal came to fall in. At that moment a spent ball struck him in the mouth, knocking out four of his teeth. He thought his comrade had struck him, and returned the blow. "You silly ass," his comrade replied, "you've a bullet in your mouth." Ross spat out the bullet and his four front

teeth, and looked at them ruefully. "How shall I manage to bite my cartridges the noo?" he complained. At the same battle Sergeant Halliwell, a crack shot of the 32d, was detailed to prevent the rebels from mounting the 18-pounders that they had hauled upon the flat roof of one of the palaces. He took position behind some battered down masonry which covered him only when he lay at full length, and could change position only by rolling over from back to stomach. Food was taken him at night by men crawling on hands and knees. He remained there several days, his unerring rifle laying low every Sepoy that tried to mount the guns.

At the siege of Sebastopol a soldier was groping around in the heap of debris where a part of the defences had suffered severely. "What are you hunting for?" an officer asked. "For my mate's cap, Jack Miles." "Why doesn't he hunt for it himself?" "Because his head's in it."

During the siege of Fort Erie a patient with an amputated forearm laughed and laughed, which he explained thus: "Excuse me, but I lost my arm in such a funny way that I laugh every time I look at it. Our first sergeant wanted shaving and got me to attend to it. I had lathered him, taken him by the nose, and was just about to apply the razor when a cannon ball came, and that was the last I saw of his head or my arm."

This indifference to danger sometimes reached to recklessness. During the Peninsular war Col. Mellish appeared mounted on so wretched a steed that his fellow-officers derided him, and one of them declared the horse was not worth five pounds. "I'll bet you fifty pounds I get forty for him," cried the colonel. "Done," said the other. The colonel rode toward the ene-

my, was fired on of course, but kept advancing till the horse was killed, when he jumped off and ran back to camp, winning the wager because the British government allows £45 for every officer's horse killed in action.

Our army could not match that carelessness of life, I hope, but we could match that achievement and all the others I have named, though the motives were different. For instance, Gen. Sickles says in his official report of Chancellorsville: "The rebels advanced up the plank road rapidly in silence, showing only an American flag. Pleasanton's aide de camp rode to within 100 yards when they called out, 'We are friends; come closer.' He rode within 50 yards when the whole line opened on him with musketry, dropped the American color and displayed eight or ten rebel flags." Yet he escaped unhurt.

Sentimentality is not encouraged. Durligh in his "Sirdar and Khalifa" tells of the night before Atbara, when as he walked softly among the slumbering men he heard a Highlander say to a comrade, "Ah, Tam, how mony thousands there at home across the sea are thinking o' us the nicht." "Richt, Sandy," said the other cheerily, "and how many millions there are that don't care a damn. Go to sleep, you fool." And silence reigned.

During the Ashantee war two soldiers were communing as to why they ever left home for that God-forsaken country. One said, "I have neither wife nor children and am fond of war." "Just the opposite with me," said the other, "I have both wife and children and am fond of peace."

A man who got a letter from his wife saying she did so wish to see him before the battle remarked that he would a great deal rather have her see him after it was over.

An alderman sitting next to the Duke of Marlborough at a Mansion house dinner remarked patronizingly, "Yours must be a very laborious profession, I suppose." "O no," replied the warrior airily, "we fight for four hours in the morning and two or three hours after dinner, and then we have the rest of the day to ourselves."

Marshall Lefebvre said to an envious visitor, "Come into the court and I will fire at you thirty times at twenty paces. If you survive all shall be yours. You won't? Recollect then that I have been fired at more than a thousand times and nearer, before I arrived where you find me."

When the Marquess Townshend was engaged in one of his first battles a drummer by his side was killed by a cannon ball that scattered his brains in every direction. "What puzzles me," he said, "is how anybody with such a quantity of brains ever came to enter the army."

It is very hard for a civil war soldier to believe that the English soldiers used to be accompanied in war by their wives and children. It is told of Earl Percy who commanded the 5th regiment in the American Revolution that at his own expense he provided each company with a large tent so that the women and children should have suitable shelter.

"Did you ever go to a military ball?" asked a lisping maid of an old soldier.

"No," was the grouty reply, "but I once had a military ball come to me, and it took my leg off."

At a notable society function in Dublin a general was admonishing a beggar to go away from the rounds when she exclaimed, "It is I that am proud to see your honor here in the very coat you wore the day ye saved the life of me boy, me little Mickie." "Indeed," replied the general, not sorry to

have the deed reported with such eminent people within hearing, "I had forgotten all about it. How did I save his life?" "Well, your honor, when the battle was at its hottest your honor was the first to run, and when me little Mickie saw the general run he run too, the lord be praised "

Corporal Caithness said he was never afraid the British would lose the battle of Waterloo. "Na, na, I did na fear that: I was only afraid we should be a' killed before we had time to win it."

The Irish were sometimes jealous of the Scotch. When a Highlander was boasting of what his regiment had done, an Irishman exclaimed, "I'd have you know as true a heart beats under an Irishman's shirt as under any Scotchman's kilt."

A soldier of the Black Watch, passing in a theatre a private of the Rifle Brigade, stepped on the foot of the latter, who exclaimed, "You stepped on my foot!" "Weel," said the Highlander apologetically, "I did ma best tae leap ower it, but a Hielan' mon is only human; I'm nae a kangaroo." Strange to say, a battle followed.

When Gen. O'Kelly, an Irishman in the French service, was introduced to Louis XVI he was annoyed to have the monarch commend the bravery of another regiment. "Sire," he broke in, "that regiment behaved very well, it is true; many of them were wounded; but my regiment behaved better for we were all killed."

Cambrone declared at Waterloo, "The Imperial Guard die but never surrender." The speech received honorable mention in the Assembly at Paris, but this was erased from the journal when it was discovered the Cambrone was at that moment himself a prisoner in Wellington's camp.

It is a mistake to think that a braggart

may not be brave: more than one man has exposed himself as he would not have done otherwise to make good his boasts. Wolfe was such a gasconader that after Pitt had dined with him and heard him bluster he exclaimed, "Good heavens! that I should have trusted the fate of my country to such hands!" But Wolfe took Quebec and died a hero.

Benton, of the 150th N. Y., whose "As Seen from the Ranks" has a literary quality unexpected in these books of reminiscences, speaks with discriminating frankness: "I had no difficulty in finding the regiment, who were in line of battle on the southern slope of Culp's Hill, crouched behind a barricade of logs and branches, and once in the line I was surprised to find that the fear which had haunted me so on the way immediately vanished. Yet in each subsequent trip to the regiment as I came under fire I experienced the same shrinking dread of the bullets which all seemed intended for me. Their whispering message gives one the singular feeling of being soul-naked in their presence, and that neither clothing nor body would for an instant check their flight. Yet curiously, whether from the presence of numbers or whatever the cause, each time as soon as I reached the regiment this feeling vanished, and I felt as much at ease as when in the rear."

Benton says again: "I think it is commonly supposed that men are divided sharply into two classes—those who are afraid and those who are not, or, as is more commonly expressed, 'the brave and the cowards'. Save for a few abnormal exceptions it would be much more nearly correct to say that all men belong to both classes. When about to take part in an engagement, and during a little while after getting well under fire, there enters an un-



pleasant and unwelcome thought that one may soon be numbered among the dead, or be one of those whose sufferings were such a common sight. But in this case as in the others the mind instinctively adjusts itself to the prevailing conditions, and without losing the sense of danger, yet becomes to a degree indifferent to it. The 'scare feeling' is soon gone, and thenceforth it is that dominant sense of duty of which I have spoken which holds the reins."

Gen. Shoup tells of a private in one of his regiments who wrote a letter to his colonel begging not to be forced into the line of battle. He confessed that he was a coward and could not stand fire. He begged to take care of patients in the small pox hospital, anything to keep to the rear: he should die if he were forced into fighting ranks. The colonel compelled him to come to the front and he was pitiful to see, crouched, trembling, and dodging. But when the first fright was over he proved a first-rate soldier, in fact one of the most reckless and daring in the ranks.

An excellent example of nerve is the following. Sir Charles Napier saw an Indian juggler cut in two with a sword a lime held in the hand of an assistant, and thought there must be a collusion. To expose it he offered to hold the lime himself. The juggler examined his hand carefully and then refused to perform the feat. "I thought I should find you out," exclaimed Napier triumphantly. "Stop," said the juggler, "let me see your other hand." After he had examined it the juggler said, "If you will hold this hand steady I will cut the lime." "But why the left hand and not the right?"

"Because the right hand is more hollow in the centre and there is more danger of cutting off the thumb."

Napier was startled. "I got frightened," he said, telling the story. "I saw it was an actual feat of delicate swordmanship, and if I had not abused the man, as I did before the trial, I honestly acknowledge I should have retired from the encounter. However I put the lime on my hand and held the arm out steadily. The juggler balanced himself, and with a swift stroke cut the lime in two pieces. I felt the edge of the sword on my hand as if a cold thread had been drawn across it."

I may add that I have seen this feat performed not in India but in Syracuse, and not by an Indian juggler, but by Col. Verbeck, principal of St. John's school, son of Verbeck of Japan and who learned swordmanship there. So the danger was less than Napier supposed, but that does not lessen his courage in submitting to the test. To me that would be a much more severe trial, though so much less would be at stake, than to ride from one command to another under heavy fire.

I have always thought the supreme test of courage thus far evolved is that of the Spanish matador. He does not kill the bull: the bull must commit suicide. His sword is not grasped, but is held with the hilt against the back of his hand, which is stretched out palm upward. He must hold that sword so that when the bull comes rushing upon him the point will penetrate a spot in the bull's spine not bigger than a silver dollar. Often the sword will enter the bull up to the hilt, but unless the exact spot is reached the wound is not fatal and the matador must follow up the bull and draw out the sword for another trial. When the bull is fierce it requires nerve to await his onslaught and stand there, sword poised, so directing it that the bull shall lunge himself upon it at just that point. How-

ever much one may disapprove of bull-fighting he cannot withhold his admiration of the matador's courage. I was present at the last fight of the season at Madrid, in 1887, when Frascuelo, then the pride of Spain, was tossed upon a bull's horns and supposed to be fatally wounded. It was the fifth bull of the ten, and showed unusual spirit from the first, delighting the audience, who shouted, "*El bravo toro!*" Frascuelo played with him longer than is customary, turning him aside with his red shawl as he lunged forward. When at last Frascuelo was ready he planted himself and the bull came on with fire in his eyes. He made a movement with his horns just a bit different from what Frascuelo had anticipated and in an instant he had thrown the matador up into the air. Yet while supreme unction was being administered to Frascuelo, another matador came into the ring, and, profiting by the knowledge gained of the beast, despatched him just as Frascuelo had tried to do it. You may like bull-fighting or not, but you cannot deny the courage it shows.

Should a soldier bob his head when bullets are flying? Gordon discusses this matter in his journal and concludes "Certainly. I remember on two occasions seeing shells before my eyes which certainly had I not bobbed would have taken off my head."

At Taku Fort in 1860 a mounted officer reproved the Royal Surrey regiment for bobbing when bullets whistled by them saying, "Whenever you hear the sound of a bullet it has passed by you and you have nothing to fear." Just then a bullet whizzed by his own head and he ducked so violently that he nearly fell off his horse. Righting himself he said to the soldiers with a smile, "That was a narrow squeak, wasn't it?"

Early in the Ladysmith siege an old major whose fighting record is beyond question was lecturing his men on the folly of ducking to a shell. "When you hear it, men, it's actually past so that ducking your heads is quite useless." Just then came a hissing shell from "Silent Sue" close over the major's head. He ducked. The men laughed and he observed, "Ah well, I suppose it's just human nature."

There were jokes even at Balaklava. Lord Cardigan cried, thinking he was going to certain death, "Here goes the last of the Cardigans." Upon which an Irishman echoed in his rich brogue, "Here goes the last of the Murphys." After all Cardigan survived, and while travelling in Scotland called for a bottle of soda-water. The cork flew out with a sharp pop and passed close to his lordship's nose, whereupon Cardigan dodged to escape it. "Ye wouldna ha' done to ha' beane in the Crimeen war," said the landlord contemptuously, and Cardigan smiled without revealing his identity.

There is a good deal of fatalism among soldiers. "If I am to be shot, they say, 'I shall be shot, and there is no use to try to escape.'" Cronje said in the South African war, when a cornet suggested that he retire to a less exposed position, "No, I am in the hands of God. If I am to be shot I shall be hit just as soon in one place as in another."

"The finger of God was upon me all day—nothing else could have saved me," Wellington said of Waterloo. Yet he could hardly utter a sentence without an oath.

There are two theories of the recurrence of a shot. One that "Every bullet has its billet and a place once hit is to be avoided." The other, "It never hits in the same spot twice."

Dr. Dabney, on Stonewall Jackson's staff, preached one Sunday on war, and said that every shot and shell and bullet was directed by the God of battles. At Malvern Hill the staff was under heavy fire and Gen. Jackson directed his officers to dismount and shelter themselves. Dr. Dabney hid behind a gate-post and Major Nelson exclaimed, "Why Dr. Dabney, if the God of battles directs every shot, why do you want to put a gate-post between you and a special providence?" Dr. Dabney retorted, "Why just here the gate-post is the special providence."

A soldier in the Dacoit-infested region of Burmah was a firm believer in destiny, but when about to take a stroll one evening was observed to put a pair of pistols into his pocket. "Hullo," cried a comrade, "what are you taking a revolver for? That won't save you if your time has come." "No," said the other, "but I may happen to meet a Dacoit whose time has come."

Somebody remarked that the Boers did not show their wonderful marksmanship at Glencoe, to which a hearer replied that the best marksmen in the world would get a little rattled if the targets were chasing them.

An old soldier was describing his adventures in battle, the long wait, the nerve tension, the charge, how the men behind spat blasphemies at the sight and set their teeth to win. "And what struck you most after it was all over?" asked his listener. "The bullets that missed me," was the reply.

An Australian who wanted to fight the Boers was rejected on the ground that his teeth were defective, though he protested that he didn't want to eat the Boers, only to fight 'em.

The watchword of the King's Rifle Corps

before a charge was, "Remember the ladies! remember the babies!"

La Rochejacquelin's address to his soldiers was, "If I advance, follow; if I fall, avenge me; if I flinch, kill me."

Soon after leaving Cambridge Coleridge enlisted in the 15th Light Dragoons. "Do you think," asked the general commanding, "you can run a Frenchman through the body?" "I don't know," replied Coleridge, "but I'll let a Frenchman run me through the body before I'll run away."

It will be remembered that the Prince Imperial of France met his death at the hands of the Zulus, against whom he was serving with the British army to get experience in war. Lt. Carey, an officer of the party, rushed into camp crying, "Fly! fly! The Zulus are after me and the Prince Imperial is killed!" Sir Redvers Buller turned upon him and asked sternly, "And how is it that you are alive?" Carey was compelled to resign from the army, and entered the church.

Colonel Lake said at Rolica, "Remember the bayonet is the only weapon for a British soldier."

When the English army landed in Egypt, a Highland regiment fixed bayonets to attack a French battery. Then came the command, "Prime and load," but Donald Balck cried out, from the ranks, "No prime and load but charge pagnets at once." The men promptly obeyed and recarried the ridge.

A Goorkhat trooper serving as guide to the English who were sheltered from a murderous fire but could not get away to safety proposed, "Sahib, we mustn't stop here all day. I will jump on top of the parapet, they will fire at me and you can rush out on them before they can reload." He did it and the English routed the natives. Cu-

riously enough the Goorkhat was absolutely unharmed.

Lord Roberts tells that he himself saw a shell pass between a rider and his horse, tearing the saddle to shreds and knocking down the horse but not seriously injuring either man or horse.

A militia colonel who wanted his men to volunteer for service abroad marched his regiment in line up to the boundary wall of the field and kept the men marking time for a while, literally with their noses to the wall. Then he read to them the requirements of the foreign service and said, "Those men who do not wish to volunteer, two paces to the front." As not a man could advance, the colonel reported that every member consented had to go abroad.

Soult turned his back on Jaubert, who had made epigrams about him, whereupon Jaubert said to him, "I have been told you were my enemy but am glad to see it is not so." "Why not?" thundered Soult fiercely. "Because your enemy never sees your back," was the diplomatic reply, and all wounds were healed. On the other hand when Wellington was ambassador to Paris many of the French marshals turned their backs upon him. Louis XVIII apologized,

but Wellington replied, "Never mind, your majesty, they have got into the habit and can't get out of it."

Most military stories, especially in company, must be taken with a grain of salt. One had seen a man shot through the head and he lived. Another had seen a soldier whose arms and legs had been carried away, and he lived. A third had known a man to be shot in the side and through the head, and he lived. A fourth remarked that he had seen a man shot clean through the body with a ten-pound ball, and then paused. "And he lived?" inquired one of the bystanders. "No, he died."

A lady exhibiting family portraits pointed to an officer in uniform. "He was brave as a lion," she said, "but the most unfortunate of men. Why he never took part in an engagement without losing an arm or a leg. He was in twenty-four battles."

An overbearing officer was complaining to his Quaker aunt of the responsibility placed upon him. "I have to do all the work of the regiment," he said; "I am my own major, my own captain, my own lieutenant, my own sergeant," --- "and your own trumpeter," interrupted his aunt.

## CHAPTER XI. TENT ARCHITECTURE



CAMP LIFE in earnest now began for us. The summer camp is temporary, but in winter soldiers settle down in hopes of permanence.

We were at Falmouth six months.

19th. After three days rest we commenced drilling again—Began to give out Whiskey—25th. Christmas. Had a fine Christmas dinner of salt junk & Hard Tack. John McAbe went down to the river and saw boats crossing and recrossing and all gay & happy.

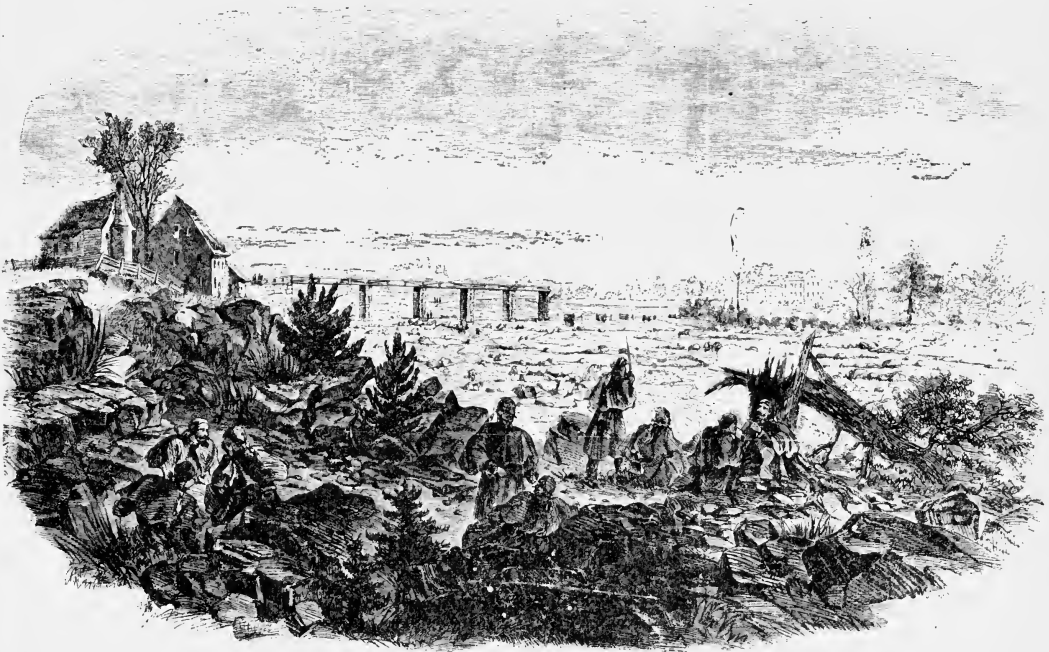
Up to this point my diary had been kept on sheets of writing-paper, which I sent home as they were filled, thinking they

would be safer there. From this point on my diary is kept in books with printed forms for each day. It will be observed that the first entry is always of the weather. A specimen page is reproduced for Jan. 23.

Jan. 1. 1863. Rather cold. Nothing going on in the Reg't. but went over to Birney's Division and had a pretty good time although I got there too late. There was the customary hurdle-race, rolling wheel, etc.

Jan. 2. Rather cold. Was on Orderly. Ran regularly between the Adjutant's and Capt. Jordan's tents. Had a talk with Geo Harrington, who has lately arrived from Camp Day.

Jan. 3. Pleasant. Hull came around with Tobacco at \$1.50  $\text{p}$  lb. payable pay day.



"JOHN MCALE WENT DOWN TO THE RIVER"

*Took two pounds and got \$5.00 pay day for it.*

Trading was one of the methods of relieving the monotony of the camp. It is told of two Yankees in Libby prison that the first day they were together they traded jackknives forty-three times, at the end of which time one had made a dollar and a half and the other fourteen shillings, while each man had the same knife he started with.

I never formed the tobacco habit myself. When I first enlisted and went back home on furlough for a day or two I announced that I was about to buy a meerschaum pipe, expecting my mother to try to dissuade me. But she had some acquaintance with me and instead offered to go down town with me and help pick it out. That took away all the interest, for the principal charm had been to assert my new indepen-

dence. I learned to be glad I had escaped the habit, however, when I saw how men suffered who could not get tobacco. There were periods when there was no opportunity to buy, and many a man seemed more distressed without his pipe or his chew than when his rations of food ran short.

*After dinner the Reg't received orders to get ready to move Camp and we went about two miles on the Belle Plains road. The camp made a splendid appearance in the woods with the dry pine fires.*

The woods about our first camp had disappeared at the rate of an acre a week, and we moved over to the Fitzhugh house, as shown on the map on inside cover. Here there was a heavy growth of oak and pine timber, and a camp was laid out with considerable regularity, the company streets up and down the hill and the officers' quarters on the ridge.



BUILDING HUTS



*Jan. 4. Pleasant. Established Camp in the morning. The Drummers were sent to their respective Companies. Fixed tent pretty well.*

Usually we musicians were permitted to tent where we chose.

*Jan. 5. Pleasant. Marched two miles to Review by Gen. Burnside. Saw Gen's. Sickles, Carr, Mott, Sumner, Birney, Ferrero, Wadsworth, Doubleday, etc. Left the Reg't and fell in with Charlie Montjoy of the 21st Mass. and with him went over to the 36th Mass. and saw Hamilton, Emory, Thompson and other Fitchburg boys. Saw the Balloon & with it Prof: Lowe. Got some Troches etc. by mail.*

*Jan. 6. Pleasant. Got a letter from Gen. Schouler in regard to Descriptive list. Drills.*

I had thus far been unable to draw pay because through some error in the red

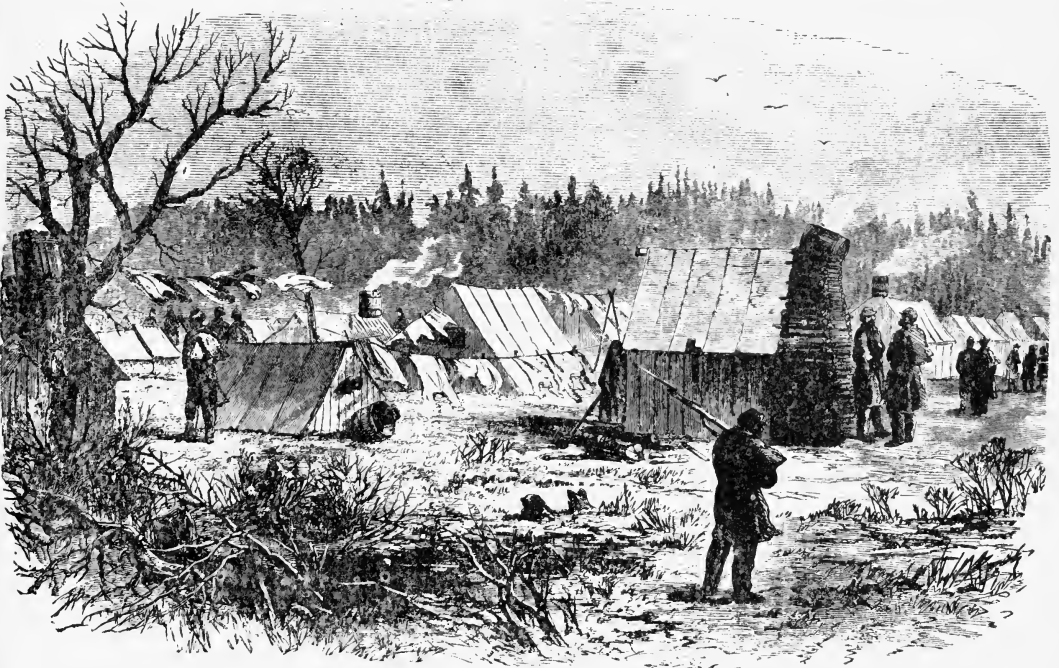
tape department this description of my person and the facts about my enlistment had not been forwarded.

*Jan. 7. Pleasant. Drills*

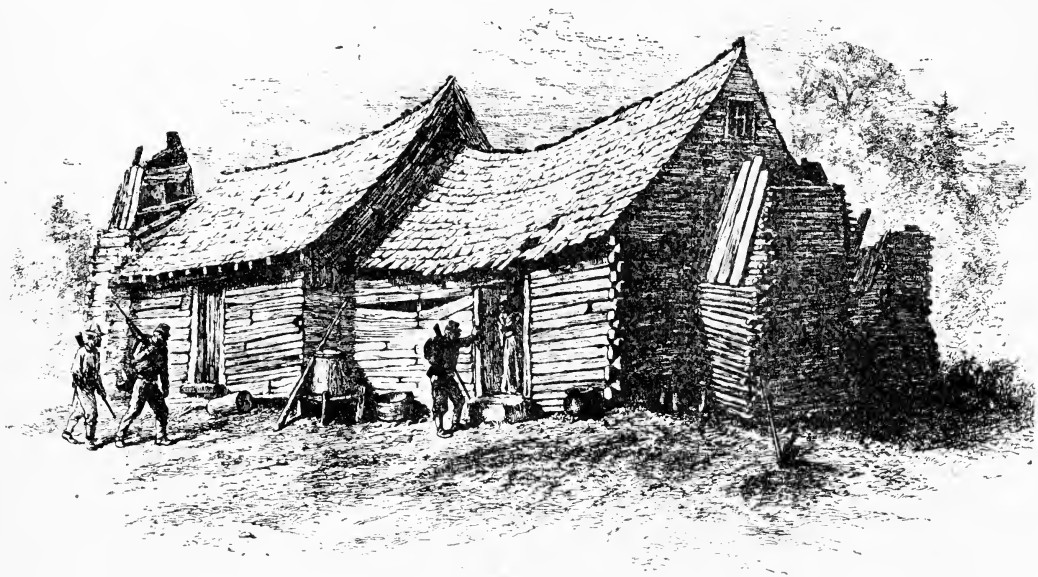
*Jan. 8. Pleasant. Was on Orderly.*

*Jan. 9. Pleasant. Put a chimney on house and fixed it up good.*

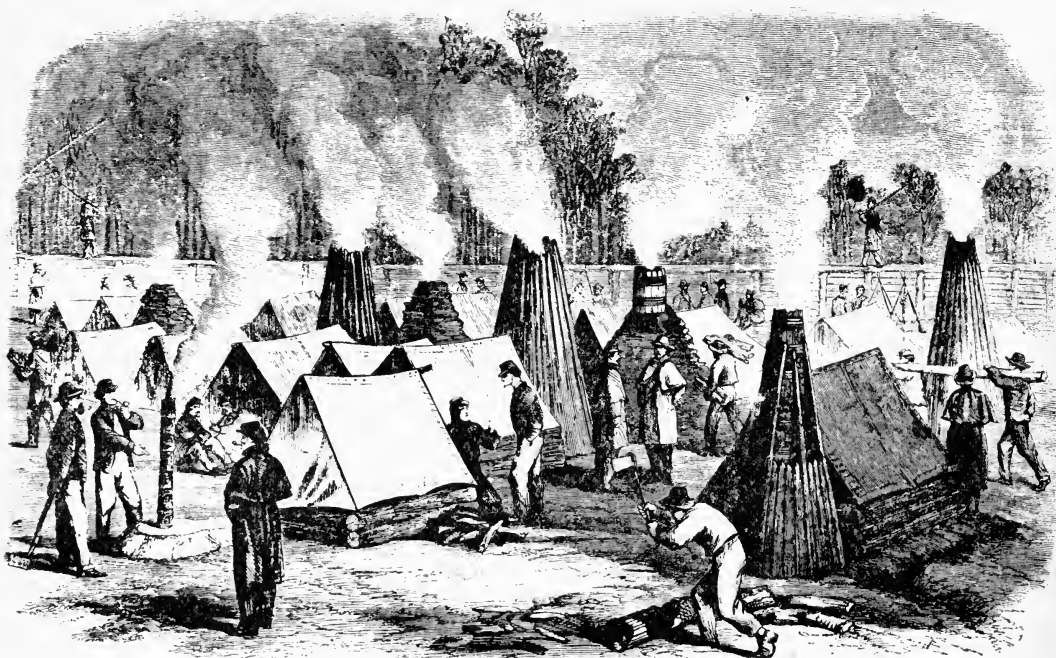
The confederate camps were much more elaborate than ours, both because the southerners were more experienced house-builders and because they preferred to sleep a good many together, so that they could afford more elaborate construction. We preferred the quiet and independnece of tenting not more than two together. We chose camping in open fields; they took to the woods. Then they did not use tents as we did, even on the march. McCarthy says: "Tents were rarely seen. All the poetry about the 'tented field' died. Two



THE ARMY CHIMNEY



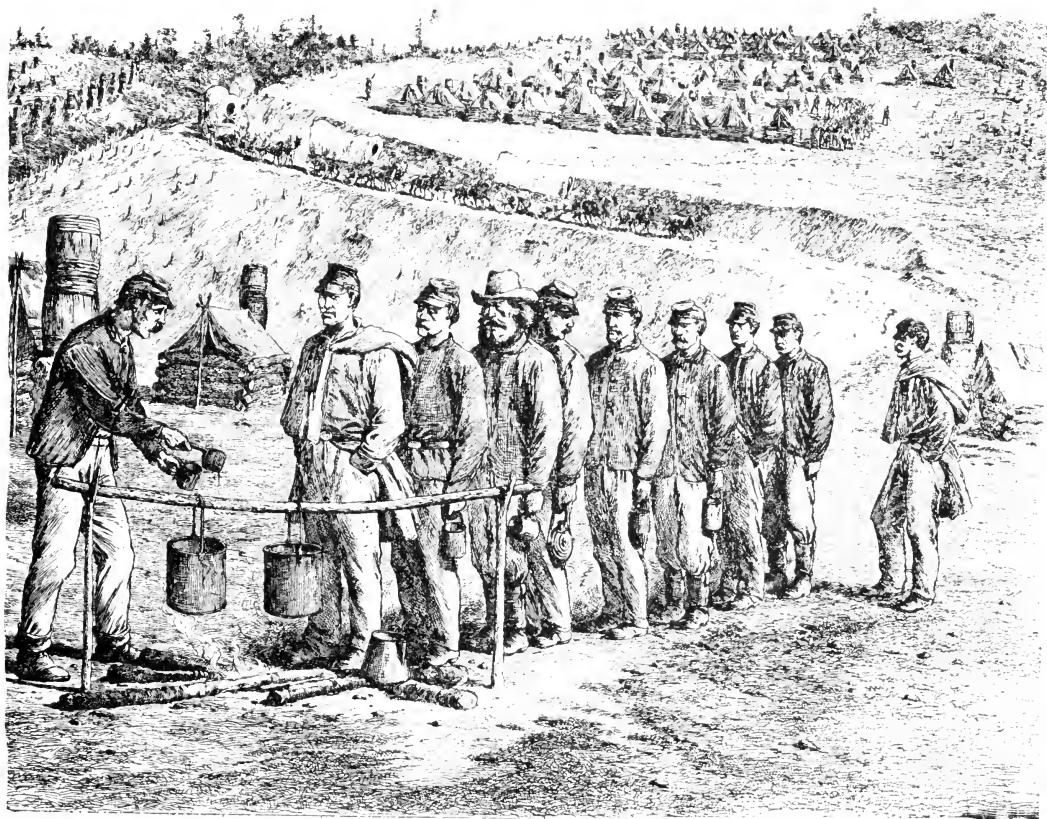
NATIVE VIRGINIA MODELS



INTERESTING EXPERIMENTS



TYPES OF WINTER QUARTERS



A CAMP OF SHELTER TENTS IN WINTER. Compare page 33



REMAINS OF A REBEL CAMP AT MANASSES

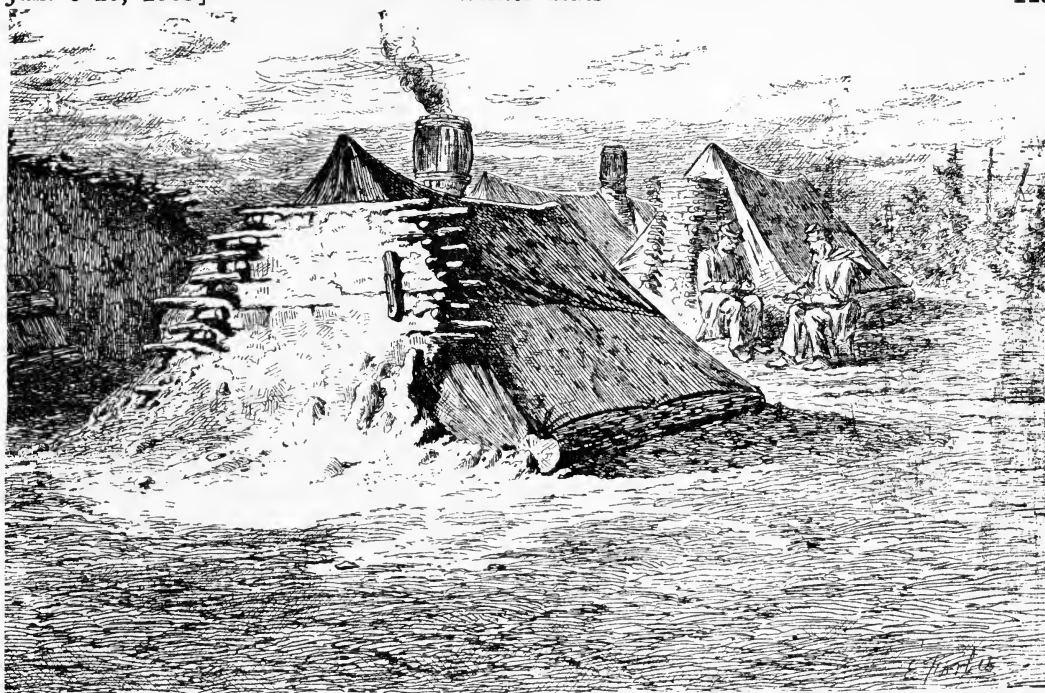
men slept together, each having a blanket and an oil-cloth; one oil-cloth went next the ground. The two laid (sic) on this, covered themselves with two blankets, protected from the rain with the second oil-cloth on top, and slept very comfortably through rain, snow or hail, as it might be." Hence they had wooden roofs.

As finally modeled my Brandy Station hut represented a good deal of planning and experiment. I first put down a log 9 inches thick through the middle of the square on which the tent was to stand. Then I excavated the half of the square in front to the depth of nine inches, and put the dirt on the half of the square behind, which gave me a seat eighteen inches high, by raising the bed eighteen inches from the floor. Then I put logs around

something as shown in these huts left by the confederates at Manassas, except that I had only three logs high above the ground, and the door was at the floor corner: I sacrificed a pair of shoes for hinges. The chimney was like those here shown, built of logs chinked in with clay and lined with clay inside. The roof, however, was still my pair of shelter tents and was not nearly so high as here shown. The result was about like those shown in the lower picture on page 141, except that the chimney was like that on page 145, the picture in the foreground giving the general effect of my Falmouth tent.

*Jan. 10. House was fixed in time. It rained all day but I was dry.*

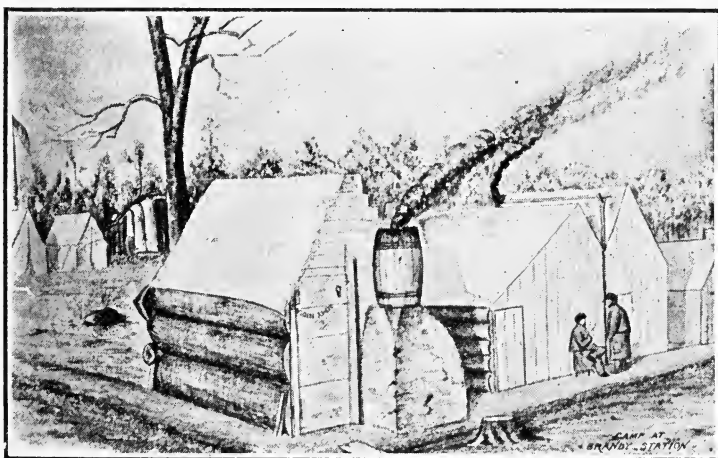
I tented alone this winter, and so did all the building myself. I laid a foundation



MY WINTER HOME AT FALMOUTH

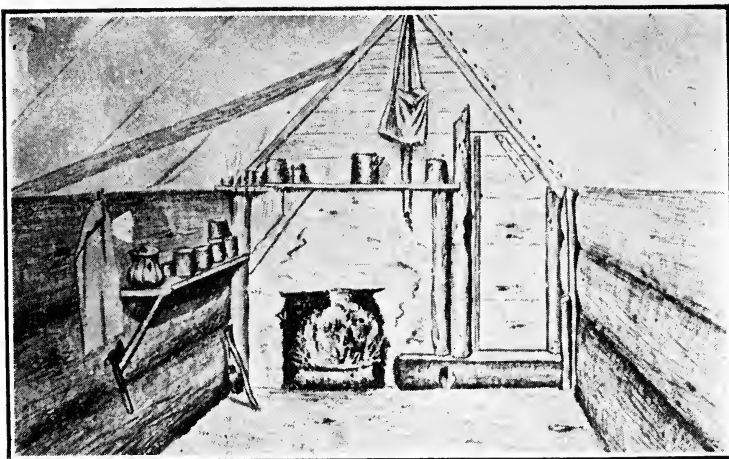
of logs as shown in the picture, and built the chimney of logs plastered with clay. I laid a foundation of pine-branches for my bed, and put a rubber blanket over them.

The chimney was sometimes eked out by a barrel, as shown in this picture of the outside of Perkins's tent at Brandy Station. The reader will remember his portrait on

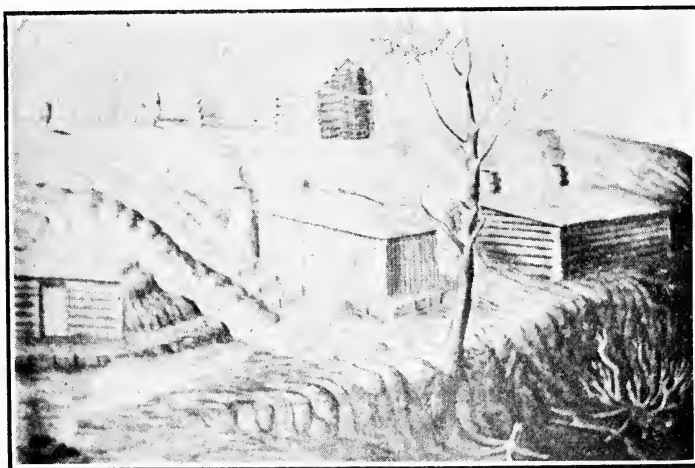


PERKINS'S TENT AT BRANDY STATION

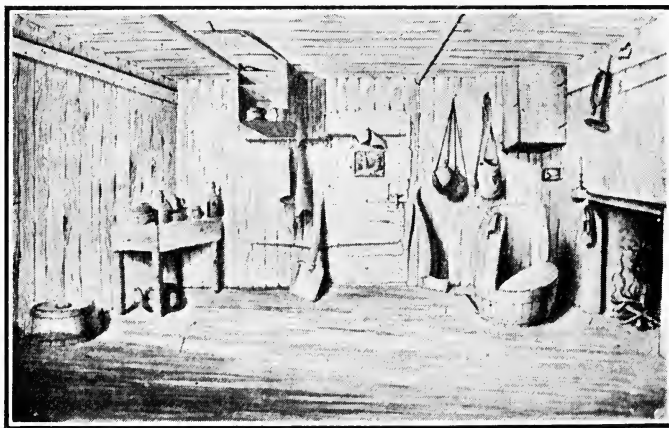




INSIDE OF PERKINS'S TENT



1ST MASSACHUSETTS HUTS AT CAMP HOOKER, 1861-2



INTERIOR OF THE MIDDLE HUT AT CAMP HOOKER



page 73. He sends me this and the three sketches on page 146 made by himself. The next tent here was Bagley's, another musician's, and the two were at the end of the musicians' row, next the parade ground. Staff tents are shown at the left.

The next picture shows the inside of the same tent. The door was made of a cracker box, with hinges of leather, and the chimney was made of earth sod.

The two next were regimental huts at Camp Hooker. The one in the centre was made by Perkins and Burditt of Co. G. The top was thatched, and leaked some, but the bunks were placed one over the other, and a rubber blanket put over them to shed the water to the floor. As this was simply the ground, the water drained off.

Directly in front of this shanty and along the public road was the guard house. At the right was the bake house, and at the left, as one went down the hill towards the spring at the bottom of the ravine, was another log hut. The ten company houses here were at right angles to the road, with parade grounds in front and staff quarters in the rear.

*Jan. 11. Pleasant. Had Sunday Inspection. Rec'd another letter from Adj't Gen. Schouler. No signs of the Descriptive List.*

*Jan. 12. Pleasant. Got a letter with 30 cts., stamps, etc.*

*Jan. 13. Pleasant. Had Inspection by Gen. Stoneman.*



WHEN THE SNOW CAME



GEN. GEORGE STONEMAN, 1822-94

Gen. Stoneman was a brother of Kate Stoneman, so long a teacher in the Albany normal.

*He honored Dearing by taking him by the collar and telling him never to come on Inspection again with a dirty shirt.*

Dearing was the one I started on from Wolf's Run Shoal with, Dec. 1.

*Jan. 14. Pleasant. Our Sutler arrived. A large crowd soon formed in front of his tent, and at Tattoo he had nothing left.*

*Jan. 15. Pleasant. Drills as usual. Am beginning to play the fife pretty well.*

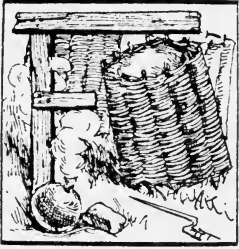
*Jan. 16. Pretty cold. Was put on Orderly. McLaughlin not liking the Sutler's prices "razeed" his prices 100 ¢ ct. Orders came for a move.*

We privates sometimes razeed a sutler's prices 100%, but I think Col. McLaughlin did not cut them below 50.

*Jan. 17. Cold. Did not move though kept in readiness.*

*Jan. 18. Cold. Was put on orderly for not turning out. Was taken sick and Prest put in my place.*

## CHAPTER XI. BURNSIDE STUCK IN THE MUD



FREDERICKS-  
burg was an awful  
disaster, and yet it  
hurt Burnside less  
than his memora-  
ble mud march.  
The battle was a  
tragedy, the march

was a farce. The country blamed him for the lives sacrificed, but it laughed at him for the retreat through the mud. Here the weather record in my diary is significant. We had had only one rainy day since the year opened, but it poured for the two days of this march, and there was nothing to do but to go home again. You people who have not walked in Virginia roads have no idea what rains meant there, especially when all movements involved crossing the Rappahannock, slow and sluggish enough in pleasant weather, but when formidable not fordable.

*Jan. 19. Pleasant. Orders were given to pack knapsacks again but some unaccountable reason delayed us and we did not start.*

*An order was read on line announcing that we were about to meet the enemy.*

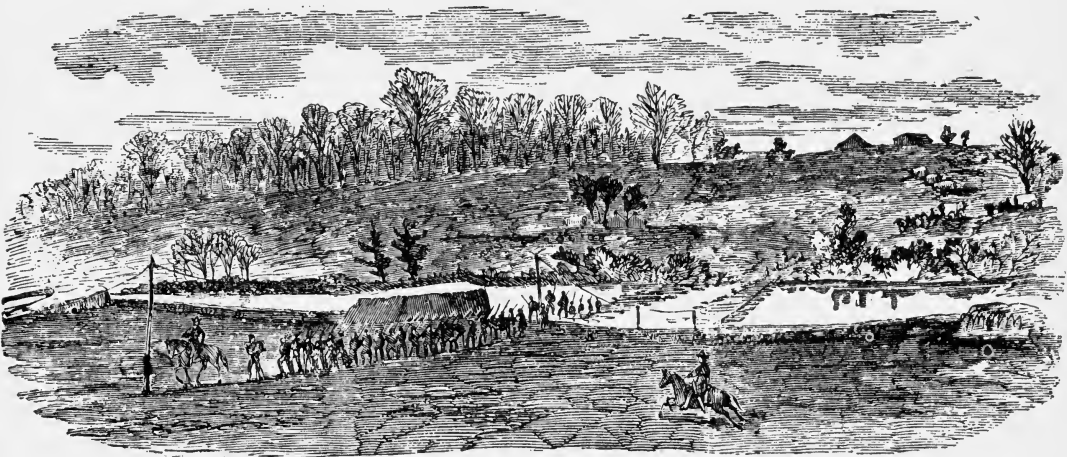
*Jan. 20. Rainy. Started about 3 o'clock & marched 2 miles and halted then while other Corps were passing us.*

The troops were of Franklin's grand division, and the lack of discipline was appalling. A majority of the men fell out by the roadside and sought any shelter they could find, declaring they would not be marched at such a time, in such a manner, by such officers, if they were court-martialled for disobedience.

*It now began to rain and back we went to Camp and found our tent poles stolen. So we slept very cold and wet.*

*Jan. 21. Rainy. Were awakened at daylight out of our uncomfortable sleep by the order "fall in", so breakfastless and cold and uncomfortable we waded through the mud about 7 miles to a place near U. S. ford, where it was intended to cross.*

This is the first of several pictures I shall show of the fords of the Rappahannock.



CROSSING AT UNITED STATES FORD



MARCHING IN THE RAIN

The infantry usually crossed them on pontoon bridges.

*Wagons and pontoons stuck in the mud lined the road. Slept very well at night, the steam from the blankets and clothes wet through acting as a narcotic.*

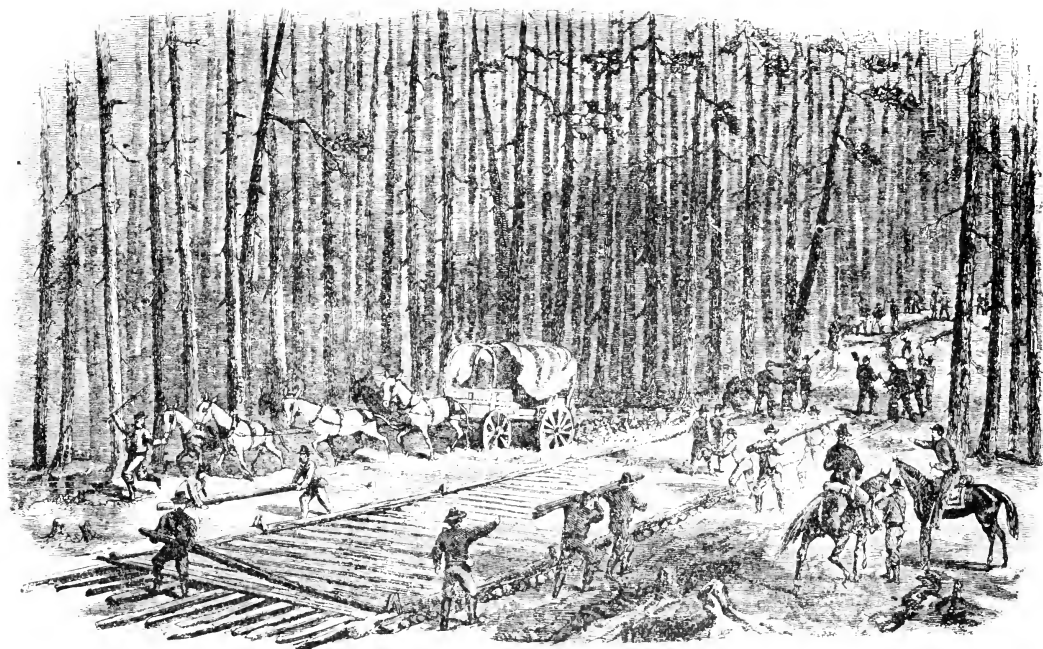
That was before the days of Mrs. Julia Ward Hunt, and I could take a narcotic with a clear conscience.

*Jan. 22. Cloudy. The Reg't were sent out in the morning to build a Corduroy road to retreat on.*

The pictures show how a corduroy road was built. Trees were felled and cut into lengths somewhat wider than an army wagon, and these logs were laid across stringers and fastened as securely as possible. Many of my readers have complained of

this kind of road in the Adirondacks, but an Adirondack log road is asphalt compared with what we used to build in Virginia. Sometimes we did not stop to lay stringers but merely laid logs down, as shown in the second picture on the next page. About the only advantage of such a road is that it saves the mud from being absolutely bottomless.

It is tiring labor to build them. The logs of green wood are heavy and often have to be carried long distances. Here everything was done in rushing haste, so that there was much stumbling and interference. The officers hated the work and took out their dislike for it on the privates, so that altogether we were an uncomfortable and disagreeable lot. We drummers did our full share of the work.



BUILDING A CORDUROY ROAD



ROUGHIER CORDUROY ROAD



I reproduce this entry for the next day to give an idea of this diary. The size is the same as that of the original.

U.S. Ford to Salmon

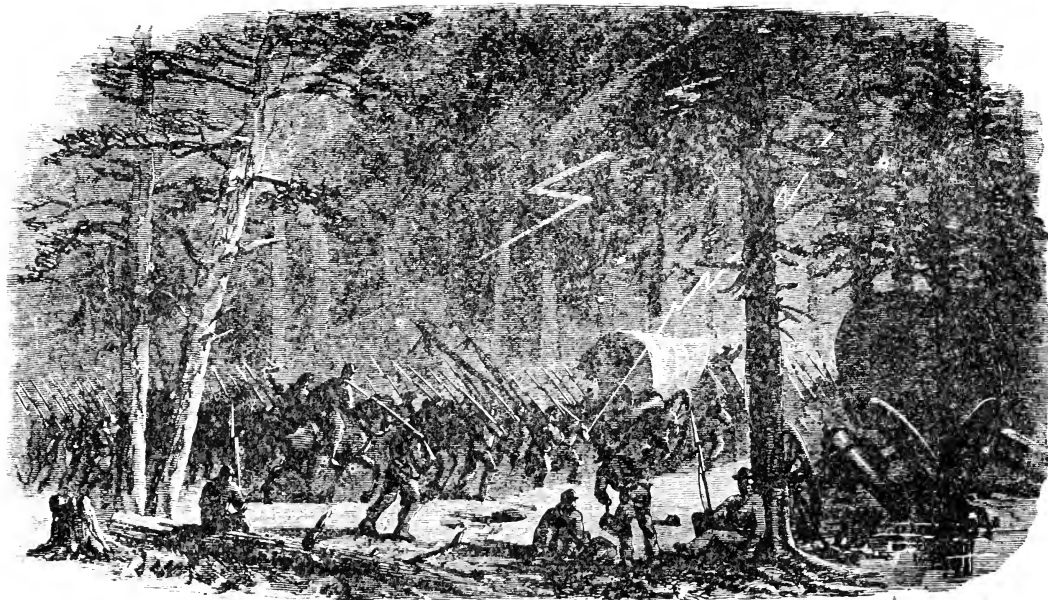
January, FRIDAY 23, 1863.

Cloudy

The Regt were sent out again but about noon were recalled and we all marched back to camp. The Rebel Picket stuck up boards on their side of the river containing the significant motto -

BURNSIDE  
STUCK  
IN THE MUD!!!

Happy even we reached camp.



RETREATING IN THE RAIN





NOTE HOW THE MUD STICKS TO THE HORSE'S HOOF

I do not know that I can add very much to the description of this march conveyed by these pictures. McCarthy says:

"Rain was the greatest discomfort a soldier could have; it was more uncomfortable than the severest cold in clear weather. Wet clothes, shoes, and blankets; wet meat and bread; wet feet and wet

ground; wet wood to burn, or rather not to burn; wet arms and ammunition; wet ground to sleep on; mud to wade through; swollen creeks to ford; muddy springs, a thousand other discomforts attended the rain. There was no comfort on a rainy day or night except in bed—that is under your blanket and oil cloth."



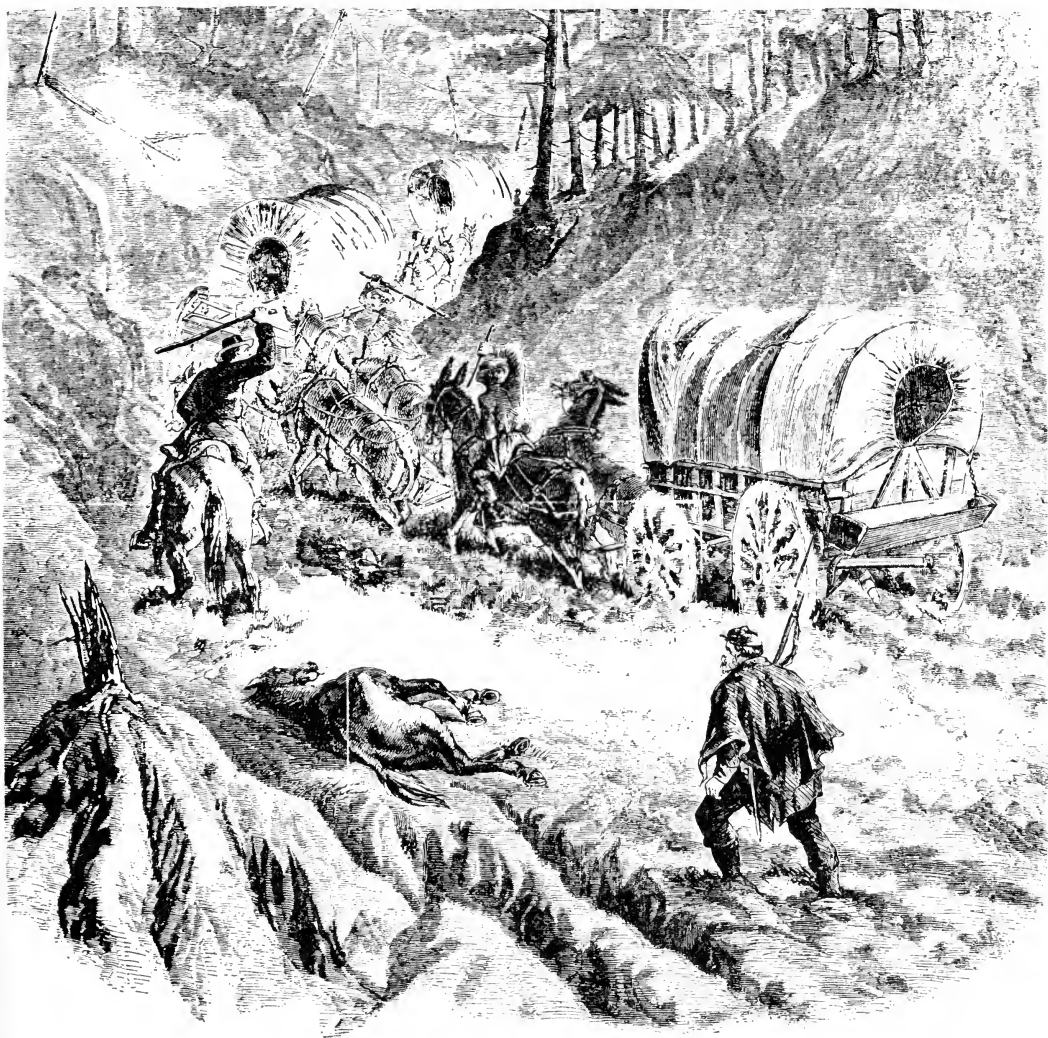
A STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE

Cold winds, blowing the rain in the faces of the men, increased the discomfort. Mud was often so deep as to submerge the horses and mules, and at times it was necessary for one man or more to extricate another from the mudholes in the road.

Cole says: "Up to our knees in slush we sought to find our ways to the fords. It frequently happened that men striking

their feet against the covered stumps stumbled forward into the slough."

In his "Reminiscences" (N. Y., 1907) Carl Schurz describes the scene vividly: "In that part of Virginia north of the Rapahannock, where there had been for a long period a constant marching and countermarching, the fences had altogether disappeared, and the woods had in great



THE STRUGGLE OF A BAGGAGE TRAIN

part been cut down, only the stumps left standing. When the existing roads had become difficult they were 'corduroyed', that is, covered with logs laid across close together, so as to form a sort of loose wooden pavement. So long as the weather was measurably dry such roads, though rough, were fairly passable. But when heavy rains set in, the corduroy was soon covered

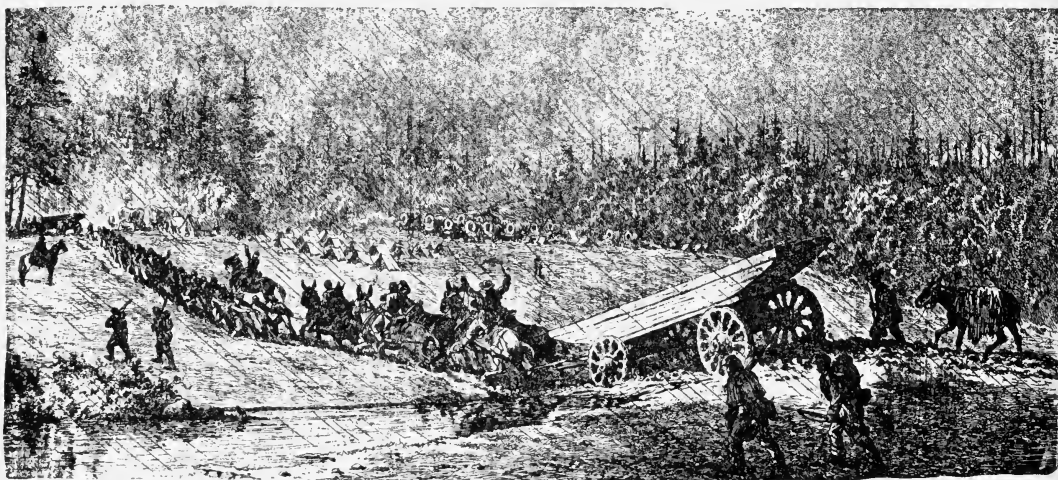
with a deep slush which hid the roadbed from sight. Some of the logs of the corduroy under that slush were worn out or broken through, and thus the corduroy roads became full of invisible holes, more or less deep, real pitfalls, offering the most startling surprises. Foot soldiers floundering over such roads would unexpectedly drop into those pits up to their belts,

and gun carriages and other vehicles become inextricably stuck. Of course marching columns and artillery and wagon trains would under these circumstances try their fortunes in the open fields to the right and left of the roads, but the fields soon became covered with the same sort of liquid slime a foot or more deep, with innumerable invisible holes beneath. Thus the whole country gradually became 'road', but road of the most bewildering and depressing kind, taxing the strength of men and horses beyond endurance. One would see large stretches of country fairly covered with guns and army wagons and ambulances stalled in a sea of black or yellow mire, and infantry standing up to their knees in mud, shivering and swearing very hard, as hard as a thoroughly disgusted soldier can swear. I remember having passed by one of the pontoon trains that were to take the army across the Rappahannock, stuck so fast in the soft earth that the utmost exertions failed to move it. Such was 'Burnside stuck in the mud'."

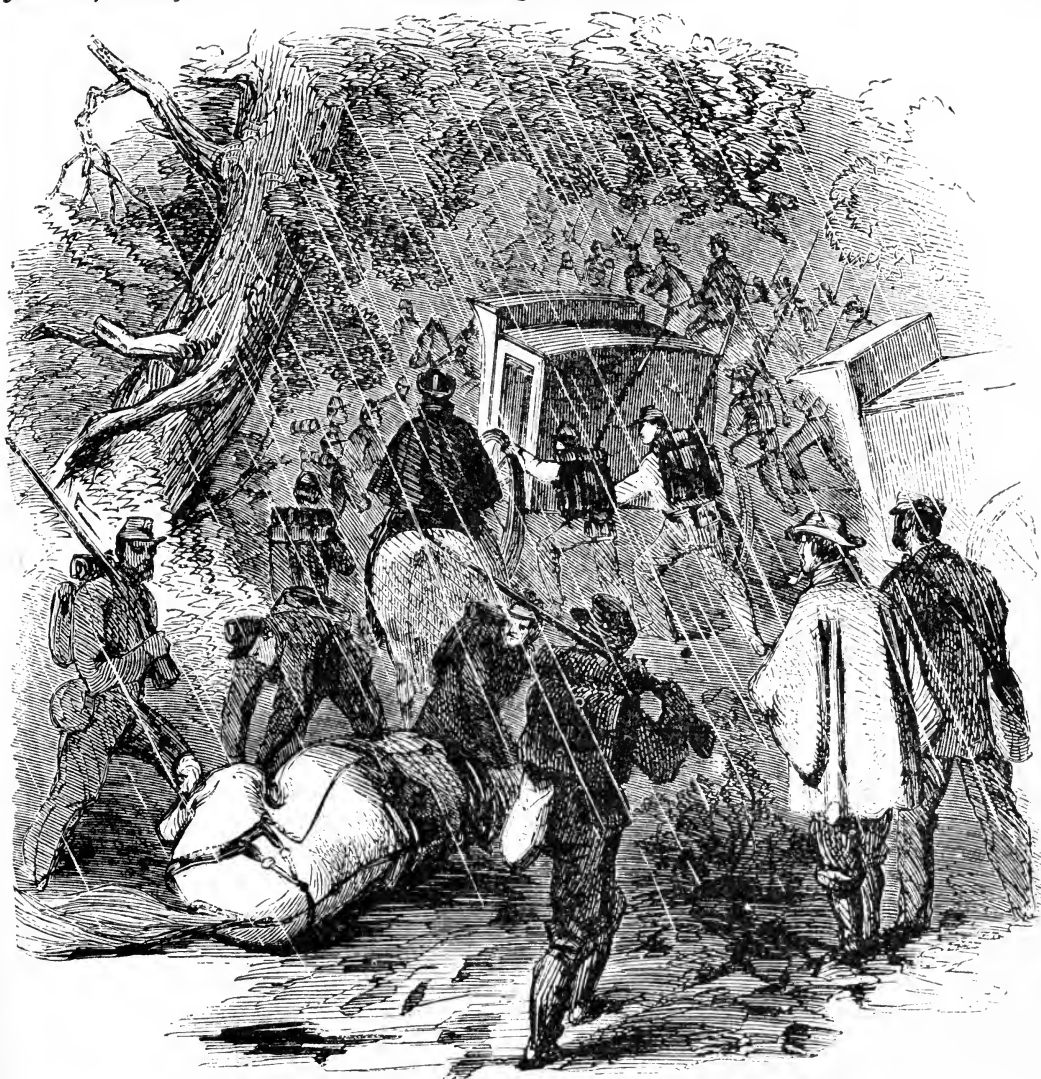
Chaplain Cudworth says in his "History

of the First Regiment" (Boston, 1866): "Along these roads horses and mules struggled and floundered, drawing much lighter loads than usual, covered with mud and perspiration, sending up clouds of vapor from their heated and reeking bodies, and breathing so violently whenever they stopped for rest that the motion shook them from end to end like a convulsion. Some pieces of light artillery had double and even triple teams attached to them, 12 to 18 animals being sometimes harnessed to a single gun, which even then they dragged at a snail's pace, requiring frequent assistance from the soldiers, who threw rails and branches from the trees across the worst places, and pried up the wheels when they sank so low as to be utterly immovable.

"At the crossings of the streams, where bridges had been rendered indispensably necessary by the depth of the water, horses and mules were killed in their effort to get over, or broke their legs and had to be put out of their misery. Every mile presented some such scene, and the general



DIFFICULTY WITH A PONTOON



INEXTRICABLE CONFUSION

difficulty of the advance greatly discouraged the troops. The infantry avoided the roads as much as possible, and picked their way over the hills and through the fields. Although they could get along, their progress was accomplished with extreme difficulty, as they were perpetually slipping back, and occasionally getting tripped up, or lifting their feet entirely out of their

boots, leaving them buried twelve or fifteen inches in the mucilaginous ooze.

"Where the slough was particularly soft and deep, the men were compelled to proceed by single file, till some venturesome and impatient fellow would start out to find a better and a shorter track, only to sink up to his knees in mud, and become the butt of universal ridicule until he waded back





From Frank Leslie's, Feb. 21, 1863

AS USUAL LINCOLN GOT THE BLAME

into line again. Another, thinking he could leap across a stream across which his comrades were plodding on some fallen tree or single plank, would just fail of reaching the opposite side, and drop souse into the water, scrambling out with musket, knapsack, haversack, and clothes all dripping, greeted with roars of laughter for his exploit, and sundry jibes far from complimentary or soothing."

The pictures show the inextricable confusion of such a march. There is little effort to hold a regiment together. Every

man pushes along as he may, and finds his company when he can. Hence there is little discipline and sometimes severe measures have to be resorted to. Of this march I have a recollection I can not swear to that I saw some altercation between a mounted officer and a private, probably under different command. I did not hear the first of it or learn what the issue was, but just as I got there the officer shot the private dead, and nobody paid much attention to it, so far as I observed.

There is nothing improbable about it.



On the retreat from Chancellorsville an exhausted soldier jostled against Gen. Meade. That quick-tempered officer drew his sword and struck the soldier with all his might, and though he did not kill him he might have done so.

I think I saw on this march a fight between a Frenchman and a negro, in which each used his own method of fighting. The negro watched his opportunity and suddenly butted at the Frenchman, aiming all his weight through his head with inconceivable velocity at the pit of the Frenchman's stomach. But the French-

man was prepared and drew back in time to plant his foot in the negro's stomach with such force that the negro fell gasping to the ground as if for his last breath. I did not have interest enough to stay to see whether he recovered. Do you know what it is to be so tired that if you were told New York city was burned to the ground or Great Britain had slid into the ocean you wouldn't care whether it was true or not? I have marched when it seemed to me that my wishes and my interest were absolutely limited to a chance to sit down for five minutes.

### CHAPTER XIII. WINTER CAMP AT FALMOUTH



THE winter passed with no more important movements. There were some drill, some fatigue work, much idleness, but on the whole con-

siderable comparative comfort.

*Jan. 24. Pleasant. The Reg't received two months pay but I received nothing.*

This was because the Descriptive list already referred to had not been received.

*Jan. 25. Pleasant. Had Brigade Inspection. Got receipt from home of box, etc.*

*Jan 26. Rainy. Bought pack of cards.*

*Jan. 27. Got a fine Bible and Diary from home.*

I have the diary still: the Bible with hundreds of others, fell by the way on my first long march.

*Jan. 28. Very stormy. The worst rain we have had since we were at Fairfax Station. Sold Jack Robbins my shirt for 1.00.*

Though the entry would indicate it, I trust the shirt sold so much below the market price was not my only one.

*Received news of Hooker's taking command of the Army. Was much pleased.*

My pleasure in the appointment of Gen. Hooker came through my fellow soldiers. for our brigade looked upon Fighting Joe as our especial representative. Ours had been the first brigade he commanded, and it was to our division and our corps that he was subsequently promoted. Even now the survivors of the 1st Massachusetts guard his memory zealously. Isaac P. Gragg,



GEN. JOSEPH HOOKER, 1814-79

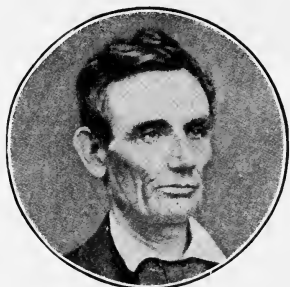
our secretary, published in 1900, "Homes of the ancestors of Major General Joseph Hooker", and was secretary of the Hooker memorial committee under whose charge the equestrian statue of Hooker was erected in the State house grounds in 1903.

*Jan. 29. Cold. Was put on Orderly. There was about five inches of snow on the ground and six of mud under. So I had wet and cold feet all day. The trees presented a fine appearance, bowed down by the snow.*

*Jan. 30. Cold. Got up a fine lot of wood, and had a gay fire at night. That is one of the advantages of exposure. If I had been spending the winter in a steam-heated house I never could have enjoyed that fire.*

*Jan. 31. Cold. Got up a good lot of wood in self defence from the cold. We have to go about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile for wood and then carry it on our shoulder*

It was as I was coming back to camp with a log of wood about this time that I met Lincoln riding with a large staff of officers from one camp to another and it seemed to me his was the saddest face I ever looked on. It will always be a pleasant recollection that when I swung my hat to him with real admiration I got a faint little smile and an individual bow all to myself, little fifer as I was.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN, 1809-65

Feb. 1. *Very Pleasant. Had Company Inspection again. Drew Blanket, Blouse, Pants, etc. Am afraid I have overrun my clothing bill this year.*

I find this page in my diary and have reproduced it. I do not know how long a period it covers. We were allowed \$42 a year for clothes. Those of which the prices are carried out here amount to \$34.06. so it is manifest my account for the year is overdrawn even if this represents a whole year, which I should hardly suppose. The soldier could draw about all the clothing he wanted when the quartermaster was around, but he was only allowed a certain amount and whatever he drew more than that was deducted from his pay. I always overdrew my allowance, but there were men in the regiment who underdrew and had quite an extra amount coming on payday. My impression is that the regular allowance was for most men ample, and that no shoddy goods were dealt out to us. Our greatest extravagance was in throwing clothing away upon the march.

Grant says in his *Memoirs* (ii. 190-1) "I saw scattered along the road from Culpepper to Germania ford wagon loads of new blankets and overcoats thrown away by the troops to lighten their knapsacks, an imprudence I had never witnessed before."

Most of my underclothing, and at least

Clothing		
Pants	Pair	\$3.55
Blouse	each	3.14
Cap	each	56
Overcoat	each	9.50
Shirts	each	11
Drawers	Pair	1
Socks	Pair	11111111 34
Shoes	Pair	2.05
Blankets	Woolen each	3.55
Blankets	Rubber each	1
Shelter	Pants	11
Knapsacks	each	1
Knapsacks	each	11
Leather	each	1

one pair of shoes and one pair of boots had been bought outside.

The uniform was anything but becoming. The trousers were particularly ugly and on the march were heavy and clogging. In the old high bicycle days what a difference it made whether one wore long trousers or short, and there is that difference in marching. The khaki suits with puttees must make it enormously easier to move the leg forward, forward, forward so many times for hours.

Yet the many local uniforms with which the troops started out, zouave and all the rest, finally gave way to this homely costume. I do not remember seeing any Highlander regiment. An Englishman insinuated that the reason Highlanders wear kilts is because their feet are so large they can't get them into trousers.



THE ARMY TROUSERS OF 1863

Gen. Butler wrote to *The United States Service Magazine* that it was astonishing how many necessities a man could do without. "In doing without a pair of breeches a Highlander is only at the beginning of the lesson, and it has always appeared strange to us why he should have begun there. The Bluecoat boys get on very well without caps. Bluejackets do remarkably well without boots, and one of the most active 'irregulars' I ever met on service was a West African negro, whose kit literally fulfilled the exact primitive meaning of the word, for it consisted solely of a large, empty, square-sided gin bottle, which he wore suspended from the left shoulder, after the manner of the old hussar or Hungarian jacket."

Prof. Cheyne tells of a soldier in South

Africa who mended his trousers by making four holes in a tin from a biscuit can and tying it on with a string. Dr. Cheyne said that when marching up the hills he looked like a heliograph on two legs.

*Feb. 2. Very Pleasant. A fine day. Nothing of importance occurred.*

Sounds like the padding in my diaries of earlier years. However, in winter quarters no news was good news to a degree those at home can never appreciate.

*Feb. 3. Stormy. Cold with snow in the morning. Very cold and windy at night, but we were quite comfortable with a thickness of cloth between us and the wind.*

*Feb. 4. Very Cold. Was put on Orderly but had a very easy time. Lieut. Doherty was in my tent all the evening.*

Lt. Doherty had been promoted from the ranks without being puffed up by it, and liked to tell us boys of his adventures as a sailor and a soldier. His stories were largely of his own courage and yet told with a sort of modesty. I did not question them at the time, and I don't yet; so far as they occurred in the regiment his fellow soldiers confirmed them.

On the second day at Gettysburg before the fighting got to us, our men were pretty nervous. He ordered his company to bring their arms to their shoulders and put them through the manual of arms while a tornado of missiles was flying over their heads. He was a reckless fighter in battle, but he was an old sailor, and had a sailor's vices. At Baltimore on our way to New York at the time of the draft riots he got drunk and tried to kill an officer in another regiment. Lt. Col. Baldwin seized a musket from one of the privates and clubbed Doherty with the butt of it till his head was a mass of blood. Doherty

ty was afterward made major of the 56th Mass., and was killed before Petersburg.

*Feb. 5. Snow. The Reveille was beaten at 4 o'clock and the order "Fall in for Rations" admonished us to get up. Hooker had given orders for our Division to go on an Expedition for the purpose of destroying a bridge on the Rappahannock used by Stuart's Cavalry. We went up near U. S. Ford and slept at night with everything wet, and the rain drizzling down. For the first time I drank my whiskey.*

I have spoken of my absurd scrupulousness in some matters. I think it brought me more dislike than my more selfish faults, unless indeed there is a certain selfishness, a holier and wiser than thou attitude, in adhering to one's personal views against the common sense of the multitude. I had been brought up in a prohibition town. I remember how shocked I was the first time I went to Boston with my father to see rum and beer and wines openly advertised; in Fitchburg they were sold only on the sly. My views on prohibition were as strong as upon abolition, so hitherto when whiskey had been dealt out I had not only refused to drink it but had poured it out on the ground, thinking it a sin to give it to any body else. Imagine how an old soldier shivering with wet and cold his own allowance had only alleviated enough to make him eager for more, looking upon a little fool boy throwing his whiskey away. I wonder the men were as decent to me as they were: they always treated me a lot better than I deserved.

This night I really felt I needed the whiskey as medicine, and I have no doubt it did me lots of good. At any rate it kept me from pouring it out on the ground again when there were men who had had only one drink. Thereafter when the commanding

officer gave out whiskey I yielded to his better judgment.

Of course I speak as one who had no inherited or acquired fondness for liquor. Very likely there were men, though I did not observe any, in whom this gill of whiskey produced an almost insatiable thirst for more. I should never offer liquor to a man with whose habits I was unacquainted.

One thing I remember of this bivouac better than the whiskey was the supper I cooked myself. It had been unusually hard to build a fire because the wood was not only wet but green. Our way was to split up kindling into small sticks eight or ten inches long, shave down four of the sticks in the centre, leaving the shavings on the stick, and then by putting the shaved sides of these four sticks together and touching them with a match we could usually start a fire even from unpromising material. This night it took more than four sticks for one trial, but at last we got our smoky fires to burning, and I remember how I cooked my supper. I had salt pork and hard tack. Cutting a forked stick I impaled the pork on that, held it in the blaze, and let the black fat trickle down on the cracker. I have had dinners at Delmonico's and at Sherry's that cost more money, but I have never eaten anything more appetizing at the time than that pork-greased cracker.

*Feb. 6. Rain. Started early and waited close to the river while the Jersey Brigade went across. They burned the bridge and took about 40 Prisoners as the result of the Expedition which proved every way successful. Slept very well at night though we were short of Rations.*



DELMONICO OUTCLASSED

The confederates had just constructed the bridge and their cavalry were crossing upon it, when a volley from our men emptied some of their saddles and compelled them to retreat. They formed again and started to cross backed by infantry, but our fire was too heavy and they retired. Then our cavalry started across and the confederates began to destroy their end of the bridge. Seeing they could not get across our cavalry came back and started to burn the bridge on our side, so it was soon all in flames,

*Feb. 7. Very Pleasant. At five o'clock got up and started for Camp. Went ahead of the Reg't and got into Camp about 2 P. M. Found letter awaiting me with 15.00 in it, with which I paid my debts. The 9th Corps.*

*including the 21st and 36th Mass. Reg'ts left today.*

*Feb. 8. Very Pleasant. Fine day. Feel well today after leaving four woolen blankets in the morning.*

Meaning, I suppose, that I slept warm the night before, which I did not always, by any means.

*Feb. 9. Pleasant. Had Regimental Inspection. Got my washing done at the 26th Penn.*

As a result of this inspection ours was one of the three Massachusetts regiments commended in general orders, and granted extra furloughs, the others being the 2d and the 20th. Of all the regiments in the army only 11 were so commended. Yet our regiment was singled out of the entire



division for fatigue duty from March 17 to April 2, building corduroy roads from camp to camp in mud from two inches to two feet deep. This was believed to be the result of envious spite on the part of an officer who happened to be placed in authority over us.

*Feb. 10. Pleasant. Had Regimental Inspection by Col. Parks of the 2nd N. Y. Very minute. Capt. Stone received my Descriptive list.*

*Feb. 11. Rainy. Nothing of importance occurred.*

*Feb. 12. Pleasant. Stewart came today from Roxbury with his Express. Phillips got his box.*

My Co. D was from Roxbury.

*Feb. 13. Marched about 10 miles to a place 5 miles from Camp which is our Picket Post.*

I don't know how the customary top line about the weather came to be omitted to-day.

*Feb. 14. Pleasant. Enjoyed myself very well as I had all the reading I wanted.*

Cause and effect closely related. There were times when we got no fresh reading for weeks.

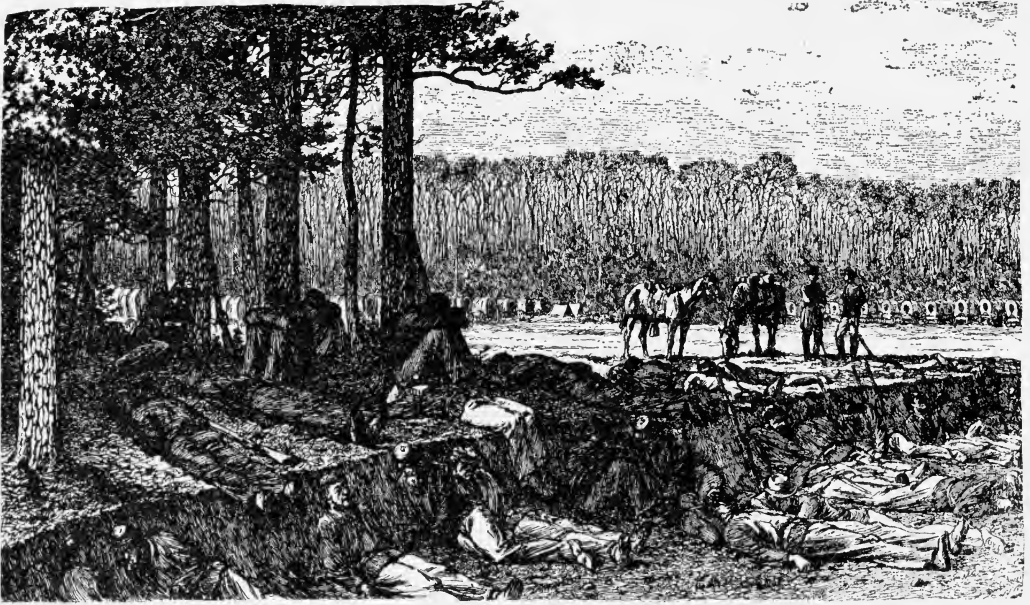
*Feb. 15. Rainy. Put a Rubber Blanket over us and got along very well. I rather like Picket. It brings Officers and men together and each likes the other better. Wiggins gave us some flute playing on my fife.*

The capitalization of "Officers and men" is very appropriate. Hard as some of the marching was, I think nothing was so difficult for me to endure as to be so absolutely subservient to any little popinjay who happened to wear shoulder-straps. The officers of my regiment were a pretty good lot, far above the average, but it did not come easy for me to recognize how low they

looked down upon me even when they were trying to be kind. Some young fellows who went into the Spanish war discovered this. Men who had been close friends found that shoulder straps draw unexpected barriers.

*Feb. 16. Pleasant. Went back to camp on my own hook. Saw Maj. Stoughton of West Randolph 1st U. S. S. S.*

This traveling "on my own hook" was my one great army offence. It was a form of straggling, and though I seldom failed to reach my regiment at night and never failed to be with it when it went into battle, I marched with it as little as possible. For this there were two main reasons. In the first place, it is very tiresome to march by fours. That means you must move when the others move, stop when the others stop, and start again when they start. Now I have never been so nearly "all in" anywhere else as in marching. Over and over again I have been so exhausted that it seemed as if to lie down and be left alone for half an hour would be so great a blessing that everything else in the world would be indifferent. While our regiment was in New York at the time of the draft riots I went one afternoon to a performance at Barnum's Museum, and as I sat there what impressed me most was how often after we were back at the front again I should wish as we were marching that I could be sitting once more in that comfortable chair. Wants are relative: you become unconscious of the tooth-ache if you are run over by an automobile. Every old soldier knows what it is to have the cry for rest so strong that it seems irresistible. It is said that men have slept as they marched. I have marched till it seemed as if it was no longer by will power but by a sort of dazed mechanism.



A TWENTY MINUTE HALT

Owen Watkins tells of seeing in the Soudan campaign of 1898 an adjutant and a major riding side by side, so that if they fell asleep they could lean on each other and not fall from their saddles. If men get as exhausted as that riding, think how far they may be gone when walking.

Now if you are marching by fours the column occasionally halts. These men that Edwin Forbes pictures are not dead; they have thrown themselves down for a twenty minutes rest. You hope the halt is for a rest, and throw yourself upon the ground. But it may be only because a wagon ahead was for a moment stuck in the mud, and the instant you have stretched out your legs the column may start forward again, and you must climb to your feet more exhausted than ever. The first time I fell out on the march to Fairfax Courthouse, I simply could not keep up. I was green to marching, to carrying a heavy

load, to such continued exertion. My feet were blistered, my muscles ached, I should have fallen in the road if I had kept on. But I found it so easy after I woke up and followed on alone to catch up with and find my regiment that I saw I should save half the exhaustion of marching if I went as here "on my own hook".

But in the second place it enabled me to see what was going on. A man trudging along in fours has very little chance to see anything: he is absorbed in the one great task of getting one foot before the other. But free from my fellows I could make the day's march in from half to two-thirds the time it took them, and have the rest to wander about when anything seemed worth looking at. If a brigade was sent out to capture a wagon train I was pretty apt to follow along; if there was a preliminary skirmish before crossing a ford I sometimes got a glimpse of it. I was the only soldier

in my brigade who went into the city of Fredericksburg during the battle, or who saw the magnificent artillery battle on the right at Gettysburg, or the capture of Kelly's ford. It seemed to me stupid to miss all these chances by obeying orders, when I could do everything required of me just as well in my own way.

Of course I was disobeying orders, and I was probably more sworn at than any other man in the regiment. But I found that it never went beyond swearing and I got used to that; so did the officers: their profanity became perfunctory. I except Lt. Col. Baldwin. He never swore at me more vigorously than twelve hours before he was captured in the Wilderness. A week after, I was tending a wounded confederate prisoner and as we exchanged military gossip he asked, "Why, didn't your lieutenant colonel get taken after the first day's fighting?"

"Yes."

"Our boys captured him. Say, can't he swear? Our boys used to come up to the tent by detail to hear him cuss."

The fact was, I was the youngest soldier in the brigade, and I looked it, so however harshly men talked to me they were really sorry for me, and I took advantage of it.

There was one thing about my straggling: after I got my marching legs it was usually ahead of the regiment, not behind it. Gen. Pope issued an order for the commanding officer to march behind his regiment, to prevent straggling. That would not have bothered me. I always wanted to march way at the head of the corps if it was a corps movement, or of the division, or of the brigade. So when it was only my regiment moving I used to get so far ahead that Lt. Col. Baldwin, then in command,

once made me carry a log of wood on my shoulder as a handicap.

*Feb. 17. Snow. Snow by the quantity.*

*Feb. 18. My old chimney tumbled down. Built it up better than before.*

*Feb. 19. Rainy. Came near breaking my back lugging a 200 lb. stick of wood a mile with mud two feet deep and bushes etc, in the way. Who wouldn't be a soldier.*

*Feb. 20. Windy. Nothing to do. - I wrote letters all*

That entry seems to have been somehow interrupted.

*Feb. 21. Rainy. Wrote two letters for Chapman.*

As before stated Chapman is now a Harvard graduate, but he wasn't then.

*Feb. 22. Snow. Found six inches of snow on the ground and it rapidly increasing. A Salute was fired from Each Battery of 100 guns for Washington's Birthday.*

*Feb. 23. Very Pleasant. Rivers was on Orderly which was the third time since me.*

None of us were fond of errand-running, and we exulted to get less than our share.

*Feb. 24. Very cold. A fearfully cold. Ink, shoes, & Food frozen stiff. The Reg't was sent on Fatigue duty, building Corduroy roads.*

*Feb. 25. Warm & Pleasant. Beautiful day. Got an Independent from home. Reg't still on Fatigue.*

*Feb. 26. Rainy. The 2nd N. H. went home today. Was on Orderly but staid in the tent all day and was almost sorry to have tattoo beaten.*

*Feb. 27. Pleasant. Played Cribbage untill late in the evening.*

*Feb. 28. Cloudy. Got a letter signed "a Visitor of Granite Division and a friend of Somebody Else", alias Miss Mary Brooks.*

She was the sister of the pastor of the Baptist church in Fitchburg, a woman I

always very much admired. Granite division was of the Sons of Temperance, which I had joined.

March 1. Rainy. Express came today, but none for me. I don't understand why my box does not come.

March 2. Pleasant. Went on Sick List. Cause Costiveness and Orderly Duty! Bad complaints.

March 3. Pleasant. It rained all last night but is quite pleasant today. Phillips got some whiskey and got drunk as a fool. God grant I may never like whiskey. At Dress Parade Capt. Johnson was dismissed from the service.

March 4. Beat 15 straight games of cribbage. Lincoln's administration is half over.

Apparently two events of equal moment.

March 5. Cold. Went to the Dr to get excused from Duty. He gave me some pills as usual, Pil, Cath, Com, IV. and I put them in my pocketbook. But Hull discovered that I was not excused and stopped my fun!

There is an old story of an Irish private who asked leave of absence. "Me woife is viry sick," he explained, "an' the childers is not well." The colonel eyed him. "Pat, he said, "I had a letter from your wife this morning saying that she didn't want you at home; that you raise the devil whenever you are there, and that she hopes I won't grant you any more furloughs. What have you to say to that?" "You won't get mad, colonel, ef I say it?" "Certainly not, Pat." "Weell, I was thinkin' there's two splindid liars in this room, an' I'm one of them. Oi nivir was married in me loife."

An order was read on Dress Parade by which the 1st 2d & 20th Mass. and other Regiments get extra furloughs on account of discipline etc, while the 32d Mass. and other

Reg'ts to get none. Checks are issued for extra loaves of bread from the Bakehouse.

March 6. Pleasant. Was on Orderly but had an easy time. My box came all safe—except one or two little things.

March 7. Pleasant. No drill today.

On the evening of March 7, Col. Mosby with 29 confederate cavalry slipped in between the camps of regiments about Fairfax Courthouse, and went himself to Col. Stoughton's tent, whom he captured and carried away, with 35 more prisoners. Col. Johnson escaped capture by hiding himself unclothed under a stack of hay. The whole command became a laughing stock. Mosby tells the story entertainingly in "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War" iii. 148, 140.

March 8. Cloudy. Had inspection and reading of the Army Regulations.

March 9. Pleasant. Had Drills. Dress Parade witnessed by Maj. Gen. Berry, who complimented the Reg't highly.

Poor fellow, he was killed at Chancellorsville a few weeks later.

March 10. Was on Orderly. Heard of the Raid at Fairfax Courthouse.

March 11. Pleasant. Drills and Dress Parade.

March 12. Pleasant. Went on Picket. Took my new dinner pail with me, full of Baked Beans and Codfish. The Drum Corps stopped together. Cut a splendid Black Walnut tree for wood.

March 13. Pleasant. Enjoyed ourselves first rate. We might call it a Picnic if we did not get \$12 a month for it. Signals at night.

March 14. Had a good time as usual. The Picket was aroused about 1 in the morning in expectation of an attack.

March 15. Pleasant. Came back to

*Camp. When we got into Camp the weather changed and we had a cold rain storm.*

*March 16. Pleasant. A funny rumor is running around the Army. There is a spring in Fredericksburg which was never dry except just 3 months before the 1776 & 1812 wars closed up. It is now getting dry!!!—some believe it.*

*We all wanted to. At this time there was little to indicate an early end of the war, or indeed to predict any termination.*

*March 17. Pleasant. Heard heavy firing in the direction of Culpepper. Tried to make some Doughnuts but did not make out.*

*March 18. Cloudy. A member of the 16th was drummed out of the Brigade this afternoon. His head was shaved and a big board with Skulker, on it. When drummed*

*around he threw off the board exclaiming "Who says I ain't a citizen?"*

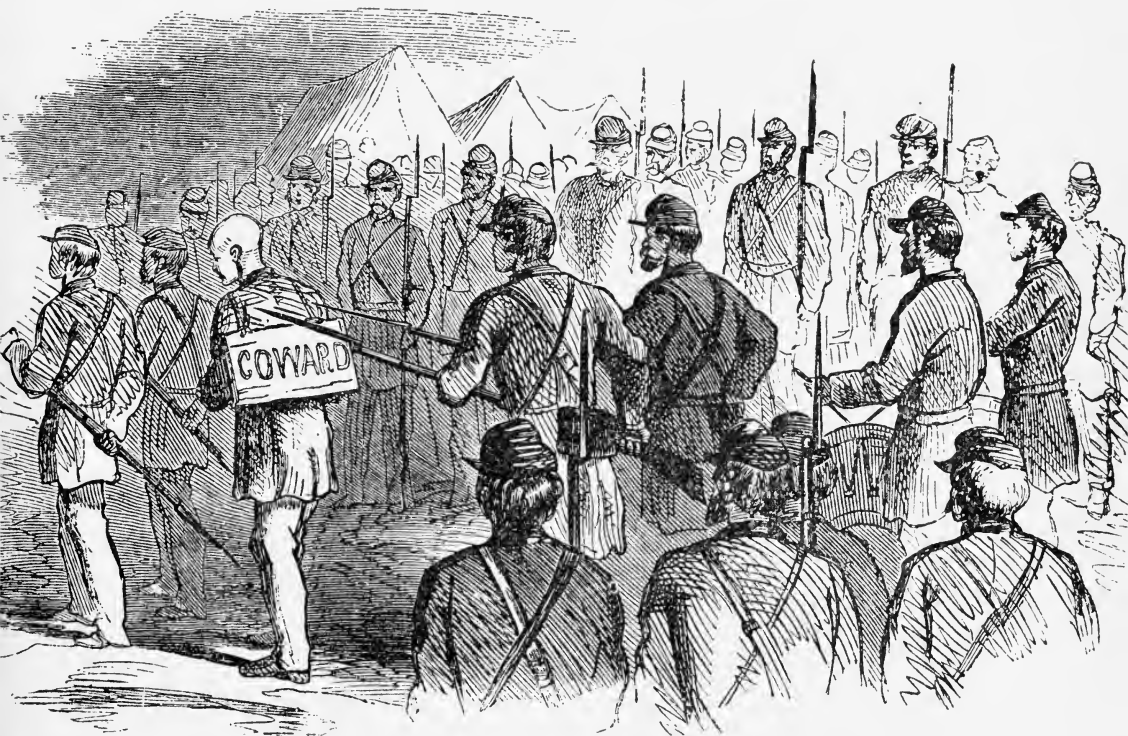
*Later in the war this punishment would hardly have been meted out. So eager were men to get out of the army that many shot off their forefingers so as to be unable to fire a musket, till this was no longer accepted as ground for discharge. On pages 171, 2 are other punishments inflicted. Of an execution I saw I shall speak later.*

*March 19. Cold. Did not get out of bed untill Guard Mounting.*

*March 20. Snow. Got some beans of Dearing.*

*The sunny south belied its name for us.*

*March 21. Snowy. A Cold, Damp mean day. Was on Orderly. Dr Whiston reported for Duty.*



DRUMMING A SKULKER OUT OF CAMP

*March 22. Pleasant. Beautiful day. The Col. gave orders to cut down all the trees in Camp for firewood.*

We had been going farther and farther for wood every day, as the trees were used up. This order showed that we were soon to break up camp.

*March 23. Pleasant. Played ball with the 26th. in a new way.*

This was the 26th Pa. but I have really forgotten the game of ball.

*March 24. Cloudy. Played Checkers with Rivers.*

*March 25. Pleasant. The Corps received orders to get ready to move. Co. C presented Lt. Clarke with a fine sword.*

I don't remember the speeches, but those

at a similar occasion in an English regiment are on record. "Lieutenant," said the representative of the company, "here's your sword." "O is that it?" replied the officer. And that was all there was of it.

*March 27. Pleasant. Was on Orderly. A big horse-race between Mudge's and Walker's horses. Pack mules arrived for the Division.*

*March 28. Drew 2 prs socks.*

*March 29. Was put in the Guardhouse for not returning to Guard-mounting when sent after Wallace.*

The guardhouse was not a severely penal institution. There is an old story of a Lancashire regiment where the officer of the day found only a single sentry, who



ANOTHER DRUMMIG OUT



simply saluted him. "Don't you know your duty, sir?" asked the officer indignantly. "Why don't you turn out the guard?" "Well you see, sir," the man replied, "I havn't much to do with it." "Not much to do with it?" thundered the officer; "what on earth do you mean?" "Why you see, sir," the man explained, "I'm a prisoner, and as the guard wanted to have a game of nap they asked me to stand sentry for an hour or two."

*March 30. Pleasant. Lucius Saunders came to see me. Lt. released me from arrest.*

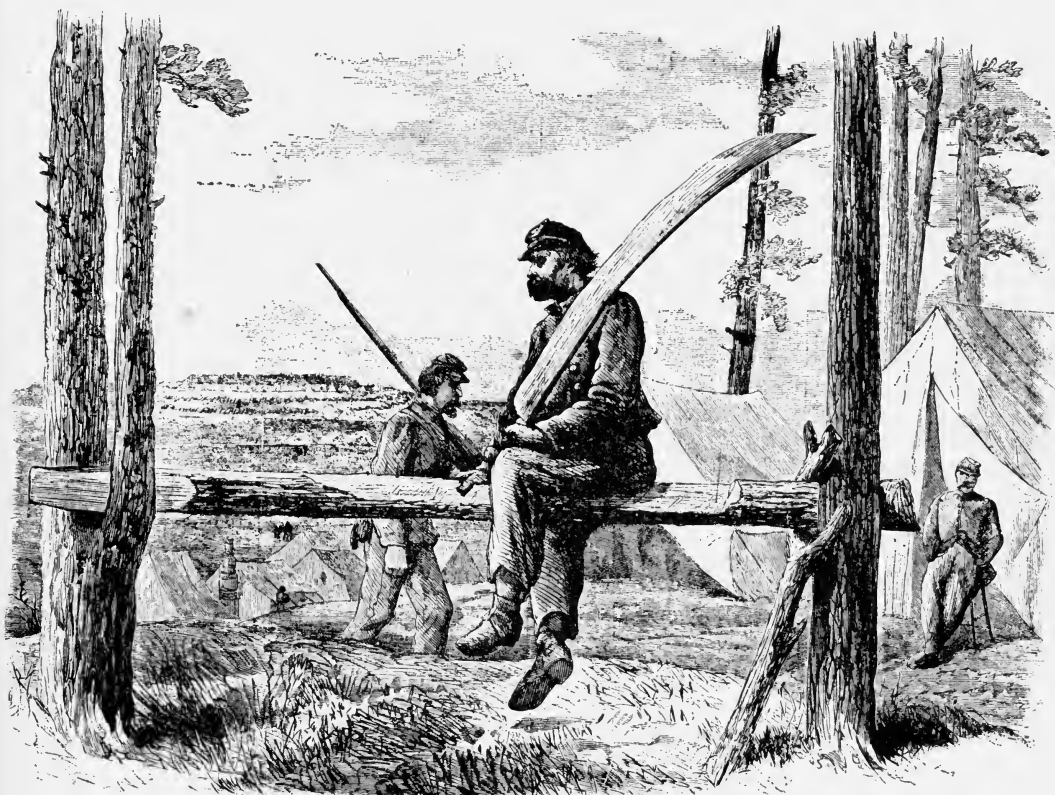
Mr. Saunders was an acquaintance of mine in Fitchburg, and it was rather hard luck that he should get there just as I was

under arrest for the first time. But there had been lots of times when I ought to have been under arrest. When Mrs. Thrale declined to marry Dr. Johnson, for one reason that one of her ancestors had been hanged, the Doctor replied that he did not know that any of his ancestors actually had been hanged, but he was sure lots of them ought to have been.

*March 31. Rainy. Reg't still out on fatigue.*

*April 1. Pleasant. Played checkers with Rivers, beating him for once.*

*April 2. Pleasant. Big Busthead at night. Carried lantern for Band and got*



MOUNTED INFANTRY

*full Belly and full pockets. 33d Band. Gen. Carr, Hooker's Staff etc. here.*

*April 3. Pleasant. Was on Orderly. Furlough business commenced again.*

*April 4. Cold. Did not get up untill about noon. Battalion Drill.*

*April 5. Snowy. Got up about 10 o'clock and found it snowing.*

It will be observed that on these cold mornings I found my bunk the warmest place. Five blankets for one were more comfortable than four blankets for four and an outside place, as on our first march.

*April 6. Pleasant. Went on Orderly at night for Bunk by playing Whist.*

Bunk was the smaller Mingle who was moonblind and could not see at night.

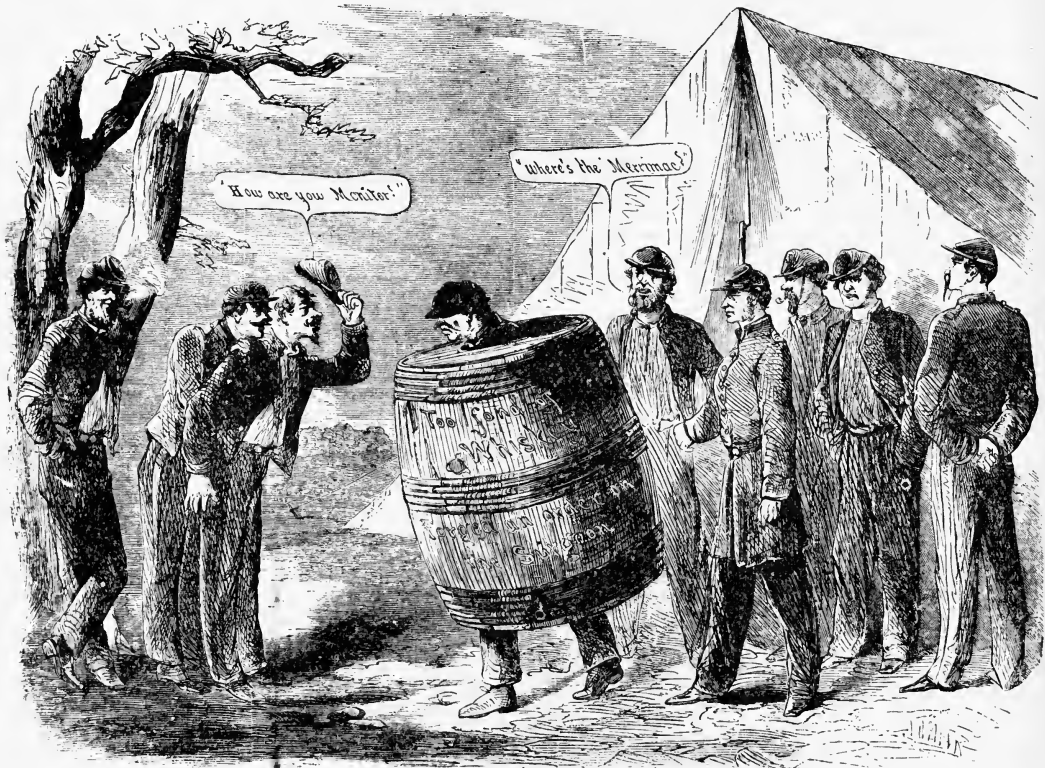
*April 7. Pleasant. Played Ball. Lincoln, Hooker, Butterfield & staff rode through the camps.*

*April 8. Pleasant. Grand Review by Lincoln. Saw enough stars to make a sky.*

This is an allusion to the number of generals present. For a brigadier general the shoulder straps bore one star; for a major-general, two stars.

There were more than stars here, for President Lincoln and his wife and Secretary Seward with many others from Washington were present.

Cole describes this review at Falmouth with much vividness, but in a style quite unlike the rest of the book. He says: "On our arrival we found the entire com-



TOO FOND OF WHISKEY

mand on the ground preparing for review. The plateau selected sloped gradually to the river with here and there a few slight dips in the ground. On the right the cavalry were in front, ranged in solid masses by regiments and brigades, and as our regiment took up its allotted position, I saw that the infantry to the right and left were rapidly forming in like order. There were four lines, two corps in each, the regiments standing like blocks with their colors in front, while the batteries of artillery were placed in the spaces between the divisions. Our brigade happened to be stationed on the highest point to the left. I could see the whole army as it stood marshalled in grand array on a plain fully two miles square. The sun was shining bright and warm. As orders came for the men to rest, the slight breeze was just sufficient to stir the heavy silken folds of the regimental colors as they waved in their tattered elegance. It was a scene for the genius of a Vernet, with all its martial glory and wealth of color. The bright rays of the sun flashing on a hundred thousand bayonets and sabres as they were moved on the word of command, the picturesque field batteries, the dashing cavalry and the long dark lines of infantry, the parti-colored banners of the corps, division and brigade commanders bearing the strange devices of star, crescent, and cross, were the salient points in this living, animated picture. It was war in all its pomp and circumstance, and as I watched the sunlight play in dalliance on the burnished steel of gunbarrel and bayonet, or followed with curious eye the passage of the clouds throwing their swift shadows over the assembled host as the breezes carried them swiftly over our heads, I began to feel all that warm delight and enthusiasm that

comes so naturally to a soldier at a time of a holiday or a parade."

*April 9. Pleasant. Went on Picket.*

*April 10. Pleasant. Nothing of importance occurred.*

*April 11. Pleasant. Went over to the 15th Mass in P. M.*

I had a cousin in this regiment, already referred to on page 123.

*April 12. Pleasant. Went home. Capt. Stone gave me Sherman's knapsack. Riddell and three other deserters arrived in Camp.*

Sherman was discharged for insanity April 21. I don't remember why his knapsack was given to me.

One of Gen. Hooker's reforms was by more liberality to discourage desertion and to get back those who had deserted. Riddell was in Co. I and had deserted Nov. 13, 1861, at Budd's Ferry. I don't think he staid long this second time: it wasn't really pleasant for him.

*Had letter from Gen. Schouler saying distinctly that the Recruits were to be discharged with the Reg't.*

There had been much discussion as to how long the recruits would be held. Our enlistment read "for three years or during the war". That would keep me till July 21, 1865. On the other hand I had enlisted in a particular regiment, and this regiment was to be discharged May 25, 1864. I claimed that I could not be transferred without my own consent, and that I must be discharged with the regiment. That was the view that Gen. Schouler here confirmed, and it was carried out. Gen. Schouler's son was a clergyman in Syracuse in the 70's, and for a time his family and mine occupied a double house.

*April 13. Pleasant. Had mustering in. Got diary by mail.*

This mustering in was entering of our

VOLUNTEER ENLISTMENT.

STATE OF



TOWN OF

I, \_\_\_\_\_ born in \_\_\_\_\_  
aged \_\_\_\_\_ years,  
in the State of \_\_\_\_\_  
and by occupation a \_\_\_\_\_ Do HEREBY ACKNOWLEDGE to have  
volunteered this \_\_\_\_\_ day of \_\_\_\_\_ 18 \_\_\_\_\_,  
to serve as a **Soldier** in the Army of the United States of America, for  
the period of *THREE YEARS*, unless sooner discharged by proper  
authority: Do also agree to accept such bounty, pay, rations, and  
clothing, as are, or may be, established by law for volunteers. And  
I, \_\_\_\_\_ do solemnly swear, that I will bear  
true faith and allegiance to the **United States of America**,  
and that I will serve them honestly and faithfully against all their  
enemies or opposers whomsoever; and that I will observe and  
obey the orders of the President of the United States, and the  
orders of the officers appointed over me, according to the Rules  
and Articles of War.

Sworn and subscribed to, at \_\_\_\_\_ }  
this \_\_\_\_\_ day of \_\_\_\_\_ 18 \_\_\_\_\_ }  
BEFORE

*I CERTIFY, ON HONOR*, That I have carefully examined the above  
named Volunteer, agreeably to the General Regulations of the Army, and  
that in my opinion he is free from all bodily defects and mental infirmity,  
which would, in any way, disqualify him from performing the duties of a  
soldier.

EXAMINING SURGEON.

*I CERTIFY, ON HONOR*, That I have minutely inspected the Vol-  
unteer, \_\_\_\_\_ previously to his enlistment, and that he was  
entirely sober when enlisted; that, to the best of my judgment and  
belief, he is of lawful age; and that, in accepting him as duly qualified to  
perform the duties of an able-bodied soldier, I have strictly observed the  
Regulations which govern the recruiting service. This soldier has  
eyes, \_\_\_\_\_ hair, \_\_\_\_\_ complexion, is \_\_\_\_\_ feet \_\_\_\_\_ inches high.

Regiment of

Volunteers.

RECRUITING OFFICER.

names upon the roll for the approaching  
pay-day.

*April 14. Pleasant. Marching Orders  
under Hooker. Eight days Rations! Had  
Inspection by Carr and one of the drummers  
put under arrest for having no salt in his*

*knapsack. Put in the Guardhouse at night  
with Phillips. Found Cards and Crib  
Board there and played all night.*

I found out months later what it was to  
have no salt, when I had to eat fresh beef  
without salt after the Mine Run fiasco, the  
next December.



THE COMMISSARY END

Up to this time I had little experience of what it meant to be short of food, and like most soldiers I often threw away half what was given me. In other words I had never been far from the commissary department. But I learned what it was to have my stomach crave vainly for food and I grew to respect every element of the rations dealt out to me.

The boy thinks of the brass band as the important element of the army. The veteran knows that it is the commissary end which counts. Stonewall Jackson despised the commissary end because he relied on having his troops prey on our commissary end. But a commissary end there must be somewhere, and sometimes it requires as much generalship to maintain it as to meet the enemy.

## CHAPTER XIV. GAMBLING



INTER idleness brought temptations, and to one of them I most unexpectedly yielded. It is my only excuse that there were others.

*April 15. Paymaster came at night. Was released from arrest.*

*April 16. Cloudy. Pay Day. Was paid \$7.60. Paid all debts. Sent 50. home, left 25 with the Chaplain and kept the rest.*

This was the first pay I had received, owing to delay in sending out my "descriptive list", as several times referred to.

*April 17. Pleasant. Played Bluff at night for the first time, winning 65 cts.*

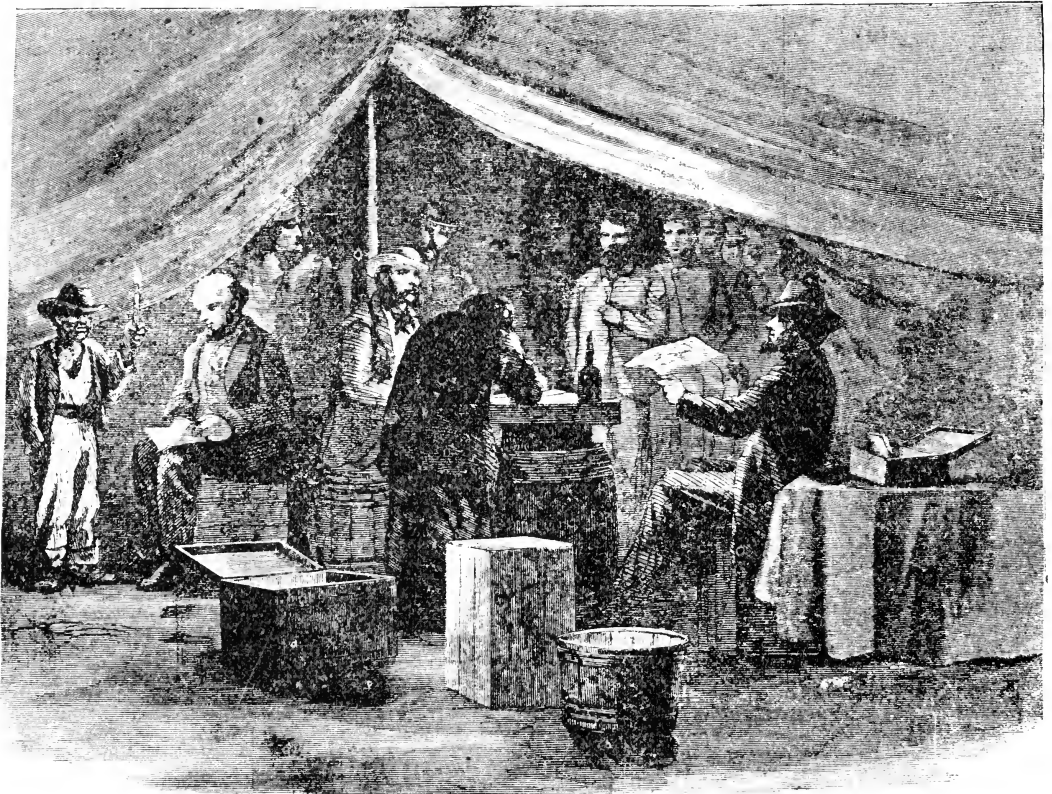
*April 18. Pleasant. Still win at Bluff.*

*April 19. Pleasant. Lent Baldwin 2.00 and Lydston \$1.00. Inspection of Knapsacks by Gen. Sickles.*

*April 20. Pleasant. Still win at Bluff.*

*April 21. Pleasant. Lost at Bluff as I was too green to see that the cards were stacked.*

I suppose my readers are surprised that



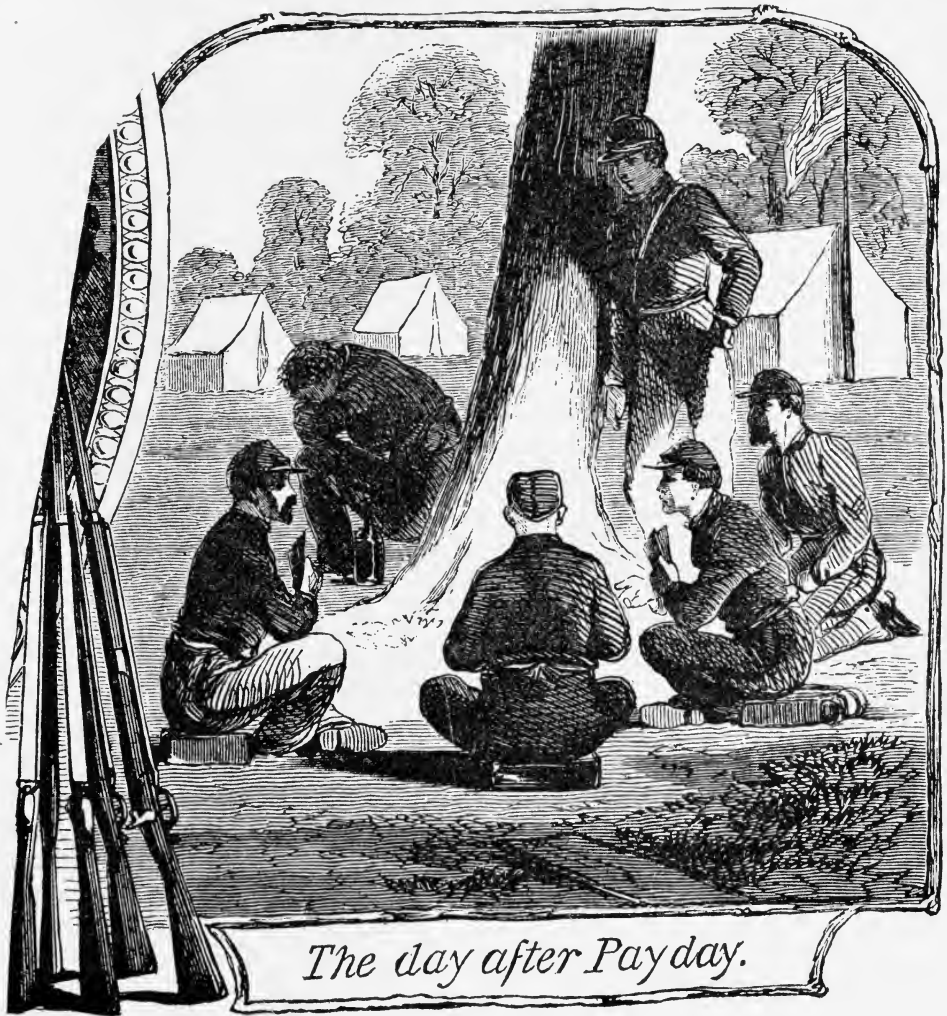
PAYING TROOPS AT NIGHT



I do not omit these references to gambling, but I am telling what did happen, not what ought to have happened. I had in me nothing of the gambling spirit. I was fond of all games, and of cards with the rest. As appears in the diary I twice sat up all night playing cribbage. I whittled out a set of chessmen and played with everybody who knew the game or would learn it. I played checkers so much that when the

officers had finished their tournament the winner sent for me to play for the championship of the regiment, and won two games out of twenty.

Cards mean a good deal to the soldier. They while away many an hour that would otherwise be tedious, and a pack of cards will be about the last thing thrown away on a long march. A soldier who had three fingers shot off at the battle of Shiloh





A BIVOUAC FIRE

held up his mangled hand. "Just my luck," he exclaimed; "I shall never be able to hold a full hand again." I was as fond of cards as any one, but it had always been motive enough to win without the inducement of gain, and I had hitherto refused to play bluff. This pay-day everybody was playing that game and I could find no one

for checkers or cribbage or seven-up or forty-fives. It is so in all armies, probably.

A Colonel Bunbury was once called to account because there was a good deal of gambling among the officers of the regiment. "That may have been the case, sir, some months ago," he said, "but I can assure you there is nothing of the kind

going on now." "What makes you so confident?" asked the general. "Why, I've won all the ready money in the regiment," he replied "and I don't allow any gambling on credit."

So I was in a way forced to play bluff, and as the limit was small, and as I began like all tyros by winning, I found it not so very bad after all.

This night Nick Dranger\* came into my tent and proposed a game, and I played with him alone all the evening, losing steadily. During the game Charley Tillson crawled into the tent, looked on a while, and went out again without remark. But the next day he got me off at a distance from camp and said,

"I was surprised to see you playing cards with Nick Dranger last night."

"Why?"

"He is a notorious gambler, and was cheating you out of your eye teeth."

"Cheating me? a boy? in his own company?"

"Every hand he dealt."

"How could he do it?"

"Easily enough: he stacked the cards."

"What do you mean?"

"He fixed the cards so that he could get what cards he wanted and know what cards you had."

I don't see how."

"Suppose he had two aces and you had two kings. As he gathered up the cards to shuffle he arranged them alternately, so that he gave you a king, himself an ace, you another king, himself an ace."

"But I cut the cards every time."

"You didn't cut those cards. He has a big hand, and when he passes the cards over

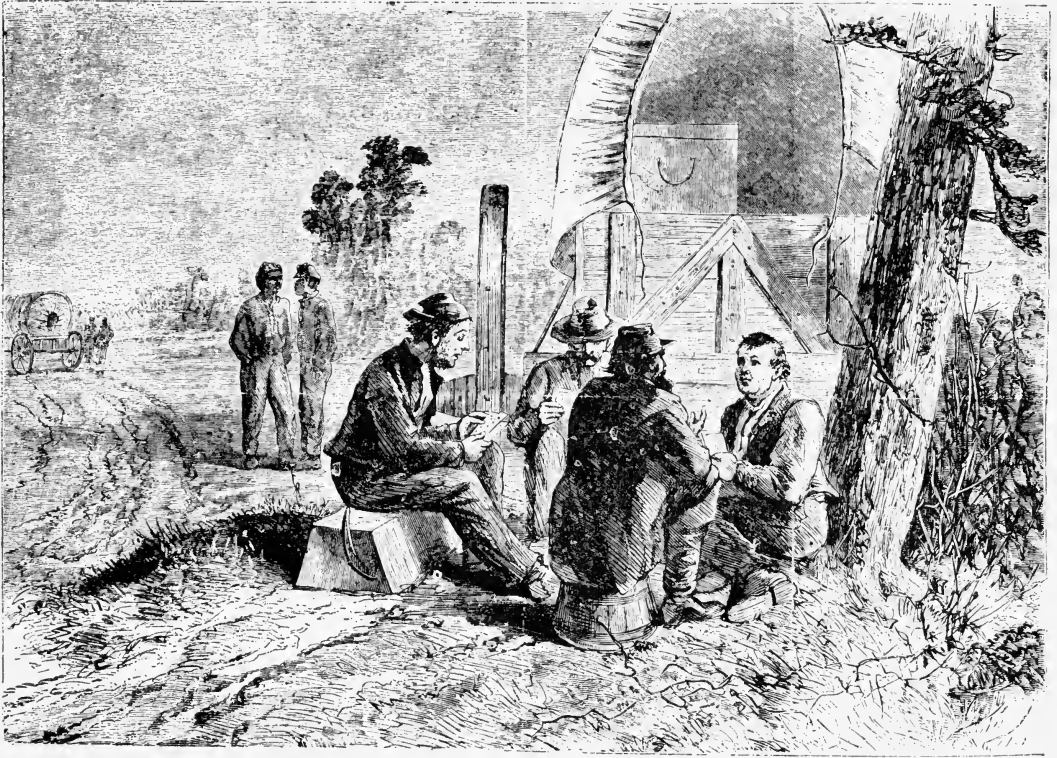
for you to cut he keeps the half-dozen top cards inside his hand, and lays them down again on top. He is playing now in Jim Macrea's tent: come over and watch him."

As we played the game the deal did not pass but staid with the winner, so a man who once got hold of a pair of aces, a pretty good hand with two playing, could keep them indefinitely, showing them only when he was called, and taking most of the pots by his bets without exhibiting his hand.

Nick Dranger was not trying all the transparent cheating on Jim that he had on me but I saw enough to be convinced my money had been stolen, and it made me angrier than I had been since I enlisted. What had been a pastime, indulged in only because I could get no other game going, became a study. I played whenever I could get a chance, for money if we had it, "on pay day" if we hadn't. On the march to Gettysburg I played at every halt with little John Turner, who got to owing me more money than he ever tried to pay or I to collect.

For I became classed among the expert players. Every pay day the loose money in each company would get into the hands of one or two of the better players, and then these men would form little parties and the winnings would gravitate into the pockets of half a dozen of the most skillful. The weaker players would have stopped gambling because their money had given out, but these regimental survivors of the fittest always had money or could get it, and played the year around. Eventually I got into this crowd, of which Nick Dranger was another. But he did not stack cards or hold out an ace or deal from the bottom in this party. It had to be a square game, for every man knew all the tricks and

\*Every other name in these reminiscences is real except this. I have changed it because the man is still living, and very likely repented long ago, and may have children and grand-children.



A SCALY CROWD

would have made it uncomfortable for anybody who tried them. The best player in this crowd was one of the hospital men. His hand always trembled, so that there was no guessing at his hand from that indication, and he never spoke an unnecessary word. He watched the cards and he watched the players, and his luck had to run hard to make him quit a loser.

I watched him and I imitated him. At first as in everything else I tried to be spectacular. One of the better players was called one day and said he had three kings.

"The money is yours," said his opponent.

But he threw his hand into the deck. "I won't show three kings for a little pot like that," he said.

I thought it was a lordly way to play, and presently when I had a flush and was called I threw my hand into the deck. "I won't show such a hand for three dollars," I said.

The man I was imitating sat behind me and exclaimed, "Why, you really had a flush."

"Of course I did."

"Then why didn't you show it and take the money?"

"Show a flush for three dollars? I guess not."

"Why you damned fool, show it for five cents if that is all there is in the pot."

"You didn't show your three kings for a dollar and a half the other day."

"Because I didn't have them: I was trying to bluff. Are you an absolute idiot?"

Under these gentle ministrations I learned something of the game, especially to keep my mouth shut and my eyes open. In those days there was no drawing of cards. We bet on the hands originally dealt us and there was no indication of what they were except from the manner of the player. The hands used to grow rich as the game proceeded, for every man "stacked" his cards before he threw them in; that is if he had a pair of aces and there were four playing he put the aces on the outside of the five cards so that if the hand were undisturbed the pair would fall to the same man; if there were three playing he would make a pair of aces the first and fourth cards, and so on. Of course the deck was shuffled, but it is surprising how little ordinary shuffling disturbs cards, and by remembering what three cards I put between my aces, if one of these cards came to me I could frequently guess from the betting that one of the party had the pair of aces.

I made a mathematical study of the game, too, and did not allow excitement or a run of luck to lead me to bet more than what a hand might reasonably be supposed to be worth. So eventually I came to be regarded as a cautious player, making it the easier for me to bluff. It was at first a great temptation when I got away with a pot without the cards to show my hand, but I learned to restrain that inclination, and to play simply for the cold cash.

The one thing I wanted was to break Nick Dranger, and at last the time came when I did it. I even lent him twenty-five dollars, and should have been gratified if I could say that he never paid it. But he used it as a stake in another game and paid me back within twenty-four hours. After

that the game was never quite the same to me, and I quit it for good long before the regiment came home.

The stopping was as sudden and as unpremeditated as was the beginning. Ten months later than this, pay-day had come and I had started out intending to play first as usual in the company. I met Johnny Turner. "Let's get up a game," I said.

"I believe I won't play this pay day," he replied.

I thought nothing of it until I saw him playing in another game. Then I recognized that I was looked upon as a professional, with whom the ordinary player did not have a fair show. It set me to thinking and to comparing these good fellows in my own company with the disreputable set I had lately played with mostly. I saw that I could not belong to both sets, and I recognized that in my heart I had for a long time loathed these greedy gamblers. As usual with me the turn was radical, and I never bet a dollar on cards or anything else while I was in the regiment. The great crises come less often from a change of conditions than from change in the point of view, and it is often a trifling circumstance that turns the kaleidoscope.

Only an inexperienced or an incapable person will deny the pleasure in draw poker at its best. Given seven men who like one another, a limit large enough to prevent reckless betting and small enough so that no one will remember the next morning whether he won or lost, with a fixed and early hour of quitting, and it is a very comfortable way to spend an occasional evening. But these conditions are hard to maintain. One or two of the seven are away and somebody is brought in who is uncongenial, or who plays the game for the money in it, or who is a hard loser and in-

sists on increasing the limit and delaying the wind-up. Then all the pleasure disappears, the line between skill and sharp practice is obscured, men stay too late, lose too much, are not unlikely to quarrel or to feel like it, and go home feeling disreputable. It is a pretty good game to let alone, for the ideal conditions are seldom attainable, and any other are degrading.

The quicksand of poker is unwillingness to quit loser. Where the same men play frequently together it makes little odds who wins to-night: somebody else will win next time. But it is a matter not of amount of stakes but of disposition. I came home from England once with two young fellows on their way to make their fortunes over here. They were bright, eager, intelligent, alive to everything going on, till they got to playing penny ante together. They played morning, noon and night all the way across, and even when we passed Sandy Hook and sailed up our magnificent harbor on a bright crisp December day, these boys sat in the dining saloon playing their wretched little game till the vessel was docked. Poker played like this is not a game, it is a disease, and people prove susceptible to it most unexpectedly.

I am speaking of poker as a game of skill, in which money is used only because the game would be silly without it. When it is a game of money played to get money from your fellow-players, it is as vulgar as any other kind of greed. As I afterward realized, I felt contaminated when I passed from the boys in the company with their five-cent ante and their jokes and their transparent bluffing and their hilarity into the companionship of the cold-blooded professionals, and when the eagerness to learn the game wore off I realized what a low business it was. The only relief in

thinking of these fellows is that they are always sure to go off and lose their winnings elsewhere, with the odds so much against them they stand as little show as they have given their victims. The first book I ever made was for a man named Goodrich, who had been a lightning calculator for the Erie railway, and really was a wonder at figures. While I was in New York I went with him one night to a keno bank and saw him play the game. As I remember it the players bought for a dollar apiece boards containing numbers, and when the right number or the right combination of numbers, I forget which, came out of the wheel, the man who had it on his board won the money. If the entire amount had been distributed the chances would have been even to win or lose, but the bank always took out fifteen percent before distributing. Mathematician as he was, I never could get Goodrich to see that for every dollar he put down he got back only eighty-five cents. Coming once from Alexandria to Genoa, I found on the steamer several young Englishmen on their way to Monte Carlo to gamble, and absolutely relying on what they were to win there to pay their debts and furnish them spending money. It was a curious study to me, that reliance on luck against mathematical odds. In all gambling the "kitty", the dealer's percentage, the stock-broker's eighth percent must eventually absorb the stakes. The sound principle was comprehensively epitomized by Horace Greeley when he said, "The unhappiest day in a young man's life is the day he first thinks there is an easier way to get a dollar than to earn it."

But these are later reflections; for months, as will be seen, I went on gambling.

*April 23. Pleasant. At night shook props. Am getting to be quite a Gambler.*



*April 22. Rain. Got broke at night. Am glad of it.*

*April 24. Pleasant. Lost about 12.00 at night.*

*April 25. Pleasant. Won a little today.*

*April 26. Review by the Gov. of N. J.*

*April 27. Pleasant. Review again by William H. Seward and Lord Lyons.*

## CHAPTER XV. THE BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE



HANCELLORS-ville was my first serious battle tho' I had been more than nine months enlisted. I missed the second Bull Run because I was

kept with other recruits in Cambridge, and Antietam because my division was held back to guard Washington. At Fredericksburg my division was one of the only two held in reserve, and when we did go upon the field, though we were put in the centre of the line that was ordered to make a most desperate charge, Franklin had re-

fused to obey the order and we had done only skirmish duty. But Chancellorsville was for me a real battle; no regiment had more of it than ours.

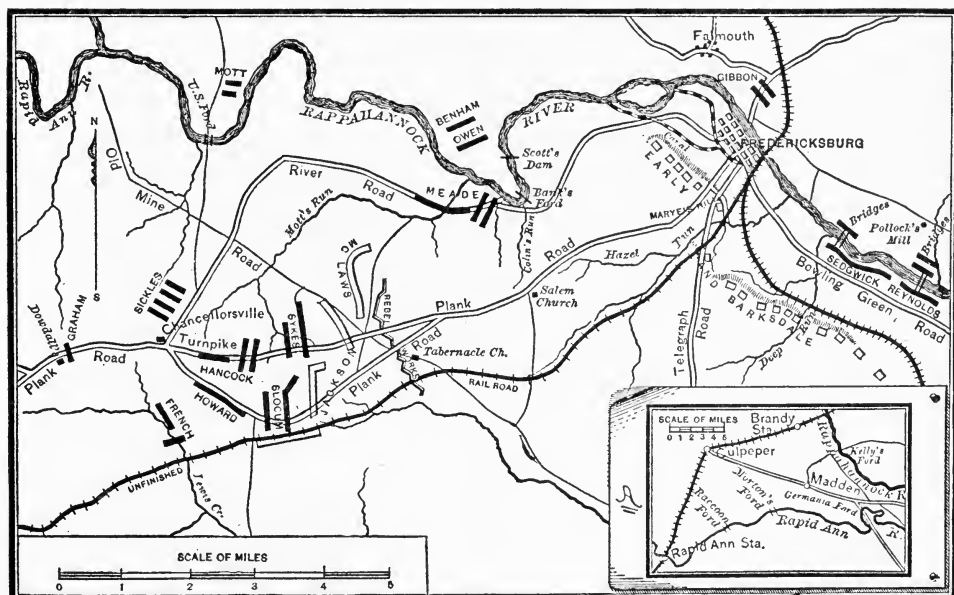
Chancellorsville was the most brilliantly planned of the battles of the civil war, and of all the failures came closest to success. Hooker actually surprised the enemy, which was more than any other commander of the army of the Potomac had succeeded in doing. He accomplished what Burnside failed to accomplish at Fredericksburg, getting his troops across the river and even carrying Marye's heights. For his general plan was not unlike Burnside's. Repeating the map, it will be seen that he



MAP OF THE REGION NEAR CHANCELLORSVILLE.



THE ARMY OF GEN. HOOKER CROSSING THE RAPPAHANOCK



laid the same pontoon bridges below the city of Fredericksburg, and he marched three corps down there to make the enemy think he was going to attack from below, as Franklin had been expected to do at Fredericksburg. But in the mean time he got most of his army across the Rappahannock at United States ford, and massed them on the plank road from Chancellorsville to the city. Then while Sedgwick crossed opposite the city and captured it, as he did, the main army, now augmented by the three lower corps which had secretly joined it by marching up the river from the pontoon bridges on roads hidden behind the heights opposite the city, was to march down the plank road and capture the entire confederate troops.

The place was right. A year later almost to a day Grant began his work in the east almost on the same spot. The whole region about Chancellorsville is known as the Wilderness. Gen. Sickles's official report of this battle speaks of this as "the battle of the Wilderness and Fairview", and the next year under Grant I picked up bullets that had fallen twelve months before under Hooker.

The time was right. The army was really eager for battle. The spirit was changed from the habitual expectation of defeat that had grown up under McClellan and Pope and Burnside. We believed in Fighting Jo Hooker, and expected to help him end the war.

And the execution was right, up to Saturday afternoon. The battle was lost because Gen. Howard was too conceited to follow suggestions or even to regard orders.

*April 28. Pleasant. Had orders to move and went down to the place we crossed the river before. Found two other Corps here, First & Sixth.*

This crossing before was under Franklin at the battle of Fredericksburg. See map on inside cover. In this map it is marked "Pontoon Bridges."

We were roused at 5 a. m., and at 9 moved toward the river to act as support for the 6th corps. The laying of the bridge was much less obstructed than from across the city, five months before. The 23 boats were in the water before day-break and in a dense mist started from the bank at 4:30. Soon through the fog we could hear a volley across the river showing that our men had got over. A charge captured the rifle-pits, and the bridge was laid without opposition, though the city church bells rang angrily to give notice of this new invasion. Here we remained all day, and at night made ourselves as comfortable as we could in the rain.

*April 29. Cloudy. Shook props during the day winning 3.75.*

*April 30. Cloudy. An order was read from Hooker stating that we had got the Rebels in a horse-shoe. Started at noon & marched up nearly half way between Falmouth & U. S. Ford. Threw away my crackers and lost Bible, etc.*

*May 1. Pleasant. Crossed the river. Halted at noon in an old Rebel Encampment. We could hear a fight going on & soon started for the Battle of Chancellorsville. Arrived on the field about dusk, but did not go into action.*

Our regiment was detailed as rear guard, and we were obliged to help along some of the wagon trains.

The place we took is shown in the map on page 188 marked "Berry", who was our division commander. The rest of the corps was below, marked "Sickles".

This was the only occasion in my experience when there was anything of the



HOWARD'S 11TH CORPS FLYING IN PANIC

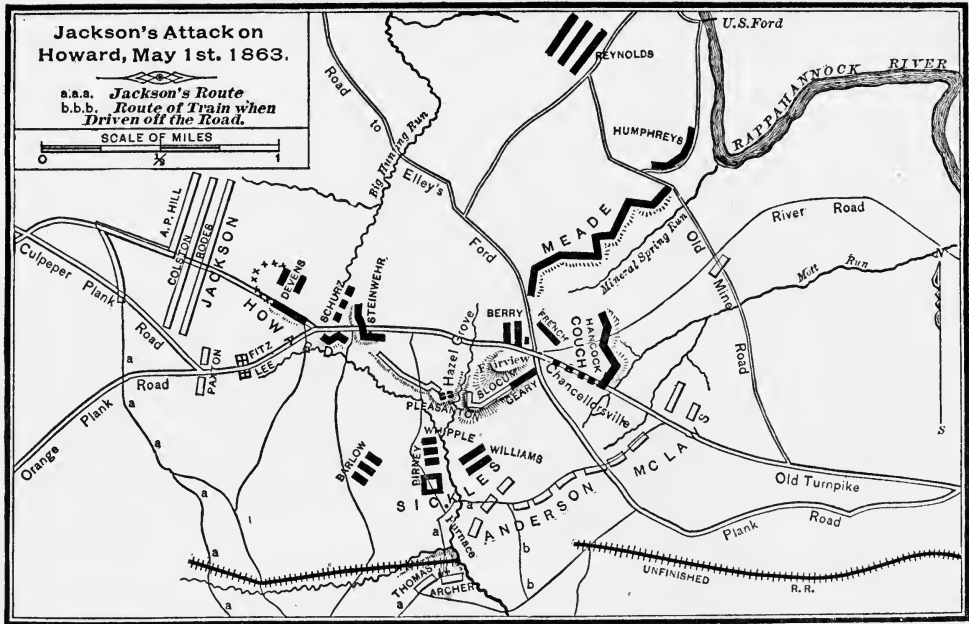
joy of going into battle that we read so much of. It was sunset as we reached the field, we were still under the glamor of Hooker's order, we really believed Fighting Jo had the rebels on the run, and we came in on the double-quick: I am not sure we did not do some singing and shouting. I think we really should have liked to get into action at once and finish the thing up, so much difference it makes whether or no we expect to win. It was the only large battle we ever went into while I was in the regiment that we did expect to win.

*May 2. Pleasant. Our Reg't was not engaged during the day but at night the 11th Corps broke and our Corps had to take their place. The firing was terrific all night.*

This was in some respects a harder experience than our corps had on the left at Gettysburg the second day, because we had

to contend not only with the enemy but with the panic-stricken Germans. What men will do in a panic surpasses belief. They threw away not only their guns and knapsacks but their coats and caps. I have already spoken of Col. McLaughlin's facing those who came near him with a revolver and compelling them to turn about and fight in our ranks, but these were only a few of the entire corps running away, and it was hard to push on through them.

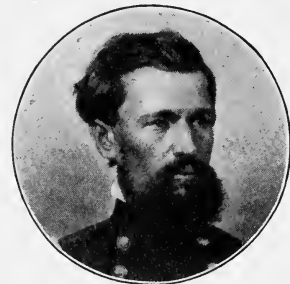
Gen. Sickles reports: "The fugitives swarmed from the woods and swept frantically over the cleared fields in which my artillery was posted. The exulting enemy at their back mingled yells with their volleys, and in the confusion which followed it seemed as if cannon and caissons, dragoons, cannoneers, and infantry could never be disentangled from the mass in which they were suddenly thrown." Dr. Sim, surgeon in



Doubleday's Map; should read May 2, instead of May 1

chief, says: "The fleeing Dutchmen actually ran over our field hospital."

What had happened? The manœuvre that routed Howard was Stonewall Jackson's last fighting, for that daring general lost his life there. Reproducing Doubleday's excellent map, where the union troops are shown by black rectangles, the confederate by white, it will be seen that Jackson started on Saturday from a point near the Furnace, just below where Sickles's corps was posted, and by a circuitous route got to the west of Howard. The date should of course be May 2 instead of May 1 as on the map. It was a hazardous undertaking, permissible only because the battle was at the time almost hopeless for the confederates. It cut off Jackson's troops from the rest of the confederate army, and both sections would have been destroyed if Howard had shown ordinary



GEN. OLIVER O HOWARD, 1830-1909

sense and discovered and guarded against the movement. But it won the battle.

Howard sent back a brigade forwarded to help him, telling the commander, "I would send my compliments to the whole rebel army if it lay in front of me, and invite them to attack me." What was the result? A small part of the rebel army did attack him, at a time when his men were getting supper and playing cards without even the usual pickets thrown out, and



Howard's corps fled in the most disgraceful and disastrous panic of the war.

Carl Schurz says in his "Reminiscences," (ii. 417, 8): "To my utter astonishment I found many years later in a paper on 'The 11th corps at Chancellorsville', written by Gen. Howard for the *Century Magazine*, the following sentence: 'Gen. Hooker's circular order to "Slocum and Howard" neither reached me, nor, to my knowledge, Col. Mysenburg, my adjutant general.' *How could he have forgotten that I had read and delivered to him that identical despatch, especially as it touched so vital a point, and its delivery was followed by another animated discussion between us*, in which I most earnestly—although ineffectually—endeavored to convince him that in case of such an attack from the west, our right, as then posted, would be hopelessly overwhelmed."

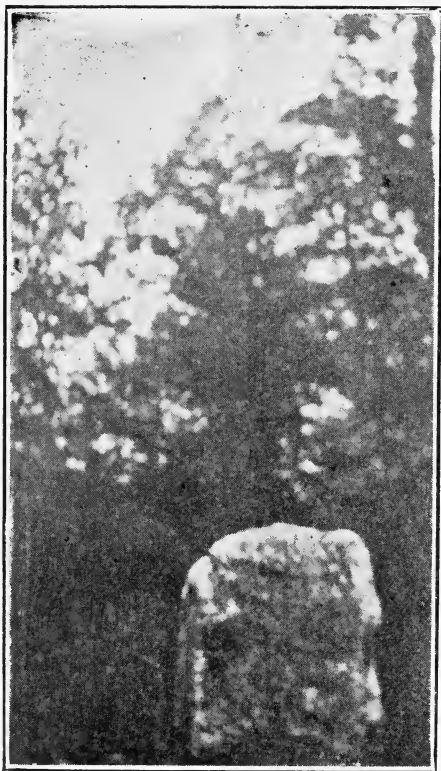
Meade reported after the battle of Gettysburg: "Much feeling exists in this army in regard to the 11th corps. This induces me to submit the propriety of breaking up the organization of the corps by sending Gen. Howard with one division to the 2d corps, another division to the 12th corps, and leaving the 3d division under Schurz to guard my rear."

Having routed Howard the confederates swept down the plank road toward Chancellorsville. Ours and the 2d brigade took position perpendicular to the plank road. The 1st Mass. was detached from the 1st brigade and posted on the left of the 2d brigade, prolonging the line to the plank road, while the rest of the 1st brigade formed a line 150 yards to the rear. Gen. Sickles says: "These dispositions were made without the steadiness of these veteran troops being in the least disturbed by the torrents of fugitives." Our line immediately threw up a strong breastwork of

logs and abatis. Sickles says again: "The splendid fire of the artillery and the imposing attitude of the iron wall of infantry co-operated with our flank attack to check the enemy's advance, which was effectually accomplished before dark."

The attacks were repeated during the night by continual charges more regular than any other fighting I ever heard. There would be first the confederate artillery, then their yell, then their muskets, then our muskets, then our artillery, then our shouts, repeated over and over. At last I grew weary, and fell back behind the woods in an open place and went to sleep. When I awoke in the early morning there was not anywhere a sound. I thought at first I must have grown deaf, so great was the change from the cannonading in the midst of which I went to sleep. I sat up and looked around. There was not a soldier in sight, and I had no way of knowing whether our men had gone on and left me or whether they had retreated. On general principles I concluded they had probably gone back, and I started toward Chancellorsville. For once, however, we had held our own, and when I came upon our sentries I found that I had been sleeping inside our lines.

It was this night that the confederate general Stonewall Jackson was killed. After he had broken through the eleventh corps he supposed he held the plank road undisputed, and about nine o'clock he rode along reconnoitering in front of our regiment, which rested as I have said upon the plank road. Our men saw the group approaching, not recognizing him of course, and as soon as the confederates came in range poured a volley into them. Gen. Jackson was severely wounded and died a week later. For some reason the confederates preferred



WHERE STONEWALL JACKSON WAS SHOT

to report that he was killed by his own men, but he was certainly killed directly in front of our regiment, as the boulder that marks the place still shows. If he had been fired on by one of his own regiments why did his staff turn and flee?

Col. McLaughlin makes this official statement: "At 9½ p. m. a cavalcade of a dozen or more horsemen drove down the Plank road, when my men immediately opened fire upon them; they immediately turned about and rode furiously back up the road. From the official report of the rebel Gen. Lee, I am led to believe that Gen. Stonewall Jackson formed one of the cavalcade, and that he was killed by my men."



GEN. THOMAS J. JACKSON, 1824-63

There are other claimants for the credit of shooting him. Doubleday says: "Whether the rebels killed him or whether some of his wounds came from our own troops, the 1st Mass. or the 73d N. Y., who were firing heavily in that direction, is a matter of some doubt." In *The Orange County Press* of Dec. 16, 1890, Capt. Wisner of the 124th N. Y. gives circumstantial account of the firing from his regiment upon a group of rebel officers among whom he believes to have been Stonewall Jackson.

Gen. Pleasanton, who in his letter to the committee on the conduct of the war kindly explains that every success of the war was done either directly by him or through his advice, also claims that his cavalry fired the fatal shot.

But personally I am quite willing to have our regiment relieved of responsibility for his death. He was a great loss to the confederacy, more than a whole division of rank and file, Jefferson Davis said. But he was a noble man as well as a great general. On receipt of news of his death Captain Weisner declares, though I do not remember it, our division was assembled, and the adjutant-general said: "In view of the fact that he was wounded by our division and also as mark of respect to a gallant Christian soldier the division will receive the announcement with uncovered heads."

The reply of his body servant to the question why he was always ready is well known: "Well, geminen, whenever I sees Massa Stonewall get up in the night and go to kneeling and saying his prayers, I know dere's a fight on hand shua, an' I makes preparations accordin'."

Stonewall Jackson once ordered one of his colonels to make a certain attack. "General," the officer expostulated, "that would be madness: my regiment would be exterminated."

"Colonel," was the reply, "do your duty. I have made every arrangement to care for the wounded and bury the dead."

*May 3. Pleasant. The battle commenced again early. The most awful attempts were made to break our line, and we were driven back some, but our boys were not to be driven far, and the attack was repulsed. Baxter and Badger of my Co. were killed.*

Glad they weren't taking us alphabetically: I should have been between them.

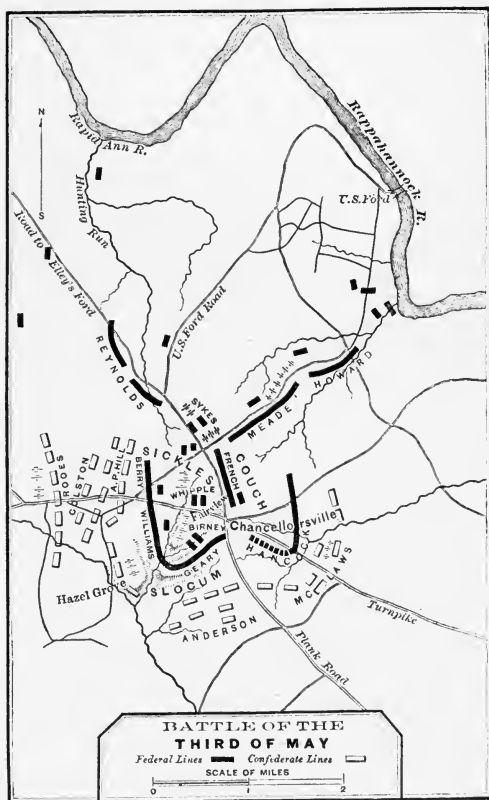
Gen. Berry himself gave our regiment



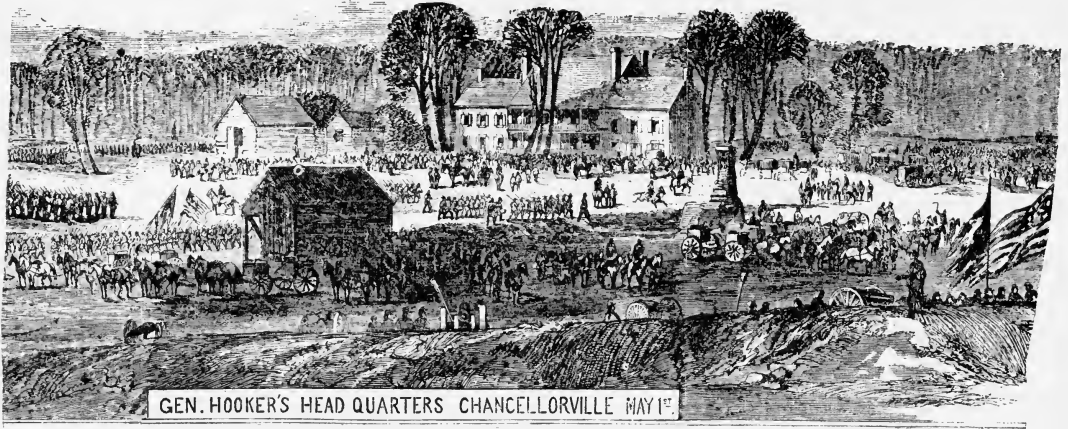
GEN. BERRY, 1824-63

the order to take position at the right of the plank road and to *hold it at all hazards*. Co. I was deployed as skirmishers and our men threw up such breastworks as they could of small timber and brush, aided by four or five spades the 11th corps men had thrown away in their flight.

The confederates advanced in great force about 5:30 a. m. We held our ground



for an hour, but had to fall back to the second line. Col. McAllister of the 11th N. J. complains that the left of our regiment gave way first, while the right stood firm. But it must be remembered that the left of our regiment adjoined the 3d Md. of the 12th corps, which was on the left side of the plank road, in direct line of the enemy, and which broke and retreated, thus letting the enemy in down the plank road on our left flank. The wonder was not that our regiment's left gave way but that the right stood. Gen. Carr reports that the division was finally compelled to fall back about 7:30 by the injudicious retreat of a Maryland regiment (the 3d Md.), but says: "The division held its own for over four



GEN. HOOKER'S HEAD QUARTERS CHANCELLORVILLE MAY 1<sup>st</sup>

hours against a force of the enemy three times as great as its own and until its ammunition was exhausted."

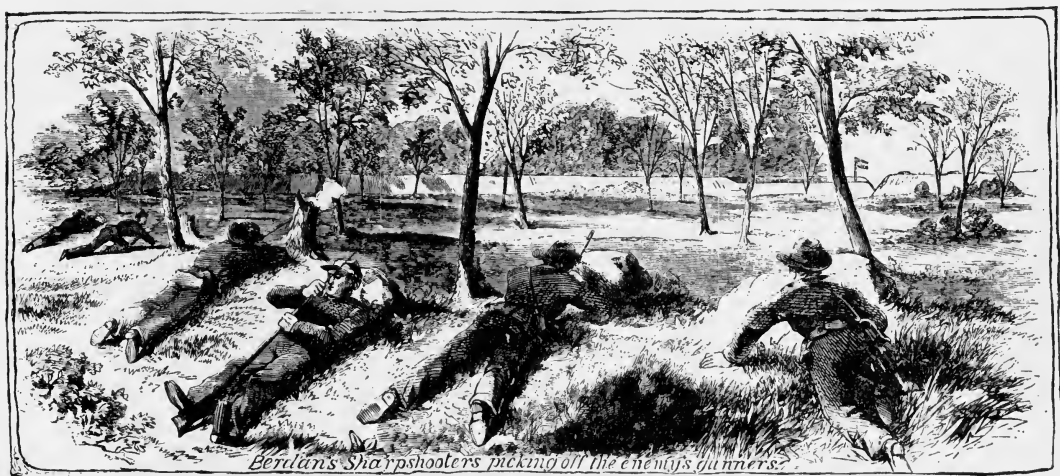
Gen. Sickles reports: "The vigor and tenacity of the enemy's attack seemed to concentrate more and more upon my lines near the plank road and on my left flank. As fast as their own lines were broken up by the terrible fire of artillery and musketry fresh columns were deployed. My last reserve, Ward's brigade, had been sent to support Berry on the right of the plank road, but that heroic commander had fallen in the thickest of the fight, and Ward failed to get into position before the enemy had turned Berry's left flank, held by the 3d Maryland of the 12th corps."

What was worse, when the enemy got on our flank and were pouring their shot into us, enfilading us, the regiment on our right, the 5th Excelsior gave way, leaving our right flank open to attack. We were then compelled to fall back a quarter of a mile, but formed line again in the road leading from the ford to the Chancellor house. The cannonading was terrific and at ten o'clock the regiment fell back to the works in the rear, for rest, but at noon

moved forward again and remained at the front in line of battle till 11:30, when the men were allowed to go to sleep after 18 hours of almost continuous fighting.

Again Gen. Sickles reports: "The front line near the plank road early in the morning comprised, beginning at the left of the road, the 3d Md., 1st Mass. (on the right of the plank road), 5th Excelsior (N. Y.), 120th N. Y., 2d, 1st, and 3d Excelsiors (71st, 70th, and 72d N. Y.), and 26th Pa. This line gallantly resisted the assaults of the enemy for more than an hour, when its left was turned, and Col. Stevens, now in command, changed front to repel the advance of the enemy on the flank. There was nothing like ardor in the advance of the enemy after occupying our lines at Fairview. I took 400 prisoners as I retired slowly to Chancellorsville. It would not have been difficult to regain the lost ground with the bayonet as I proposed, but the senior officer in that part of the field did not deem it wise."

Doubleday says of our division: "They were true and tried men, and went forward at once to the rescue. Few people appreciate the steadiness and courage re-



quired, when all around is flight and confusion, for a force to make its way through crowds of fugitives, advance steadily to the post of danger in front, and meet the exulting enemy, while others are seeking safety in the rear. Such men are heroes, and far more worthy of honor than those who fight in the full blaze of successful warfare."

One of our disappointments at Chancellorsville was Berdan's sharpshooters. They could be effective, but here it was almost impossible to keep them at the front.

We finally fell back to the rear of the Chancellorsville house, and later down the road to the white house,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles from the river, which had been used as the general hospital. Here a new line of entrenchments was established, along the skirts of the woods perpendicular to and on both sides of the plank road. Our left line connected with the 12th corps.

The map of Doubleday on page 191 shows the fighting ground of this day. It will be seen that our division was on the right of the army, facing A. P. Hill's troops, and it

will be remembered that the 1st Mass. was just north of the turnpike. This ended our part of the fighting. Of the division as a whole Gen. Carr reported: "The 2d division fought at Chancellorsville like veterans, brave soldiers that they are, reflecting credit upon themselves, their division, and their country."

Gen. Sickles's summing up of his report of this battle reads: "As long as the history of this war shall be read, conspicuous upon its pages will be the record of the achievements of the 3d army corps in the battles of the Wilderness and Fairview."

*May 4. Rainy. Some slight attempts were made during the day but no regular fighting.*

We were reordered into line at 7 o'clock, through an alarm caused by heavy firing upon a working party. We were formed in line of battle again at nine in the evening, but there was no engagement.

*May 5. Rainy. An awful thunderstorm at night. Orders to retreat were received to our great surprise and the whole army recrossed the river.*



MARCHING BACK THROUGH FALMOUTH AFTER THE BATTLE

Our regiment was detached and about five o'clock ordered to report to Capt. Randolph, chief of artillery, but we rejoined the brigade the next day.

*May. 6. Rainy. Returned to Camp. Thus ends the first battle of Gen. Hooker.*

And his last as commander. We felt personally concerned, for Hooker had been with his old brigade a name to conjure with. What might have happened had Franz Siegel been left in command of the 11th corps, or if Howard had been mercifully detained from the battle by illness, will never be known.

I was once a guest at a Bowdoin dinner in New York where Gen. Howard was the hero of the evening and introduced as the peerless Christian soldier, and as he bowed his acknowledgements I reflected upon Chancellorsville. When Von Gilsa galloped to his headquarters to beg for immediate reinforcements, Howard told him he "must hold his post with the men he had and trust in God". This is the sort of piety that

drives the unregenerate to profanity. Personally I do not know how it is possible to be more profane.

Curiously enough, in 1909, not long before his death, while he was president of Lincoln university, Tennessee, I received an invitation to become honorary vice-president of that institution, but he was the last man I should want to be responsible for in any degree, and I declined.

There were other mistakes, and at the last Hooker, who had been injured by a falling pillar dislodged from the Chancellorsville house, was in no condition to direct. So what had been a victory within our grasp was turned into a crushing defeat. Wellington said, "When other generals commit an error their army is lost by it; when I get into a scrape my army gets me out of it." He illustrated it when he said again, explaining how he conquered Napoleon's marshals one after another: "They planned their campaign just as you might make a splendid set of harness. It looks well and



answers well, till any part gets broken, and then you are done for. I made my campaign of ropes. If anything went wrong I tied a knot and went on." Hooker was lacking in this faculty. It is a pity he no longer had his comrade Gen. Kearney, killed eight months before at Chantilly, to consult. He used to say, "Kearney plans and I do it." But when he resigned three days before Gettysburg because Grandmother Halleck interfered with his orders I should like to know what was gained by substituting Meade. Hooker planned the defence of Washington, deceived Lee, and made all the dispositions which resulted in the fighting at Gettysburg. Meade's first act was to order a grand review at Frederick, about as sensible as to put on evening clothes when your house is on fire. He was persuaded by Hooker's old officers out of that and out of retreating from Gettysburg, for which he had signed an order, but Gettysburg was won, as we shall see because Sickles disobeyed Meade's orders. I don't see how Hooker could have made a worse series of blunders than these. And certainly Fighting Jo Hooker

would never have lain idle three days without finding out that the confederates had retreated and starting after them.

In all of these opinions, I trust it is no longer necessary to repeat, I am speaking not as a historian but as recalling what Jo Hooker's old brigade thought at the time, and so far as I know, every man of us still thinks.

Pleasanton says: "Gen. Hooker was the first commander of the army of the Potomac to exhibit a correct appreciation of organization in an army. He consolidated and increased his cavalry, organized them into a corps, supplied them with artillery, and was rewarded by some distinguished service that made the march of the army a triumph from Falmouth to Frederick city. The campaign of Gettysburg which he commenced so brilliantly, was afterward conducted by his successor with such results as to produce the deepest mortification throughout the country. The doubt, hesitation, and fear of consequences displayed by Gen. Meade were in striking contrast to the heroic valor so constantly and stubbornly displayed by the army."

## CHAPTER XVI. LAST DAYS AT FALMOUTH



HERE was more idleness for the army for six weeks, and much uncertainty as to the future. We still believed in Fighting Joe, but were

less confident.

*May 7. Cloudy. Bought stuff at the Commissary. The boys are about starved.*

The commissary was not the sutler, but the officer who gave out rations. Sometimes when food was plenty we could draw extra rations of him and pay extra for them, as for clothes. Here is a picture of his storehouse in winter camp.

Much interesting information as to army journals and letters of Allen Alonzo Kingsley" (Boston, 1862). Kingsley was bugler for Co. H, 1st Mass. His friends



AT THE COMMISSARY'S

had the good sense to print these documents just as he wrote them; they do him credit and they give details that I have not found elsewhere.

He was company cook for a time and afterward chief cook, and he tells much of his experience in that capacity. In the early days of the war there was considerable variety. On June 21, 1861, he records that the men growled at coffee and bread for breakfast, beefsteak for dinner, bread and corned beef for supper. On June 23 he gave them soup, boiled rice and salt junk for dinner; the next day fresh beef for supper. July 4 they had roast beef and potatoes and lemonade for dinner, the last furnished by some of the officers. July 5 he gave them boiled rice for breakfast, soup for dinner, bread and coffee for supper, and yet there was more grumbling. Some of those grumblers must have gone like me at Mine Run eight days on three days rations; wonder if they would have growled at boiled rice and soup then. Sir William Olapherts, better known as Hell-fire Jack, made short work of the demand a newly-arrived Irish regiment made upon him in 1902 for potatoes, "If you expect God Almighty to grow potatoes for you on the dry plains of India, especially to please you, you're damnder fools than I took you for," he said. "Dismiss!" And the subject was dropped.

July 6 his beans did not get done for breakfast so the men had to put up with beefsteak, getting their beans for supper.

On the march the boys were looking for a fight and had too much else to think of to grumble about food. July 18 they had only one cracker apiece, yet they were in good spirits and eager for a fight. July 26 they had boiled squash for dinner and blackberries and milk for supper. Aug.

3 he records that they are faring as well as they would at home. These extracts are from his diary. His letters go more into detail. June 24 he writes they had beefsteak for supper and rice for dinner with sugar sauce. "Some days we don't have half enough, and that not fit to eat. The meat is salt and dry, the bread dry as chips, but we have coffee, 3 lbs. at noon and 3 at night, and 12 lbs. of sugar a day. I have got 75 lbs. salt beef and 25 lbs. salt pork for to-morrow. To-day we had 10 lbs. rice and 125 lbs. fresh beef."

June 30 he writes that to-morrow they are to have flour and make their own bread. July 4, that they had pulverised potatoes. "The potatoes are ground and dried, we then boil them in water, but it does not look much like potatoes."

Sept. 29 he writes: "When we have money we buy milk and butter, but milk is 10 cts. a quart and butter 30 cts. a pound."

Dec. 29. "We have soft bread now, baked in the regimental ovens. Each man has a loaf a day, about the size of the five cent baker's loaves at home. This lasts for three meals. At noon we sometimes have soup, roast beef, or salt horse (salt beef). Three times a week we have baked beans for breakfast. On the whole we live pretty well just now."

April 18. "There is one bugler to each company. We watch and keep by the side of the captain during an engagement. It is our business to sound the advance, halt, charge, &c, just as the captain or colonel gives orders." Yet in the Yorktown engagement he carried a musket instead of a bugle.

"Gen. Hooker says he never saw a better regiment of regulars during the Mexican war than the 1st Mass."

Three days after he wrote this he was



killed in a bayonet charge at Yorktown, of which the picture above is given in *Frank Leslie's* for May 24, 1862.

By the time I reached the army the giving out of rations had become more systematized. The following was the official allowance to each man per day in camp, the second amount when given in bold face in parenthesis being the allowance on a march when different. Why we should have less to eat on a march I never discovered. When marching we did not get soft bread or vegetables. Vinegar was never served direct to the men, but only to the company cooks in camp. Sugar and coffee we used to carry in little bags, sometimes mixed together. Rice I do not remember getting.

Salt pork 12 oz.: *or* fresh beef 20 oz. (**16 oz.**); *or* salt beef 20 oz. (**16 oz.**)

Hard tack 16 oz.; *or* soft bread 22 oz.; *or* flour 22 oz.; *or* corn meal 20 oz.

Potatoes 1-200 bu.

Beans or split pease 1-400 bu.

Rice, 1-10 lb.

Dessicated vegetables, 1 oz.. as a substitute for the above vegetables.

Coffee 1-10 lb. green or 2-25 lb. roasted.

**(3-20)**

Sugar 3-20 lb.

Salt 1-50 qt.

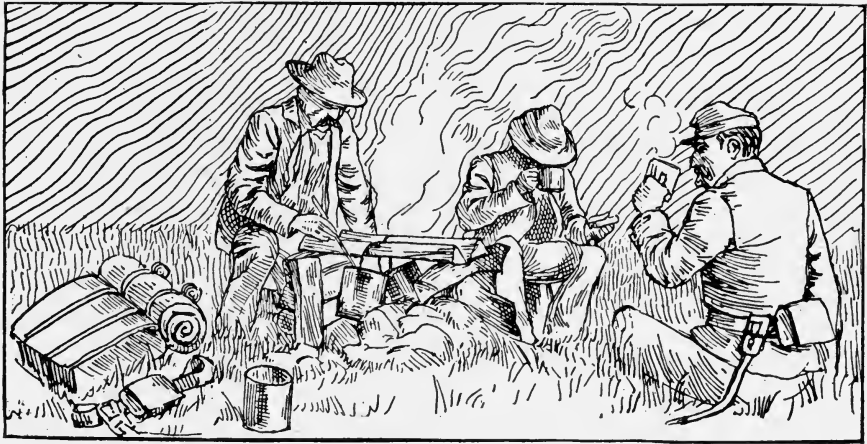
Pepper 1-25 oz.

Vinegar 1-25 qt.

Candles 1-5 lb.

Soap, 1-25 lb.

The government furnished to each man (1) a tin dipper with a handle on the side. Usually he bored two holes in the sides so as to put a wire through for a holder on top when he cooked coffee over a fire: often a



tomato can was used instead. (2) A tin plate, sometimes used as a frying pan, but a poor substitute. (3) Knife, fork, and spoon, all substantial but not elegant.

The dipper was used for both coffee and soup, and like the plate was usually cleaned if at all with soft bread if there was any to spare. The knife and fork were easily cleaned by running them into the ground a few times.

The government furnished candles but not candlesticks. For this purpose a bayonet was most convenient, but often a little grease was poured wherever the candle was wanted from the candle itself, and the candle, held a moment in the cooling fat, would soon be firmly fixed. In the absence of candles we imitated the old Roman lamp, by filling a sardine box with grease of some kind, and igniting a rag floating in it.

The dessicated vegetables were not very satisfactory: we used to call them desecrated vegetables.

Hardtack was a plain flour-and-water biscuit  $3 \times 2 \times \frac{1}{2}$  inches. The daily ration was 9 to a man, sometimes 10, but there

were usually a plenty, as not all men draw all they were entitled to. Some were so hard they could not be bitten, and when soaked became like gutta-percha. When they had been wet they were usually mouldy, and they sometimes contained maggots or weevils, a little brown bug  $\frac{1}{8}$  inch long. When a man broke up his hard tack in his coffee he might find the weevils squirming around on top.

The beef was usually boiled when served cooked, but men preferred to have it given out raw and cook it themselves, oftenest broiling it. The salt beef was penetrated with saltpetre, colored like rust on yellow green. I have had it dealt out to me when it was rank and smelled to heaven but not of it, but as a whole our rations were sound and wholesome. The coffee was especially good, and was in fact the soldier's main stay. What we each man drank at every meal would keep a New England family a day, but in the open air it did not hurt us, and it was a constant comfort.

The southern soldier stuck to his frying pan, often carrying it with the handle stuck into the barrel of his musket. When

meal time came pork was fried into gravy and the biscuit, fried or soaked in water, was wiped in it and eaten. Southern soldiers also ate "slosh" or "coosh", frying out the bacon till the frying-pan was half full of grease boiling, and then pouring into it flour mixed with water to the consistency of milk, and stirring till it became a dirty brown mixture. In its elements this was not so different from the flapjack, except that the latter was mixed with less water, the grease only covered the bottom of the pan, and the paste when browned on the under side was by a dexterous twist of the hand tossed over and browned on the other side. Slosh did not seem attractive to us, but the hungry Johnnies would dream of "the solid slices of streaked lean and fat, the limpid gravy, the brown pan of slosh inviting you to sop it".

Cole says: "Sometimes to vary the bill of

fare pieces of pork and broken crackers would be put into the tin and stewed together. This we called lob scouse. If some corn, potatoes, or other vegetables could be added it was called a son of a gun."

Little as we cared for the southern fried dishes we were always glad to get hold of their pone, unraised corn bread baked in the ashes. But there was probably never any other army so fond of the frying-pan as the confederates. The Indian mutiny was caused by the introduction of the greased cartridges required by the Enfield rifle. The men thought they would lose caste if they bit cartridges covered with the fat of pigs and cows.

A native cook in an Indian regiment complained to the colonel. "Sahib, they tell me everything tough—beef, mutton tough, chicken tough, now they say butter



WHEN BOXES COME FROM HOME



tough: how can that be?" A Highlander used to disdain butter. He argued that if the bread was good it didn't need butter, and if it was bad it did not deserve it.

We were glad to get back to camp, but we found that in our absence thieves had made busy with our quarters, so there had to be much repairing and rebuilding. Many of the men had lost their knapsacks in the battle or on the way, and slept cold for lack of overcoats and blankets.

May 8. *Cloudy. Got a big mail at night.*

May 9. *Pleasant. Inspection again.*

May 10. *Had Inspection. Cooked some Doughnuts.*

May 11. *Very hot. Went down to Potomac Creek in swimming. The Reg't went on Review.*

The swimming place was not far from camp, as appears in the map on inside cover.

May 12. *Pleasant. Went on picket.*

May 13. *Played Bluff and won 1.50*

May 14. *Rainy. Lost at Bluff.*

May 15. *Returned to Camp.*

May 16. *Pleasant. Played Bluff all day. Drew the \$3.00 remaining of the Chaplain.*

Holy Jo was very good about it. He knew what I was drawing all this money out for, and he made me feel he knew, but he never said a word about it. He was merely the custodian of my money, and if I chose to draw it I was not obliged to give a reason. Besides, he no doubt thought I was learning a lesson, and was glad to see me lose. He did not know the personal feeling behind it all.

May 17. *Pleasant. Had Inspection.*

May 18. *Pleasant. Lost \$12.00 at Bluff.*

May 19. *Pleasant. Moved Camp today. Pitched alone and had only one half*

*tent to work with, so I made a rough looking concern.*

This moving camp was for sanitary reasons, a winter camp becoming intolerable when the warm weather begins. Our regiment moved about half a mile to the rear.

May 20. *Pleasant. Took a walk down by Birney's Div. who are still in Winter Camp. The 16th Mass & 11th Jersey have got beautiful Camps.*

May 21. *Pleasant. Was on Orderly. Our Camp is being fixed up very prettily.*

Many bowers were erected in front of the officers' headquarters, and the rest of us sheltered our tents as much as we could, the sun having become oppressive. Major Walker had a rural chapel built, where services were held on Sunday, with nightly prayer meetings.

May 22. *Pleasant. Attended Church & Singing in the evening.*

May 23. *Cloudy. Very warm in P. M.*

May 24. *Warm. Lost \$3.00 at Bluff.*

May 25. *Pleasant. Pay Day. Received \$24.00 & of course paid about \$11 away in Debts. Won \$2.00 at night.*

May 26. *Pleasant. Lost \$7.00 at Bluff.*

May 27. *Pleasant. Went on picket with the Jersey Brigade. Played Bluff and won \$9.00 Were in a new place close to the River. Co. D. stopped in a Barn.*

May 28. *Pleasant. Won \$5.00 at Bluff.*

May 29. *Lost \$20.00 at Bluff. No comment is needed.*

May 30. *Pleasant. Came home. Received box from home. All in good order. Hat, Shoes, Shirts, etc.*

I thought home-made shoes would be more comfortable, but I soon discarded them for the army pattern.

May 31. *Warm. Was on Orderly.*

*June 1. Pleasant. Beautiful day.*

*June 2. Pleasant. Got paper from N. Y.*

*June 3. Cloudy. Dr. Gunn and Searj't Bigelow were buried by the Reg't to-day. 8th Regular Band.*

A military funeral at the front is a solemn occasion, as Chaplain Quint has well described in "The Potomac and the Rapidan", one of the most real books of reminiscences I have seen:

"A suitable escort (for a private, eight rank and file, properly commanded) is formed in two ranks opposite to the tent of the deceased, with shouldered arms and bayonets unfixed; on the appearance of the coffin the soldiers present arms. The procession then forms, on each side of the coffin being three bearers, without arms; immediately preceding are the eight soldiers, with arms reversed (the musket under the left arm, barrel downward, and steadied by the right hand behind the back); in front is the music, than whose dirge no

sadder sounds ever fell upon my ear, as they proceed to the place of burial. With slow and measured step, and muffled drum, they move. At the grave, the coffin is placed upon one side, the soldiers resting upon their arms, the muzzle upon the foot, the hands clasped upon the butt, and the head bowed upon the hands. The chaplain who has walked in the rear of the coffin, conducts the burial service; 'earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust'. Three volleys are fired over the grave, and the last kindness to the comrade is over. The graveyard left, immediately the band strikes up a cheerful air, and all take their way back to camp and to living duties."

On this occasion on the way back the band played, "Ain't we glad to get out of the wilderness?", emphasizing that the mourning stops when we turn back from the grave.

*June 4. Cloudy. Orders came to march but were countermanded.*



ON PICKET UNDER MARCHING ORDERS

*June 5. Pleasant. Went on picket. Were Brig. Reserve. The whole Army received marching Orders.*

There had been rumors of the gathering of the confederate army near Culpeper for a northern invasion, and to-day a division of the 6th corps crossed the river below Fredericksburg to see whether the southern army was there in force. The 26th N. J. paddled in pontoons, as before the battle of Chancellorsville, carried the rifle-pits

across the river, and captured 80 prisoners, whereupon Howe's division crossed and intrenched themselves south of the river.

*June 6. Rainy. Lost \$4.00 at Bluff.*

*June 7. Cloudy. The Quartermaster came out bringing Marching Orders for the Reg't. Went back to Camp to look for my stuff.*

*June 8. Pleasant. The Reg't came in.*

*June 9. Pleasant. Drills.*

*June 10. Pleasant. Drills.*

## CHAPTER XVI. THE MARCH TO GETTYSBURG



THE march to Gettysburg was much the longest and hardest I had. My diary tells the story without need of many comments.

*June 11. Pleasant. While at dinner orders came to move. In an hour we started. Hot and dusty roads made it hard travelling and I put my stuff on one of the teams. Went to Harwood Church. Slept with "Nosie" of the 16th.*

"Pack up and be ready to fall in in half an hour." So read the order. The 6th

corps had crossed the river below the city some time before and entrenched themselves, so we supposed we were to relieve them. As it was only about 8 miles there we loaded ourselves down pretty heavily, but when we started up the river instead of down, away went considerable superlative luggage. As we passed along by the encampments of the 2d corps we saw them taking up ovens and many other unmistakable indications of a decided change of base, but we bivouacked at Hartwood church in quite good humor.

*June 12. Hot. Gen. Sickles had orders to go to Beverly Ford, so we had to march there, though it was 27 miles and it was a*



A MIDNIGHT BIVOUAC

*hard road and hot dusty day. It was an awful hot day. Many dropped dead on the road. Our Reg't was sent out on picket at the Ford.*

This was one of the hardest marches I made, as the route on the map indicates. Four men in our own brigade died of exhaustion. McCarthy says: "In summer time the dust combined with the heat caused great suffering. The nostrils of the men, filled with dust, became dry and feverish, and even the throat did not escape. The grit was felt between the teeth, and the eyes were rendered almost useless. There was dust in eyes, mouth, ears, and hair. The shoes were full of sand, and the dust, penetrating the clothes and getting in at the neck, wrists, and ankles, mixed with perspiration produced an irritant almost as active as cantharides."

*June 13. Cloudy. A large lot of men were detailed at night from the Brigade to throw up intrenchments. Through the day we staid looking at the Rebels.*

*June 14. Pleasant. The Intrenchments were completed in the morning and the Rebels looked much surprised. At night had or-*

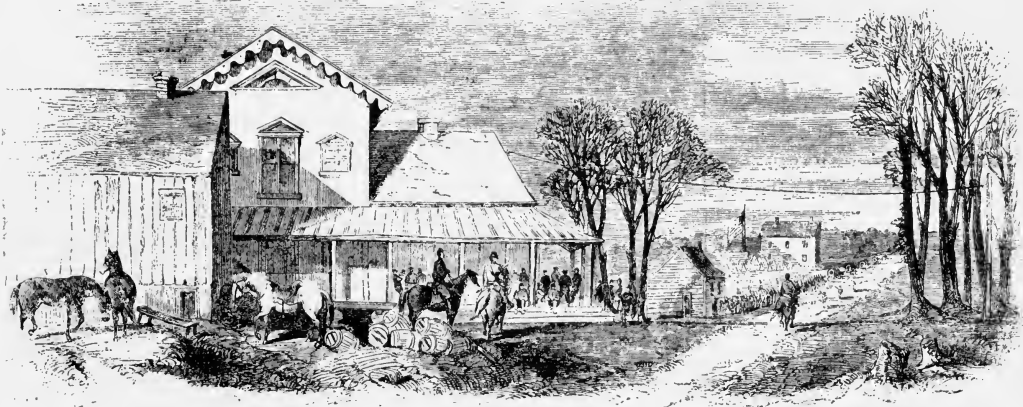
*ders to march and marched all night down the R. R. passing Bealton.*

McCarthy says: "Night marching was attended with additional discomforts and dangers, such as falling off bridges, stumbling into ditches, tearing the face and injuring the eyes against the bushes and projecting limbs of trees often sprung back from a soldier ahead who had passed them and carried them along with him only to fly back like a switch."

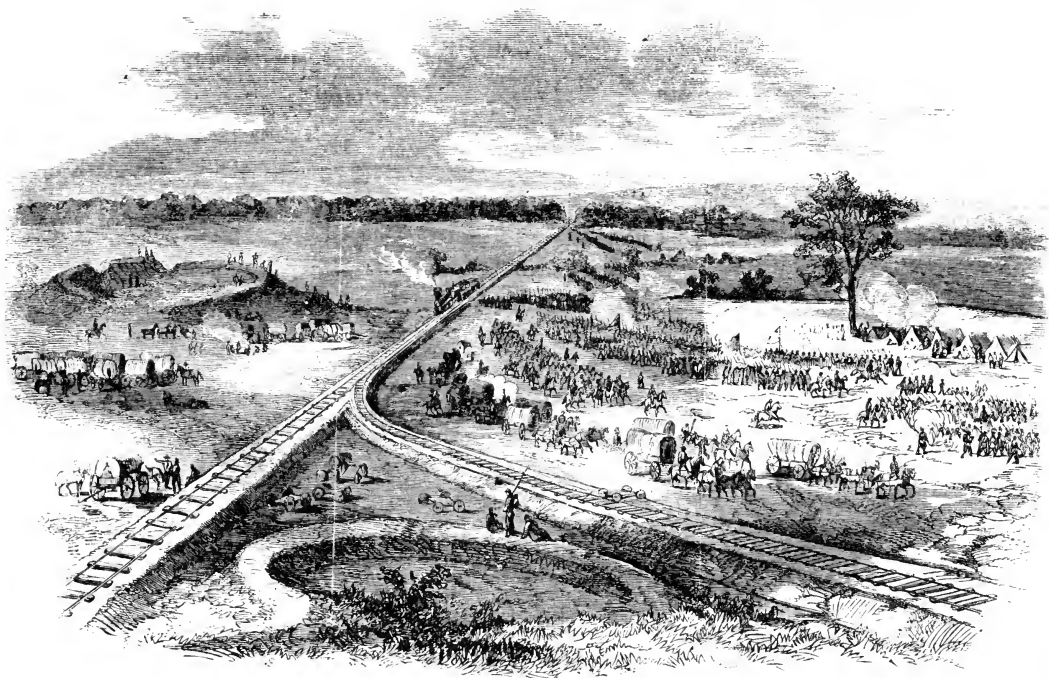
*June 15. Very hot. Had hard work to keep my eyes open. We did not halt untill we got to Catlett's Station about 10 A. M. Here we halted in the hot sun two or three hours and started again and marched to Manassas Junction. A hard march too, with no water hardly. We halted about 10 P. M. having marched some 35 miles and been 40 hours without sleep.*

I did pretty well to stand that march; a great many grown men didn't.

Never again did I suffer for water as on this day. I saw men cutting off half a mile to the right where a spring was said to be, and I followed. Whatever it may have been in the beginning, when I got there I



CATLETT'S STATION, ORANGE AND ALEXANDRIA RAILROAD



MARCHING PAST MANASSAS JUNCTION



BATTLEFIELD OF BULL RUN; Thoroughfare Gap and Blue Ridge in the distance





THE HOTEL AT CENTREVILLE, VA.

found only mud too thick to drink. So I marched an extra mile for nothing.

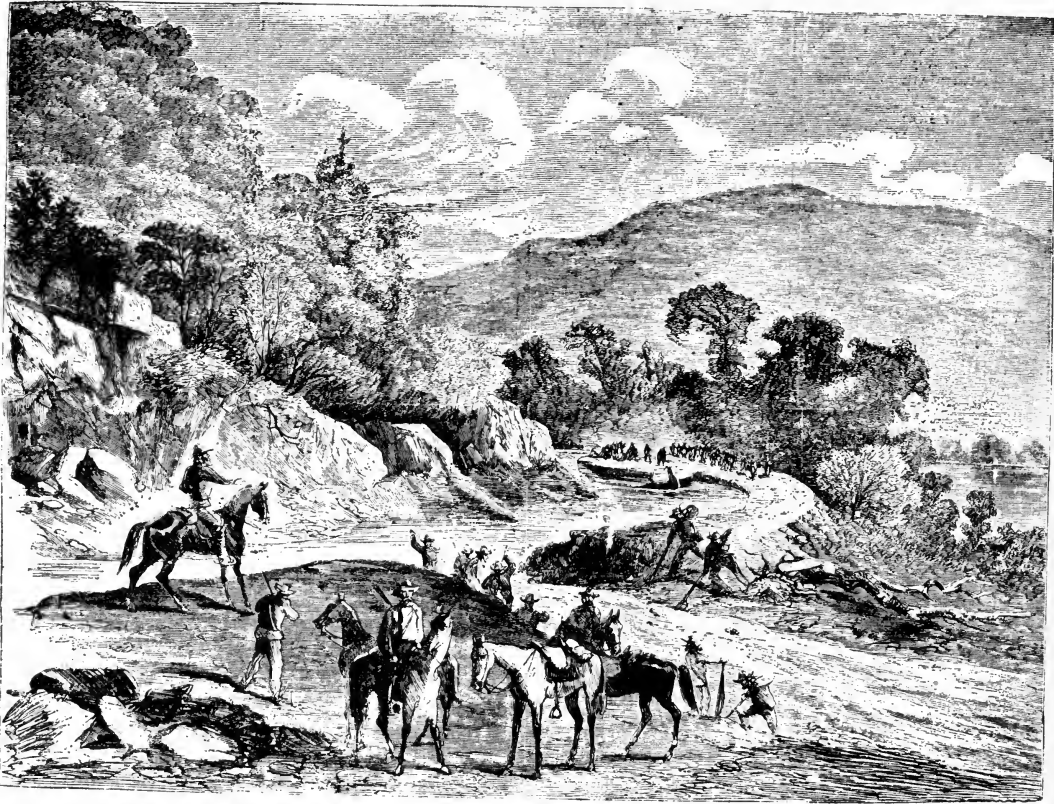
"People at home don't value water," said one soldier. "If they saw the men out here with cracked and blackened lips and tongues swollen with the terrible thirst they would value it more."

*June 16. Very hot. Moved about a mile, The 84th Penn. and 12th N. H. added to our brigade from the 3rd Div, making 7 regiments.*

We were now near the Bull Run battle; field. The regiment had been in both the

first and the second Bull Run fights, and every spot had associations for them.

In "Four Years of Fighting" Coffin tells us that at Blackburn's Ford, July 21, the 1st Massachusetts received the hottest of the fire. One soldier in the thickest of the fight was shot; he passed his musket to his comrade, saying, "It's all right, Bill," and immediately expired. The soldier standing next to Lt. Col. Wells received two shots in his arm. He handed his gun to the Colonel, saying, "Here, I can't use it; take it and use it."



CONFEDERATES DESTROYING THE CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO CANAL

*June 17. Hot. Started ahead and went near Centreville, about six miles.*

*June 18. Hot. Had thunder Storm in P. M. and when over moved out of our tents which we had fixed in good shape, over the other side of Centreville. Slept with only a wet shelter tent over me.*

*June 19. Cloudy. Laid out Brigade Camp and while aligning the Guides, had orders to march. Went to Gum Springs. All citizens forced to accompany the column.*

*June 20. Cloudy. Joined the Brigade. Played Bluff all day. Give a description of Gum Springs.*

The last is in pencil, to indicate a purpose that was not carried out. Gum Springs was formerly a fashionable Virginia resort.

*June 21. Pleasant. Moved into a beautiful wood. Col. Baldwin arrived. We are short of Rations.*

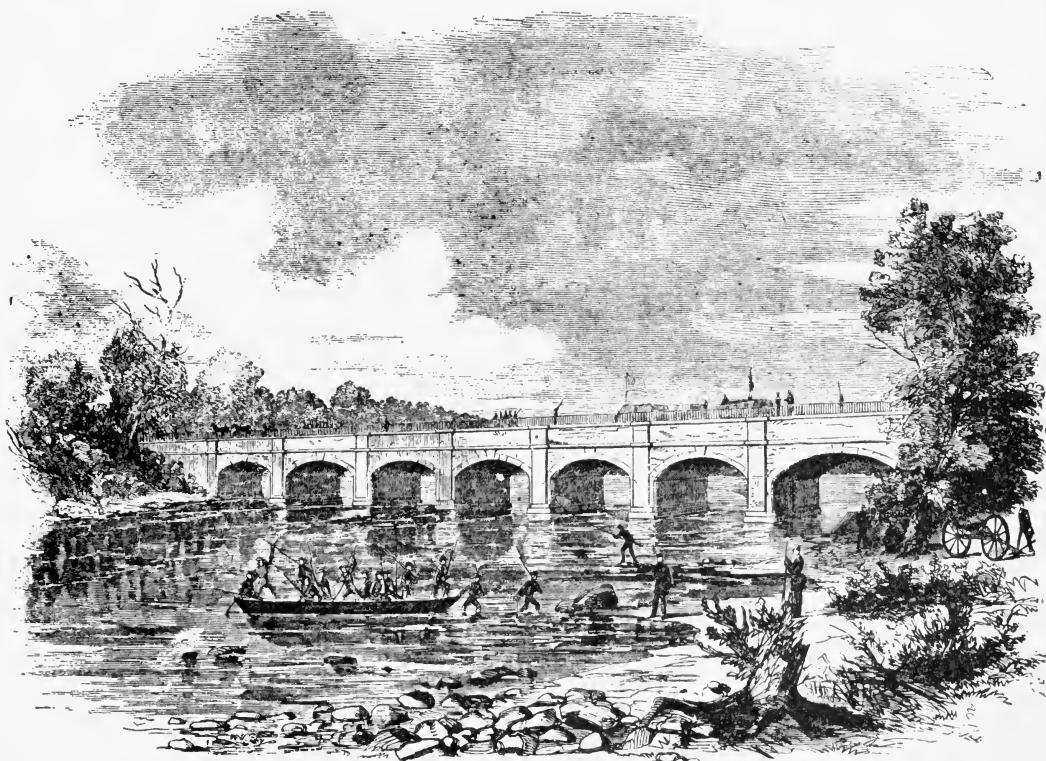
*June 22. Pleasant. Won \$7.00 at Bluff.*

*June 23. Pleasant. Won \$2.00 at Bluff.*

*June 24. Pleasant. Lost \$8.00 at Bluff and was broken.*

*June 25. Rainy. Marched to Edwards Ferry, crossed the Potomac, and marched up the towpath of the B & O Canal to Monocacy. Only 17 footmen kept up with the Reg't.*

It was some 20 miles to Edwards Ferry where we crossed on pontoons. All of us felt glad to shake off Virginia soil, and we expected to stop, as it was nearly dark and had begun to rain. But no, we started on



AQUEDUCT OF THE C. &amp; O. CANAL, AT THE MOUTH OF THE MONOCACY

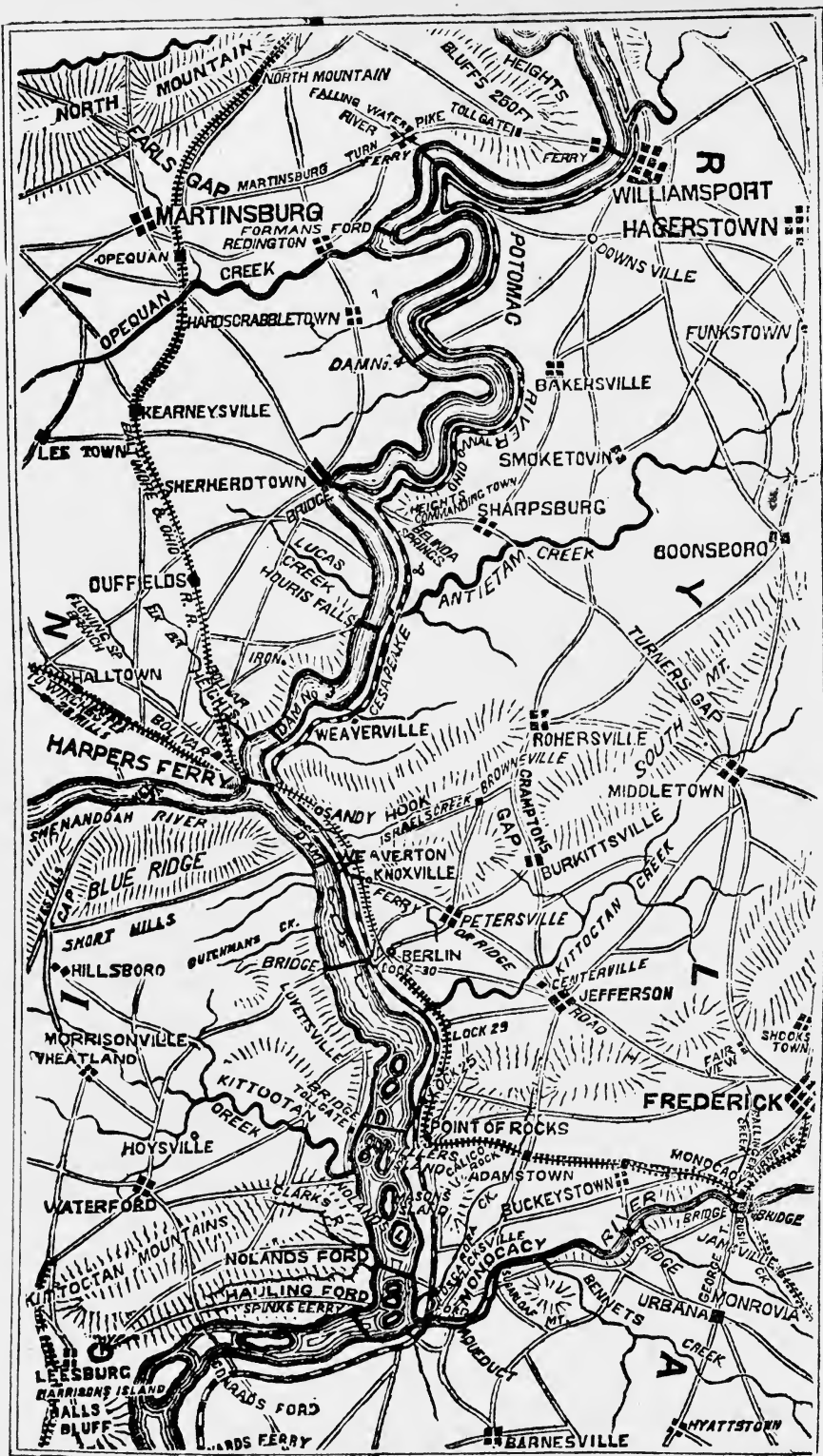
again and as the Potomac was on one side and the canal on the other it was not easy to straggle far. For a while it was good walking, but soon it became muddy and slippery and by ten o'clock we could appreciate the old problem of the frog in the well who jumped up three feet every day and fell back two.

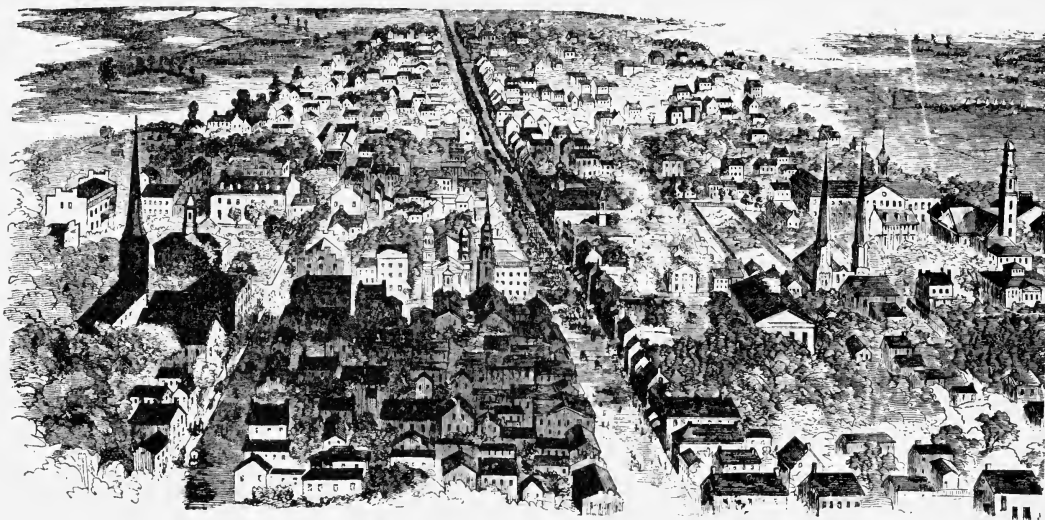
This picture shows how narrow the path was, and how difficult it must have been for an army to march along the towpath at night. In fact the rain raised the canal so high that in places it flowed over its banks into the Potomac, and more than one poor fellow mistook his path and plunged into the canal.

I remember that Capt. Cook, on brigade staff, rode down the lines two or three times

and as he was asked how much farther we were going invariably replied, "About half a mile; not far." He was soon after ordered off with his regiment, the 27th N. H., and the next time I saw him was on Broadway. I asked him with a smile, "How much farther are we going, Captain?" and the joke must have become familiar, for though of course he did not know me he replied with a hearty laugh, "Not much farther: half a mile."

But after being told it was half a mile three or four times the men became discouraged and falling out became so frequent that when the regiment reached the Monocacy Chaplain Cudworth says there were only seven men left, five of whom were mounted officers. As he was probably one





FREDERICK CITY, MD.

of the five while I certainly was not one of the two, I yield my figures to his. A subsequent note in pencil records that this was one of the three hardest marches. The other two were June 12 and June 15.

*June 26. Rainy. Had a hard march and slippery road and reached Point of Rocks about five o'clock. Got a hatful of cherries, which in part compensated for nothing to eat. Passed Monocacy Aqueduct, a fine structure.*

It rained all night and everything got soaked through. My woolen blanket was too heavy to carry so I left it. I caught up with the regiment about ten o'clock. We got bacon as well as cherries at Point of Rocks. The cherries we had in plenty in Maryland if we could get far enough away from the column, but the officers would not let men climb the trees.

*June 27. Rainy. Started early and marched to Jefferson, a large and handsome place. From here we were sent to Burkettville on picket. Here those who had cash could get bread etc.*

At Burkettville we marched an eighth of a

mile on a brick sidewalk, and declared that we felt quite at home.

*June 28. Rainy. While the bells were ringing for Church, started again. Went through Middletown and Frederick. A fine city. We halted about 2 miles the other side of Frederick, and after resting an hour went on four miles farther. This is hard marching. Gen. Meade in command of the Army. Army doesn't like it.*



GEN. GEORGE G. MEADE. 1815-72

This was the fifth change of commander-in-chief in ten months. Of course I did not converse with the entire army and my statement brought down to rock bottom is based on the fact that my





A CHANCE TO WASH UP

division, especially my brigade, and most especially my regiment, the dozen men I talked with, didn't like him. We still felt that our reputation was bound up with Hooker's, and we resented his dismissal from command, so we were prejudiced against Meade from the start. But that dislike grew, and with good reason, as will appear later. Doubleday says that Meade might have saved Chancellorsville.

*June 29. Rainy. Went on again, starting before we had enough for breakfast. Passed through Taneytown, a very hospitable place and halted about 4 o'clock on the farther side of the town. Here we received our mail. The fellows had a chance to wash up, which was needed as they had got rather lousy.*

We halted about 10 in the evening, but started again about four in the morning.

Our mail was very welcome; many a poor fellow got his last letter here.

We knew we should have a battle somewhere near Gettysburg, but did not know just where, though we thought between there and Emmitsburg.

*June 30. Rainy. An old man brought cakes and bread into Camp, to give to the Soldiers. He would take no pay. The 12th and 11th Corps passed us. Started about 3 o'clock, and marched half way to Emmetsburg where we halted for the night. Burditt and I went over to a house and got supper, for which they would take no pay.*

I like to record these instances of Maryland hospitality. We got well acquainted with Maryland bread, huge loaves baked in ovens outside the house, and tasting to us like manna in the wilderness.



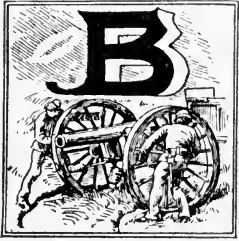


MARYLAND HOSPITALITY TO UNION SOLDIERS

We marched a little beyond Emmetsburg and halted, so I came back into the village to get something to eat. A curious thing happened here: I found a two-dollar bill lying on the ground. I picked it up and looked about. There was nobody who seemed to have dropped it, and I knew if I asked for the owner every man

within hearing would claim it, so I kept it and made good use of it, for I was entirely without money. But before long I saw the signal flags flying vigorously and I hurried back to the regiment. We marched at an unusually fast pace, and raised a cheer as we crossed the Pennsylvania line.

## CHAPTER XVII. THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.



BEYOND comparison, the battle of Gettysburg was the greatest experience of my life, beside which everything else seems commonplace. It was not

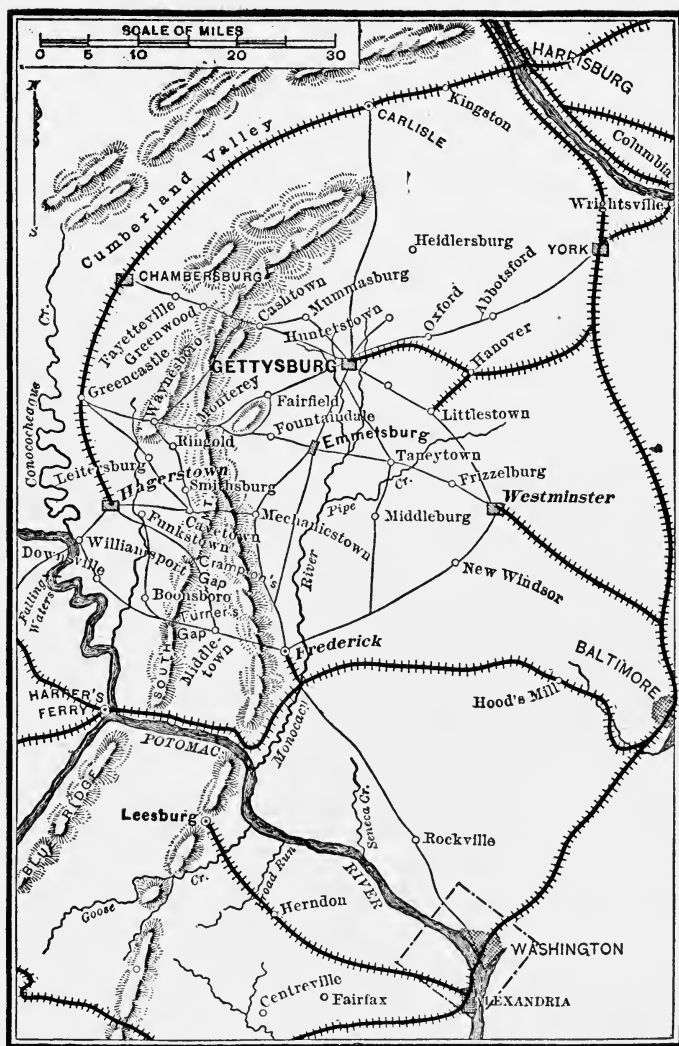
only the greatest battle of the war but one of the great battles of the world. If Creasy rewrote his book, he would have to change his title or displace one of his fifteen for Gettysburg. I hesitate to say how much it meant to our army, but as I am telling everything else I may as well tell this, that if the battle had gone against us I should have made straight for Fitchburg, and I should have had lots of company. We had lost battle after battle, by blunder after blunder, of commander after commander, and we had lost all confidence. It was common talk in the ranks, "We'll do our level best here, but if we can't lick the rebs on Yankee soil that's the end of it for us."

Gen. Birney meant substantially this when he testified before the congressional committee: "To have retreated while the enemy were in our loyal state of Pennsylvania would have been almost fatal to the command, if not to the country;" and Gen. Butterfield, that "It would have resulted in the destruction of the army."

And our regiment was in the thick of the battle. I have shown that at Chancellorsville it was our division that was sent in to stay the panic when Howard's 11th corps broke and fled like a stampede of horses,

and that our regiment rested on the plank road and had to endure another stampede when the 3d Md. broke on one side and the 120th N. Y. on the other. Even more responsible was the work of the 1st Mass. at Gettysburg. The battle was won at the end of the second day, and only through the throwing forward of our division to the Emmitsburg road. Of that division our brigade had the van. The monuments of the Excelsior brigade all bear the inscription that they *supported* Carr's brigade. Of that brigade we shall see that two regiments carried off the honors; the 26th Pa. and the 1st Mass. On the picture of the map of the battlefield by Bachelder (shown facing the inside cover), approved by the corps commanders, the position of the 1st Mass. is shown as the most advanced in the entire army, beyond the Peter Rogers house. Our monument is near that house on the *west* of the Emmitsburg road. The 26th's monument is on the east of the road, as usual in close supporting distance. A section of this map faces the inside cover.

By the map opposite (I still use Doubleday's, for they leave nothing to be desired) it will be seen that Gettysburg is the centre of a large region. Doubleday compares Gettysburg to the hub of a wheel, with a railroad and seven great roads leading out of it, to Hagerstown, Chambersburg, Carlisle, Harrisburg, York, Frederick, and Taneytown. With our troops in possession of Gettysburg we could check the enemy on any of these roads, as we held the centre. If the enemy held it he could shorten and strengthen his line to Williamsport, from which he got his supplies.



Yet it was not chosen by either side. Lee had no intention of fighting there and Meade was planning to make Pipe creek his line of battle.

It is officially on record that at 3 o'clock on July 2 Meade telegraphed to Halleck, "If satisfied the enemy is endeavoring to move to my rear, I shall fall back on my supplies at Westminister." And they certainly were trying that very thing.

Pleasanton claims to have tried to impress upon Gen. Meade that the result of the campaign depended upon which army first gained possession of Gettysburg, but as Meade failed to realize the situation Pleasanton ordered Buford to Gettysburg to hold the place at all hazards. He says: "While this terrible fight of the first day was raging. . . Gen. Meade was 17 miles off, at Taneytown, leisurely planning a line of

battle on some obscure creek between that and Gettysburg."

The confederate troops were stretched along the Cumberland valley, as if to cover Meade's plan of a line upon Pipe creek, while we were keeping between them and Washington. Our regiment had come up through Middleburg and Taneytown and Emmitsburg. The 1st Corps was already at Gettysburg. The 11th and 12th Corps had passed us on the way. The other corps were within thirty miles and could be summoned. As my diary records, we had known for some time that a battle was impending, and that it must be somewhere in this region.

*July 1. Rainy. An order was read to the troops from Gen. Mead exhorting the men to deeds of valor. Marched through Emmitsburg to the battlefield of Gettysburg, where we found the 1st & 12th Corps.*



GEN. ANDREW A. HUMPHREYS, 1810-83

We were led on this march by Gen. Humphreys, "Old Goggle-eyes" we used to call him, another man we did not like before the battle, but whom after the battle we were ready to swear by, for he showed himself a hero and a leader.

About nine in the evening we came to a stream, which we were to ford waist high. I was pretty well exhausted anyway, and when I saw that stream I said to myself, not for me. So I fell out, lay down under a tree near the road, and went to sleep,

well aware that I was not unlikely to be picked up by guerillas and taken to Libby prison, of which we had begun to hear something. When I woke up troops were marching in the other direction, and as I thought they might be confederates, I lay quiet and listened. Presently I recognized Lt. Col. Baldwin's profanity, whereupon I sprang up and rejoined my regiment. It seems they had missed the road, owing to "Goggle-eye's" stupidity as they put it, and had forded the stream back again. "Just his damned luck," they said in disgust, when they saw me dry and rested.

The first intimation Gen. Humphreys got that we were on the wrong road was given by two of our men who came in with a confederate sergeant they had captured. They had straggled off to get something to eat, and seeing this man ordered him to surrender. His first remark was, "How in hell did you get here?" They concluded all was not right, and forming themselves into a scouting party found a confederate battery within a quarter of a mile of where our troops were. An aide rode down the line and commanded the troops to counter-march without noise, and we got away without being discovered. We reached Gettysburg at about 1 o'clock a. m.

We had heard the heavy firing of the first day's battle, beyond Gettysburg, but were too exhausted to look about, and sank down to sleep as soon as we were halted.

This march from Emmitsburg was undertaken by Gen. Sickles without orders. After the unfortunate death of Gen. Reynolds, Gen. Howard sent word to him from Gettysburg, "For God's sake come up with all speed. They are pressing us hard." The same appeal was sent to Gen. Slocum, who moved promptly, although it was not



GEN. JOHN F. REYNOLDS, 1820-63

a command from headquarters, and Sickles was a born fighter, who had no notion of remaining idle within sound of the battle. So he made a forced march, and though Howard, who had lost 1500 prisoners, ungenerously declares Sickles got there after the first day's fighting was over, we may be sure he was very glad to have his 11th Corps, which had behaved better than at Chancellorsville, protected by the same troops that had filled the gap they left at Dowdall's tavern. At the time he said, "Here you are, general, always reliable, always first." But men forget.

Meade unquestionably disapproved of this encounter. Doubleday says that Meade displaced both him and Howard, putting them under junior officers, to show his disapproval of the fighting on the first day, perhaps to hold them as scapegoats if the battle were finally lost. Doubleday says: "A charge was ordered about dusk. Gen. Newton, who had been put over me, ordered it stopped, but my front line kept on, regained Hancock's four guns and two of the enemy, and brought in prisoners, apologizing to me for not halting."

*July 2. Rainy. The battle was recommenced in the morning, but nothing of importance occurred untill afternoon when the attack was suddenly made upon our left. and the fight commenced in earnest. Our men were driven at first, but the 5th Corps*

*came up and formed on our left, which ended any doubts as to the result.*

At two o'clock in the afternoon I sat in the limbs of a tree in front of our brigade, writing in the very green diary from which all these entries are copied. There was no fighting just then, but we could see the confederate wagon trains and artillery moving to our left. I particularly remember an officer on a white horse who rode up and down far in front of me, apparently close by the confederate woods. He seemed so needlessly reckless that I wondered whether he had anybody at home to care whether he was killed or not.

Two hours later that tree was a centre for artillery fire, but I had moved.

Wellington said of Waterloo: "People ask me to describe Waterloo. I tell them it was hard pounding on both sides and we pounded the hardest." So of Siborn's model of Waterloo, he said "It's all a farce, fudge! They went to one officer and said, what did you do? I did so and so. Then to another, What did you do? I did such and such a thing. One did it at ten, another at twelve, and they have mixed it all up. A battle is like a ball, they keep footing it all day long."

I am not going to describe all the battle of Gettysburg. The battlefield covered 25 square miles, but I shall speak only of what I saw, which ought to simplify matters. A man in the 1st Corps will see only the first day and tell how his regiment fought there, and a man in the 5th Corps will think his brigade won the battle. I am going to tell only what happened to the 1st Mass. But it is beyond dispute that the crisis was on Thursday afternoon and we were in the midst of it. So while in this way I keep my story simple and connected, I am at the

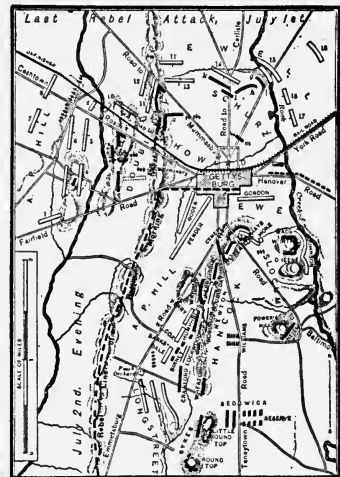
same time telling what decided the battle.

If anybody tells you that the battle of Gettysburg was won on the third day, don't you believe him. We did not know it, but it was already won at sunset of the second day. Before Gen. Meade rose from the council on the evening of the second day, and said angrily, "Have it your own way, gentlemen, but Gettysburg is no place to fight a battle in," the battle had already been fought and won. It was a defeated army that made the charge on the third day. The charge was an impossible, a preposterous attempt, as Gen. Lee afterward acknowledged. The troops engaged were less than half as many as had attacked us the second day, and the killed and wounded on the last four hours of the second day were more than in all the rest of the three days. Gen. Hancock, who was in command of the position attacked on the third day, testifies that Pickett's charge was repelled mainly by six small brigades. Suppose the confederates had carried the hill and even captured and turned the guns, there was the whole great army of the Potomac ready to plunge upon what was left of their poor little 14,300 men. Of our own division, severely as it had suffered the day before, Gen. Humphreys says the only difficulty he had the third day was to keep them back from leaping over the breastworks and fighting Pickett's men hand to hand. Pickett had no chance.

I am going to describe our part in these four hours, but I recognize the difficulty of it. The accounts I have given of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville seem clear to me, but I am aware that to many of my readers they have been mere words, so impossible is it for me to supply my background of remembrance. I have felt my helplessness as I stood before a class

of children and tried to make an incident of the war real to them. They would look back smiling and seem to be interested, but war, battle, shot, shell, minie bullets, wounds, death, these were all mere words. Nobody born since the war can realize what it meant to feel that our nation was in jeopardy, or even to watch for news of battle in which a father or a husband was engaged. We have had a little hybrid Spanish war, but what a poor, purposeless, mismanaged, hopeless, helpless affair it was. Told by some one that he lost a relative in the civil war, you ask, "In what battle?" Told that it was in the Spanish war, you propound the alternative, "Typhoid fever or dysentery?"

Let us first get the ground clearly in mind. Taking this map of Doubleday's,



which, while it gives more fully the details of the first day, when Doubleday himself was for a time in command, is yet like all his maps excellent throughout, it will be seen that the axis of the field is the Emmitsburg road. To the west may be seen the confederate line of the morning; say rather of three in the afternoon, for all the morn-



ing their troops were moving to this position. Midway north and south of this road is the Peach orchard. Of this the Comte de Paris says (The Civil War in America, Philadelphia, 1883): "Lee, convinced of how much the position of the orchard will be useful for the final attack, has been under the impression that he should begin by taking possession of it, inasmuch as it would be the first point to be met on the Emmitsburg road." Keep the location of this Peach orchard in mind, for a momentous hour it was a central point of the battle. The government plans to restore this orchard so far as possible to just its appearance on this July 2d.

Southeast you see the Round Tops. The stream west of them is Plum run, and between the branches of Plum run is the Devil's Den, well named for the bloody work done there that afternoon. The ridge from the Round Top to Cemetery hill is clearly marked. Compare the map facing left inside cover.

Now let us keep in mind that the general plan of the confederates was to move south by the Emmitsburg road and attack our left in flank, that is from the south, charging up the Emmitsburg road. Let us also keep in mind that in this they were foiled, getting at the farthest only to the points shown by the white rectangles, while our troops at night held the positions shown by the black rectangles.

Next let us divide the struggle of the day into three periods: (1) the preliminary skirmishing till 2 o'clock; (2) the wheel to the south of Birney's division; and the fighting till Gen. Sickles was wounded; (3) the order to face about, with the final contest for the ridge.

### 1. *Preliminary Skirmishing*

The 3d Corps held the left of the Union line. Gen. Hancock had posted the 2d Corps to cover 1300 yards. In accordance with orders Gen. Sickles so formed his two divisions, Humphreys's and Birney's, as to extend along a southerly line from the left of the 2d Corps, on Cemetery ridge, to a point near the base of Little Round Top. He sent out the 1st Massachusetts as a picketline beyond the Emmitsburg road. The 3d Brigade was detached to support the 1st Division, on our left. Our regiment was sent forward to occupy a little log house on the Emmitsburg road and the famous peach orchard near by. We could see the enemy in a woods half a mile to the west, on higher ground.

Capt. Lovell Purdy, jr., 74th N. Y., reports: "Orders were received to deploy on the road in front, on the right of the 26th Pa. and in the rear of the 1st Mass. There being a remnant of a fence in close proximity—Col. Hale immediately had breastworks erected (using fence rails for that purpose). The men moved with an alacrity I have never seen equalled. The 1st Mass. being engaged in the immediate front, several men in this regiment were wounded by chance shots."

### 2. *The Wheel to the South of Birney's Division*

As is seen from the map on page 221 our position at Gettysburg was shaped like a fish hook. Gen. Meade was most interested in the bow, and gave orders for an attack on our right, which Gen. Slocum took the liberty of not obeying. We were strong there, and it was wise to remain on the defensive. But on the left we were weak. You see Little Round Top and Round Top. A glance shows that if the confederates captured



THE DEVIL'S DEN

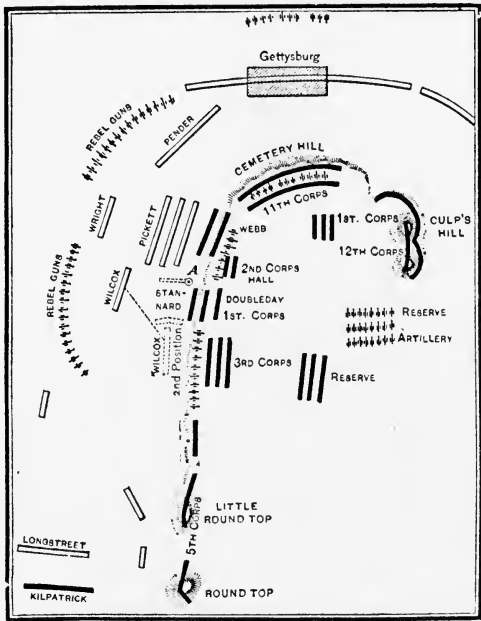
those two hills they could enfilade our position: that is, shoot their cannon balls and shells through the length of our line, with the certainty that every volley would be murderous.

The next day we used this enfilade against the confederates. Gen. Longstreet says: "The slaughter was terrible, the enfilade fires of the batteries on Round Top being very destructive. At times one shell would knock out five or six men."

Gen. Meade gave orders that our Corps should be posted between the 2d Corps and Little Round Top.

To Gen. Sickles the position thus occupied by the 3d Corps proved unsatisfactory. Cemetery ridge along the 2d Corps front had considerable elevation, but it did not extend all the way to Little Round Top, the ground sinking to low swale,

with no opportunity to use artillery or to maneuver troops. As the map shows, the Emmitsburg road runs close to Cemetery ridge where the 2d Corps was posted, but bears off to the southwest until it is a mile from Little Round Top. The triangle between that road and Little Round Top on the line designated by Gen. Meade was covered by a wide belt of woods, and broken up into steep ravines and knolls. It included the Devil's Den, a wild, rocky, partly wooded eminence, huge boulders about its base, some of them large as a house, its summit 80 feet above Plum Run, which separated it from Little Round Top. It was a strong tactical position. In its rear lay the wheatfield and other open ground for maneuvering troops. On the front and south its elevation, crowned with artillery, commanded the long approaches over which the



The position of troops here is that on night of July 2.

enemy must move to attack either the Round Tops or the position itself.

During the forenoon the pressure on his picket-lines convinced Gen. Sickles an attack would be made on his flank. He went to headquarters and asked Gen. Meade to accompany him to the left and examine the field. Gen. Meade declined, but finally sent Gen. Hunt, chief of artillery, who refused to assume responsibility for changing the line indicated by Gen. Meade.

The confederate picket-fire became so persistent that about 11:30 a. m. Gen. Sickles ordered a reconnoissance, sending out Berdan's sharpshooters, supported by the 3d Me., who entered the woods west of the Emmitsburg road. They met part of the Alabama brigade, and drove them far enough to see that three columns of infantry were in motion on the other side of the woods.

Gen. Sickles was now confronted with a problem of the gravest character; on his decision the fate of the battle might depend. His were the only troops in that part of the field, and the enemy was massing against him on his front and flank. If he occupied the Round Tops he could not hold the ground between him and Hancock. If he remained where he was the Round Tops would be occupied by the enemy, and his position become immediately untenable. Meade had withdrawn Buford's cavalry, so that he could no longer observe properly the screen of woods on his left. To recall his skirmish line from the Emmitsburg road would abandon the route by which half the army had reached the field, and lose communication with the strategic position at Emmitsburg which by direction of Gen. Meade he had with Gen. Humphreys examined the previous day as a possible battle-ground. Gen. Meade would not assist him by a personal examination of the situation. Apparently the flank movement that won the battle of Chancellorsville was to be repeated, by forces numbering two to his one. He could not hope to withstand the onset where he was, but if he could modify his position he could depend on his old 3d Corps to hold the ground till reserves were sent to his support.

*2. The Wheel to the south of Birney's Division.*

Gen. Sickles resolved to exercise the discretion of a corp commander, and occupy the strong line extending from the base of Little Round Top to the ridge at the Peach orchard on the Emmitsburg road, and await the impending attack there, instead of on the lower ground where he had been posted. Shortly after

2: p. m. he gave the order. Birney's division wheeled to the left and advanced 500 yards to the front of Little Round Top, where they occupied the high ground from the Devil's Den to the Peach orchard, the troops facing south.

Humphreys's division advanced to a position along the Emmitsburg road, its left connecting with Graham's brigade of Birney's division at the Peach orchard, at which point there was an obtuse angle in the general line, often referred to in the reports as a "salient angle".

Now comes the great controversy of the battle. We were at first placed as ordered, but Gen. Sickles, whose military instinct fathomed the enemy's intentions, as the Comte de Paris says, saw the attack was to be upon our left and thus protected his position. Was this wise? Gen. Halleck reports it was an error which nearly proved fatal. Pennypacker, Meade's fulsome panegyrist, says ("Great Commanders, General Meade," N. Y. 1901) that Sickles "would not have ventured to occupy this position on his own responsibility but for the spirit of insubordination prevailing among certain of the corps commanders". But Longstreet, who commanded the attack and the calamity of whose career was failure to succeed in it, says in "From Manassas to Appomattox" (Philadelphia, 1896): "At the opening of the fight Gen. Meade was with Gen. Sickles discussing the feasibility of moving the 3d Corps back to the line originally assigned for it, but the discussion was cut short by the opening of the confederate battle. If that opening had been delayed thirty or forty minutes the corps would have been thrown back to the general line, and my first deployment would have enveloped

Little Round Top and carried it before it could have been strongly manned, and Gen. Meade would have drawn off to his line selected behind Pipe creek."

In 1903 I met Gen. Sickles in the Brunswick hotel, Boston, and introduced myself as one of his old division. "I have maintained all these years," I said, "that the battle of Gettysburg was won by the advance position taken by your Corps under your own orders.

"That is absolutely true and demonstrated," he replied. "Only last fall I had a letter from Gen. Longstreet affirming what he had already published in his history of the war. I will send you a copy."

The letter is as follows, the second italicizing being mine:

"Office of the Commissioner of Railroads, Washington, September 19, 1902.

"My Dear General Sickles: My plan and desire was to meet you at Gettysburg on the interesting ceremony attending the unveiling of the Slocum monument; but to-day I find myself in no condition to keep the promise made you when last we were together. I am quite disabled from a severe hurt in one of my feet, so that I am unable to stand more than a minute or two at a time. Please present my sincere regrets to the noble Army of the Potomac, and accept them, especially, for yourself.

"*On that field you made your mark that will place you prominently before the world as one of the leading figures of the most important battle of the Civil War. As a Northern veteran once remarked to me: 'General Sickles can well afford to leave a leg on that field.'*

"*I believe that it is now conceded that the advanced position at the Peach Orchard, taken by your corps and under your orders, saved that battlefield to the Union cause.*



GEN. DANIEL E. SICKLES, 1825—

"It was the sorest and saddest reflection of my life for many years; but to-day I can say, with sincerest emotion, that it was and is the best that could have come to us all, North and South; and I hope that the nation, re-united, may always enjoy the honor and glory brought to it by that grand work.

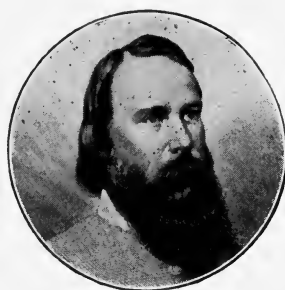
"Please offer my kindest salutations to your Governor and your fellow comrades of the Army of the Potomac.

"Always yours sincerely,

(Signed) JAMES LONGSTREET  
Lieutenant General Confederate Army"

Gen. Hunt, chief of the artillery, testifies: "I suppose the occupation of that advanced position compelled the enemy to attack us there, even if they had started to turn our left flank." This is exactly the point. They had started to turn our left flank, and to do it by the Emmitsburg road. They would have done it, had not this advance prevented. As the Comte de Paris points out, the 3d Corps by making so long a resistance, enabled Meade to place on his left forces much more numerous than those of his assailants.

Doubleday says: "The movement, disastrous in some respects, was propitious as regards its general results, for the enemy



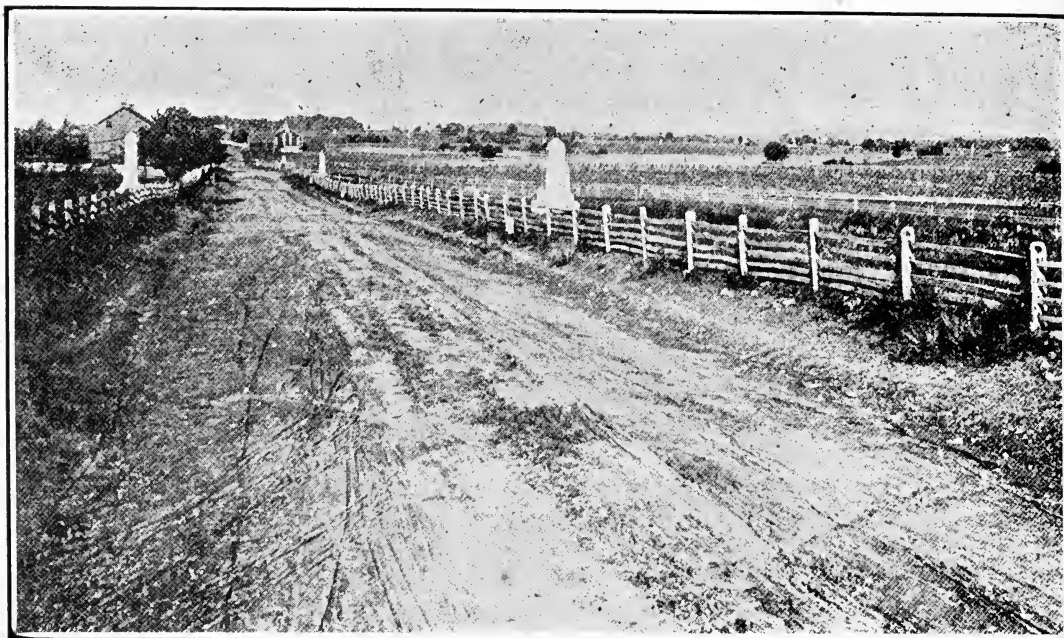
GEN. JAMES LONGSTREET, 1821-1904

had wasted all their strength and valor in gaining the Emmitsburg road, which after all was of no particular benefit to them."

This movement is commonly referred to as an advance of the 3d Corps to the Emmitsburg road, but this advance was only incidental to the real movement, which was the left wheel of Birney's division to the south to meet the flank attack, which soon came from that direction. Had Howard adopted the same tactics at Chancellorsville the battle would have been saved.

Let us admit that our troops formed a "salient angle", and that salient angles are dangerous; though in this instance the troops at this angle were fighting long after those on their left had given way, and the first break in Graham's brigade occurred not at the angle but up the Emmitsburg road: indeed the confederate cross-fire and enfilade did not drive one infantryman from his place.

Let us admit, again, that our lines were extended till it was impossible to maintain the ground without assistance. The Comte de Paris says: "The left of the federals, instead of terminating as the southern general in chief had thought, in the neighborhood of the orchard, was pro-



THE EMMITSBURG ROAD

longed in return from this point as far as Plum run, thus forming a convex line of great strength and difficult of access."

Wellington said of Waterloo, "Our army was drawn up into a good many squares, with the cavalry riding among them. I saw it was necessary to present a length of front to the enemy, so I made them fall into line, four deep. That manœuvre won the battle." Besides, why shouldn't Sickles have assistance? What was the rest of the army there for? In the morning he had warned Gen. Meade that the attack would be on the left, and Meade had replied, "O, generals are all apt to look for the attack to be made where they are."

Instead of sending the troops needed Meade withdrew Buford's cavalry, that had guarded our left, leaving our flank exposed. The Comte de Paris calls this one

of those blunders that frequently occur on the battlefield, compromising the safety of the federal line in just that part which will be the first to be menaced. So Sickles sent Ward's brigade to hold the Devil's Den, and advanced his line of battle on the right accordingly, to meet the oncoming attack on his left flank. Except for this movement nothing could have prevented Longstreet from seizing the Round Tops, and Gettysburg would have been another confederate victory.

Gen. Sickles describes his line as "from Round Top on the left, perpendicular to the Emmitsburg road, but somewhat *en echelon* with the line of battle established on Cemetery ridge," and says, "It was either a good line or a bad one, and whichever it was I took it on my own responsibility because it enabled me to hold com-



manding ground, which, if the enemy had been allowed to take—as they would have taken it if I had not occupied it in force—would have rendered our position on the left untenable, and in my judgment would have turned the fortunes of the day hopelessly against us.”

Hunt says of the two ridges from the south and east that met at the Peach orchard: “They commanded all the ground behind as well as in front of them. This was one good reason for our taking possession of it. It would, it is true, present a salient angle, which generally exposes both its sides to enfilade fires: but here the ridges were so high that each would serve as a ‘traverse’ for the other, and reduce the evil to a minimum. \* \* \* \* The salient line proposed by Gen. Sickles although much longer afforded excellent positions for our artillery; its occupation would cramp the movements of the enemy, bring us nearer his lines, and afford us facilities for taking the offensive. It was in my judgment tactically the better line of the two, provided it were strongly occupied, for it was the only one on the field from which we could have passed from the defensive to the offensive with a prospect of decisive results.” Yet he advised Gen. Meade against it on the ground that it would weaken the reserve to occupy it strongly, and that discretion was the better part of valor. Meade assented, and would have commanded Sickles to fall back, had it not been already too late, as the battle had begun.

In a confidential letter afterward published Meade says that he ordered Sickles to post his corps so that his right was to be Hancock’s left, and his left, Round Top. To which Gen. Sickles replies: “To this I

answer, First, that this statement is contradicted by Gen. Meade’s official report of the battle, and by his testimony before the committee on the conduct of the war; second, it is contradicted by the report of his chief of artillery, Gen. Hunt; third, it is absurd, technically and tactically; fourth, my testimony before the committee on the conduct of the war presented the facts, which are wholly different from Gen. Meade’s statement in the Benedict letter, and were not denied by him when he testified in the following month.” Gen. Sickles goes on to point out that the distance from Hancock’s left to Round Top was a mile and a quarter, through swale, morass, bowlders, and forest, and tangled undergrowth, unfit for infantry, impracticable for artillery, and hopelessly dominated by the ridge in front, “which I would have surrendered without a blow if I had attempted to execute the impossible orders Gen. Meade states that he gave to me. I would have had no positions at all for my artillery over half of my line, and would have surrendered to Lee the positions for his artillery which he states in his official report it was the object of his movement to gain.”

Sickles says: “If the reenforcements which came up from 5 o’clock to 6:30 had arrived three hours earlier Longstreet’s assault on the 2d would have been repulsed as promptly and decisively as on the 3d.” At night there had been gathered 40,000 troops to hold the line that the 3d corps held alone for two hours. Why did they not come earlier?

Gen. Walker says of Sickles: “That he defended the position he had taken with courage and address, and that his splendid troops exhibited unsurpassed gallantry and

resolution, must be admitted by even the severest critic."

In "The 16th Decisive Battle of the World" (Gettysburg 1906,) Capt. James Long says—compare plan facing inside cover;

"Gen. Lee's plan for the second day of July (the reader will understand that the union army fought at Gettysburg on the defensive for the first time, Lee's army being the attacking party) was to attack both flanks and the centre at one and the same time. Longstreet's corps being on Lee's right, and facing our left, was to move forward and turn the left flank. Ewell's corps being on Lee's left and facing our right was to advance and turn back the Union's right flank, while A. P. Hill's corp was to advance and strike the crushing blow on the Union's center.

"But the 3d Corps of the Union army having advanced out the Emmitsburg road to the Peach orchard, and throwing his sharpshooters and skirmishers still farther in advance, they discovered Longstreet's movement and brought on the battle. Longstreet at that time was moving southward with his entire command, along Willoughby Run, west of Seminary Ridge, and under cover of the same, on his way around the south side of Big Round Top for the purpose of attacking Gen. Sickles from the east, then being in the rear of Sickles's corps. Now if Gen. Sickles had formed on the left of the 2d Corps, as ordered at the beginning to do, and had prolonged his line south to Little Round Top, the greater portion of his troops would have been on low, swampy ground which was untenable, with the enemy occupying the Emmitsburg road in his front, and the left of his line would have been on the summit of Little Round Top 'in the air' and Longstreet would

have been successful in carrying out his plans to move around to the south side of Big Round Top and attack the 3d Corps from the rear, while a portion of Hill's corps would have made the attack from the front. Therefore had Gen. Sickles not gone out and taken up that advanced position Longstreet's movement would not have been discovered, his plans would have been carried out successfully with no obstructions in his way, as he had several hours to execute his move, which would have been under cover and unseen, before the 5th and 6th corps of the union army arrived upon the field.

"Those who study the history of the battle and visit the field and view the topography of the ground agree that under the existing circumstances Gen. Sickles did the best thing that could have been done. It is believed by the military critics who visit the field at this late day that had Gen. Sickles not fought his battle in the manner and form which he did, there would have been no battle fought at Gettysburg on the Third of July."

Just as the fight was about to open Meade rode up and asked: "Are you not too much extended, general? Can you hold your front?"

"Yes, until more troops are brought up. The enemy are attacking in force; I shall need support."

Well may Meade say "the 3d corps supported the shock most heroically," for they fought like lions against tremendous odds for nearly two hours before the 5th corps came up. Surely Gen. Sykes was not precipitate; he sent word his men were tired and must boil their coffee first, and when they came up more than two hours later than they should their conduct was not all

that could be desired. They were put on the left to relieve our 1st Division.

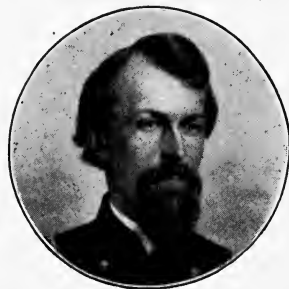
"Barnes's division of the 5th Corps suddenly gave way. Gen. Birney was sent to order Barnes back into line. 'No,' he said, 'it is impossible; it is too hot; my men cannot stand it.' Gen. Zook volunteered to take Barnes's place, and found Barnes's disordered troops in the way. 'If you can't get out of the way,' said Zook, 'lie down and I will march over you.' Barnes ordered his men to lie down and Zook and his spirited brigade under direction of Birney did march over them and right into the breach. Zook was mortally wounded at about half six, just when Sickles lost his right leg."

Meade now began to pour in the reenforcements that earlier in the day would have saved thousands of lives. The 6th and part of the 1st Corps, with Lockwood's Maryland brigade were ordered forward. Since this concentration of troops was necessary, it was remarkable that Sickles alone had held back the enemy for nearly two hours.

As I have said, our regiment had been sent forward to a little log house on the Emmitsburg road.

About three o'clock the battle began on the left against Birney's division. Our brigade was placed close up to the road, just under the crest and we joined it. One regiment from the 2d Brigade was put with ours to lengthen the line. As this movement was made the enemy's artillery opened upon us from the left, at first not seriously. We were now more than half a mile in front of the main line, the 2d Corps nearest. The orchards on our right were thick, and there was danger of skirmishers getting in there unseen. The artillery fire increased,

and by 5:30 became formidable. It was now a battle for us, and grew hotter every minute. Somewhat after 6. p. m. the enemy began to advance, having broken through Graham's brigade and crossed the Emmitsburg road. Gen. Humphreys was about to advance to meet them when he learned that Gen. Sickles had lost a leg and retired, giving the command to Gen. Birney, and the latter seeing



GEN. DAVID B. BIRNEY, 1825-64

that his own 1st division must withdraw, and as the Peach orchard had been lost, ordered Humphreys to swing back his left so as to connect with the line at the Wheatfield.

Carr reports: "At 12:30 p. m. I was ordered to move forward and form line of battle on the prolongation of a line composed of the 1st division, connecting on its right.

"About 11 a. m. I had sent out the 1st Mass, as skirmishers, and this regiment now covered my front.

"At 4:00 I advanced my line 300 yards to the crest of a hill, and detailed 100 men of the 16th Mass. to occupy an old building in an orchard to my left. My left first became engaged, and its position was held until the Collis Zouaves of the 1st division gave way. The enemy advanced in considerable force on my left flank, which compelled me to change my front. No sooner was this done than the enemy appeared on my right pouring in a destructive cross fire.

"I could have held my position, but was ordered by Gen. Birney to fall back to the crest of the hill in my rear. At that time I have no doubt I could have charged the rebels and driven them in confusion, for my line was still perfect and unbroken and my troops in the proper spirit for the performing of such a task. In retiring I suffered a severe loss in killed and wounded. After I had reached the position designated by Gen. Birney, the brigade was rallied and moved forward, driving the enemy and capturing many prisoners. I continued to advance until I again occupied the field I had but a few minutes previous vacated. Here my command remained till morning."

Gen. Humphreys reports: "Just then Birney sent word he had succeeded Sickles, that his division was going to fall back, and form a line extending toward my right [left] from Round Top ridge, in rear of and oblique to my present line, and that I must change front and form on that line. To do this I had to change front to rear under a heavy fire of artillery fire as I wanted to draw forward my troops to the attack. While doing this, the troops on my left that were to continue the line to Round Top ridge did not stop there but passed to or extended beyond it. I formed my line and extended it out to the left as far as possible to close up this aperture, and by that time was attacked on my flanks as well as in front. I have never been under a hotter artillery and musketry fire combined. For a moment I thought the day was lost. I did not order my troops to fall back rapidly because the crest in my rear was vacant, and I knew when troops got to moving back rapidly it was difficult to stop them just where you wanted to stop them.

"At that moment I received an order to

fall back to the Round Top ridge, which I did slowly, suffering a very heavy loss. I rallied my division, or the remnants of it, on the ridge. As the enemy came up they received the fire of the 2d Corps on my right. My troops joined in and we drove those fellows back. My men brought back two if not three of the guns we left. These men of mine did not wait for orders, but went forward, and as there were so few of them I went with them to bring them back before they got too far from our main line. By that time it was dusk, and the fighting ceased for the day. I lost 2000 killed and wounded out of 5000.

"My troops behaved very well. It is the most trying position in which troops can be placed. I wanted to move forward and attack, because there is always a great deal in the spirit of advancing, even though it be but a few paces. If I had not received the order to change my position to the rear, I do not think I should have suffered a great deal more than I did, and I should have punished the enemy very severely.

"My division lost as severely as any division in the army. It was a fine division, the men were good soldiers. The spirit of my men was just as fine after the battle as at any time. On July 3 the greatest difficulty I had was to keep my men from jumping over the little breastwork in front of the artillery and advancing against the enemy without any orders. They were full of fight and felt angry at the way they had been cut up the day before."

### 3. *The change of front*

About 6:30 Gen. Sickles received the wound that resulted in the loss of his leg and compelled him to retire from the field. Had he remained in command one need not doubt that our division would have been



MONUMENT OF THE 1ST MASS., west of the Emmitsburg road

permitted to advance and meet the oncoming confederates, as Carr and Humphreys desired. But Gen. Birney, who had succeeded to the command, knew that his own 1st Division must withdraw, and gave orders that ours must go back with them.

Not everybody understood that this movement was made under orders. Gen.

Tremain said at the dedication of the 73d N. Y. monument at Gettysburg: "When the Peach orchard at your left had been occupied by the enemy, Humphreys's division became exposed to a close enfilading fire from its left flank. This, when followed up, as it was, by an infantry attack, forced us back. When the men of your

division found themselves assailed both in front and flank, they broke. Humphreys could not hold them, but under such a leader the confusion was only momentary. I quote from Col. Rafferty of the Excelsior brigade. He says: 'The men understood the matter as well as their officers. They knew that the position could not now be held and they seemed to have simultaneously made up their minds that they were going back to a position they could hold; and back they did go, but fighting, not disorderly. They would fire at the enemy, walk to the rear, loading as they went, take deliberate aim and fire again, and so on, but slowly and deliberately, and so deliberately that the enemy kept at a respectful distance. However, the enemy kept up a terrible artillery fire, killing and wounding our poor fellows very rapidly, and yet the coolness and self-possession of our men under it was remarkable. They had deliberately made up their minds that they were going back to the old line, not as though they were forced to go, but were going there to reform: that was all. That was as far as we were going then, and it is a fact that the enemy never reached the original line on which the 2d Division of the 3d Corps had been posted.'

Gen. Sharpe said at the dedication of the Gettysburg monument of the 120th N. Y.: 'Though less than 100 of our men came unharmed out of that murderous fire, this regiment held the line till after eleven o'clock, when another regiment took its place, enabling the 120th to retire with Carr's brigade.'

'De Trobriand, writing lately, and after he had been able to examine all the other authorities, says that Humphreys's division was gravely compromised after Graham

had been dislodged from the Peach orchard. The rebels outflanked his left, and they were moving to attack his front at the same time. Then with splendid coolness and under a terrible fire he effected a change of front without ceasing to carry on the combat. His right held out to the Emmitsburg road (that was Carr's brigade), and his left extended towards Round Top in the direction where Birney wished to form a new line, and this undaunted left was the 120th. And De Trobriand adds that this dangerous movement could not have been carried out except with troops exceptionally firm, and at the cost of great sacrifice.'

Thomas V. Cooper said in his address at the dedication of the monument of the 26th Pa.: 'About 3 p. m. our 3d Corps moved to the front, with our brigade at the celebrated Peach orchard, and our regiment covering the right flank of the division, separated from Hancock's 2d Corps by a gap which proved inviting to the enemy, for here immediate and repeated attempts were made to pierce our lines by bold dashes and charges. All of them were resisted, and but one came near accomplishing its destructive purpose. This was late in the evening, when a large rebel force, covered by smoke of the guns, quickly crossed the Emmitsburg road, and protected by the depression at the right of the little and now demolished stone house which flanked the Peach orchard, with sudden rush and yell plunged itself upon our already depleted ranks. Then the 26th, and the 1st Mass., our gallant Yankee companions upon many battlefields, obeyed the order of Col. Blaisdell and Major Bodine, and change direction by the left flank, in the very face of overpow-



ering numbers. In this way the charge was checked, and the enemy were kept closely engaged until a division from the 2d corps came to our relief and saved the line. This struggle was the most deadly of the day, and of the entire battle, and as well of any battle known to the war.... These frightful losses were largely due to the heroic change of direction made by the two regiments named while under fire and at close quarters--the most difficult movement known to military tactics, and the one above all others calling for quick intelligence and high courage.

"Rothermel's great painting selects the charge of Pickett's division and the stone angle guarded by the 2d Corps under Hancock as the dramatic point of the struggle, and it was upon the third day; but neither this point, nor Little Round Top, nor Culp's hill, nor Buford's famous dismounted men stood a shock like that hurled against Humphrey's division of the 3d Corps, and especially against our 1st Brigade. Truthful history will show that the valor and sacrifice at and near the Peach orchard equalled any ever known to the world upon any battle-field."

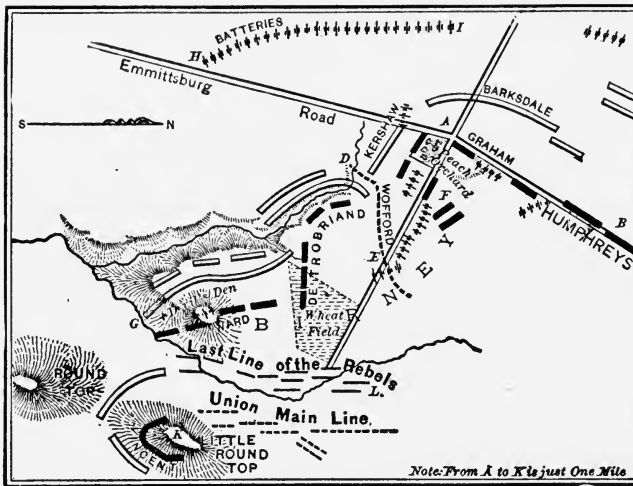
The Comte de Paris explains the real situation when he says: "It is near seven o'clock. Humphreys has only two brigades with him; his left is turned; his right, poorly connected with the 2d corps, which Caldwell's departure has weakened, is only covered by two regiments of Harrow's brigade, and three strong brigades are on the march to attack him. In order to anticipate them, Humphreys, like a true warrior, desires to go forward to meet them. But Birney, foreseeing disaster to his own division, orders him to fall back, keeping his left from participating in the movement and bringing his right back to the 2d.

In the midst of the tumultuous sounds of battle, this is accomplished with wonderful precision; the battallions are massing in double column, and execute a backward march in line; then, making a quarter-wheel halting at the point indicated to them by their chief, they resume the line of battle, and open at once a well sustained fire of musketry against the assailants, who are almost upon them. Humphreys also succeeds in taking position along the line which it is all-important to preserve. But the trial was a hard one; he will himself acknowledge here that he thought at one time all was lost. He has left one half of his effective force upon the battle-field, and it is necessary to count the flags that are floating along his line in order to realize the fact that it represents ten regiments."

All the flags were there. We saved ours too. Corporal Nathaniel M. Allen of Co. B was one of the heroes of the battle. When the color sergeant was shot down he turned back under a shower of bullets, lifted the flag from the ground, and carried it off in safety. For this he was awarded the congressional medal of honor.

Here is an incident told by Bacheider in "Gettysburg. What to see and how to see it" (Gettysburg, 1873):

"In the thick of the fight, as General Humphreys and his officers were using every exertion to hold the troops, the General saw Captain Chester of his staff spring with a convulsive start; turning to his commander, Chester said, 'General, I'm shot!' General Humphreys, who had noted his gallantry in sustaining the line, sprang to his assistance, and clasping him with his arm, sustained him in the saddle until Captain Harry Humphreys, his son, could take him in charge. An orderly took the horse to lead him from the field,



Note: From A to K is just One Mile

when at the instant a round shot killed the horse and carried away the orderly's head. At this moment General Humphreys's horse, bleeding from seven bullet wounds, was struck by a shell, and springing convulsively into the air, threw his rider violently to the ground, though fortunately not seriously injuring him. Just then, Captain Humphreys was shot through the arm; General Carr had his horse killed under him, and Captains McClellan and Cavada both had their horses killed. A portion of the guns of Turnbull's battery retired with prolonged firing as they went, others were drawn off by hand, by the infantry, and others were captured. By this almost superhuman effort the attacking force was held in check, until portions of the First, Second, and Twelfth Corps could be brought up by General Meade, and a new line formed on Cemetery Ridge; here the battle ended on the left for the night."

Several generals testified that the 3d Corps was cut to pieces in those last hours, even that it did not exist as a corps. That may have been true of the 1st Division

after Birney passed from immediate control of it to command of the corps, but there was never a minute that afternoon when our division was not under complete control of Gen. Humphreys as a division, and that is a rare testimony to his generalship. It was a calamity for us when he was made chief of staff and succeeded by Gen. Prince.

When the fighting ended on the second day the Union line included the two Round Tops and the wheatfield, and ran thence through the woods in front of the J. Weikert house to Cemetery ridge, with a strong picket line including our regiment on the Emmitsburg road. That portion of the field between the Emmitsburg road and Cemetery ridge was held as at the beginning by union troops. The confederate brigades of Anderson's division retired to their original position in the woods to the west. Some of Longstreet's troops clung to their lodgment at the Devil's den and held the Emmitsburg road to the Peach orchard (xxvii, part 2, reports of Anderson, Wilcox, and Wright).

The Comte de Paris sums up the final result: "Wilcox taken in flank by McGilvery's artillery instead of the retreating soldiers he was pursuing meets Humphreys in good order on one side and Hancock's reserves on the other, thus finding himself within a circle of fire where he leaves 500 men out of the 1600 which composed his command. Rather forsaken than vanquished these two brigades strike once more the Emmitsburg road. The last effort of the confederates against the federal left wing has failed."



GEN. JAMES E. B. STUART, 1833-64

Much of the responsibility for the defeat has been attributed to Gen. Stuart, whose cavalry was not at hand to inform and protect the confederates, but his action will always remain a matter of controversy.

Much the most vivid and accurate account of this day's battle was published in a newspaper about that time by Gen. Longstreet, and is reprinted in "Lee and Longstreet at High Tide" (Gainesville, Ga., 1905), written and published by his widow. In reply to my request for permission to copy it, she not only gave courteous assent but sent me an autograph copy of the book. It is a descent from the sublime to the ridiculous that

the only return I can make for this noble memorial to the strong right arm of the confederacy is to send her a copy of these reminiscences of an insignificant little fifer.

"At half-past three o'clock the order was given General Hood to advance upon the enemy, and, hurrying to the head of McLaws's division, I moved with his line. Then was fairly commenced what I do not hesitate to pronounce the best three hours' fighting ever done by any troops on any battle-field. Directly in front of us, occupying the peach-orchard, on a piece of elevated ground that General Lee desired me to take and hold for his artillery, was the Third Corps of the Federals, commanded by General Sickles.

"Prompt to the order the combat opened, followed by artillery of the other corps, and our artillerists measured up to the better metal of the enemy by vigilant work. . . .

"In his usual gallant style Hood led his troops through the rocky fastnesses against the strong lines of his earnest adversary, and encountered battle that called for all of his power and skill. The enemy was tenacious of his strong ground; his skillfully handled batteries swept through the passes between the rocks; the more deadly fire of infantry concentrated as our men bore upon the angle of the enemy's line and stemmed the fiercest onset until it became necessary to shorten their work by a desperate charge. This pressing struggle and the cross-fire of our batteries broke in the salient angle, but the thickening fire, as the angle was pressed back, hurt Hood's left and held him in a steady fight. His right brigade was drawn towards Round Top by the heavy fire pour-

ing from that quarter, Benning's brigade was pressed to the thickening line of the angle, and G. T. Anderson's was put in support of the battle growing against Hood's right.

"I rode to McLaws, found him ready for his opportunity, and Barksdale chafing in his wait for the order to seize the battery in his front. Kershaw's brigade of his right first advanced and struck near the angle of the enemy's line where his forces were gathering strength. After additional caution to hold his ranks closed, McLaws ordered Barksdale in. With glorious bearing he sprang to his work, overriding obstacles and dangers. Without a pause to deliver a shot, he had the battery. Kershaw, joined by Semmes's brigade, responded, and Hood's men, feeling the impulse of relief, resumed their bold fight, and presently the enemy's line was broken through its length. But his well-seasoned troops knew how to utilize the advantage of their ground and put back their dreadful fires from rocks, depressions, and stone fences, as they went for shelter about Little Round Top. . . The fighting had become tremendous, and brave men and officers were stricken by hundreds. Posey and Wilcox dislodged the forces about the Brick House.

"General Sickles was desperately wounded!

"General Willard was dead!

"General Semmes, of McLaws's division was mortally wounded! . . .

"I had one brigade—Wofford's—that had not been engaged in the hottest battle. To urge the troops to their reserve power in the precious moments, I rode with Wofford. The rugged field, the rough plough of artillery fire, and the piercing musket-shots delayed somewhat the

march, but Alexander dashed up with his batteries and gave new spirit to the worn infantry ranks. . . . While Meade's lines were growing my men were dropping; we had no others to call to their aid, and the weight against us was too heavy to carry. . . . Nothing was heard or felt but the clear ring of the enemy's fresh metal as it came against us. No other part of the army had engaged! My seventeen thousand against the Army of the Potomac! The sun was down, and with it went down the severe battle."

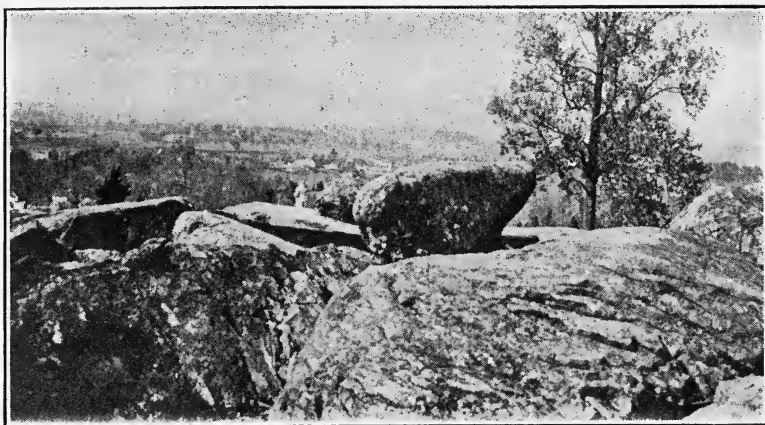
*July 3. The Battle continued. About 3 P. M. the whole Rebel Artillery was pointed upon our Centre. The firing was terrific and said to be the hardest of the war. It hardly seemed as hard to me though as on Saturday night at Chancellorsville. where there seemed to be a regular clockwork movement. But with all their firing our men held their position and the Battle of Gettysburg is a Federal Victory.*

Our part in the third day's battle was not important, though we were under fire, and were witnesses of Pickett's charge on our right.

Gen. Carr finally reports: "At 6 a. m. I was ordered to the rear where the balance of the corps were in bivouac. After replenishing my supply of ammunition I was ordered to the front and left of the line to support a division of the 5th corps which was in the first line. At 3:22 p. m. I was ordered to the centre of the line to support the 2d corps. As I lay in columns of battalion closed in mass I suffered severely from the artillery fire of the enemy.

"At dusk I was ordered to my former position where I remained."

Gen. Humphreys reports: "At daylight I began moving to the rear and the enemy



SCENE OF PICKETT'S CHARGE, from Signal Rock, Little Round Top

commenced shelling me fiercely. I waited half an hour to see what they meant to do, and then got together my 1st brigade which was with the 1st division and put my division into some shape.

"I then moved up and formed my division in masses in rear of the 5th Corps. I was ordered to move quickly to the right and form in columns of attack and be prepared to advance. I did so and remained massed in rear of seven batteries that were near the ground I had first of all occupied on the night of July 1. I sustained a loss there from artillery fire of seven very valuable officers and somewhat less than 100 men. We did not advance and the enemy did not renew the attack. Towards night I returned to my position further to the left, where I remained until we marched from Gettysburg."

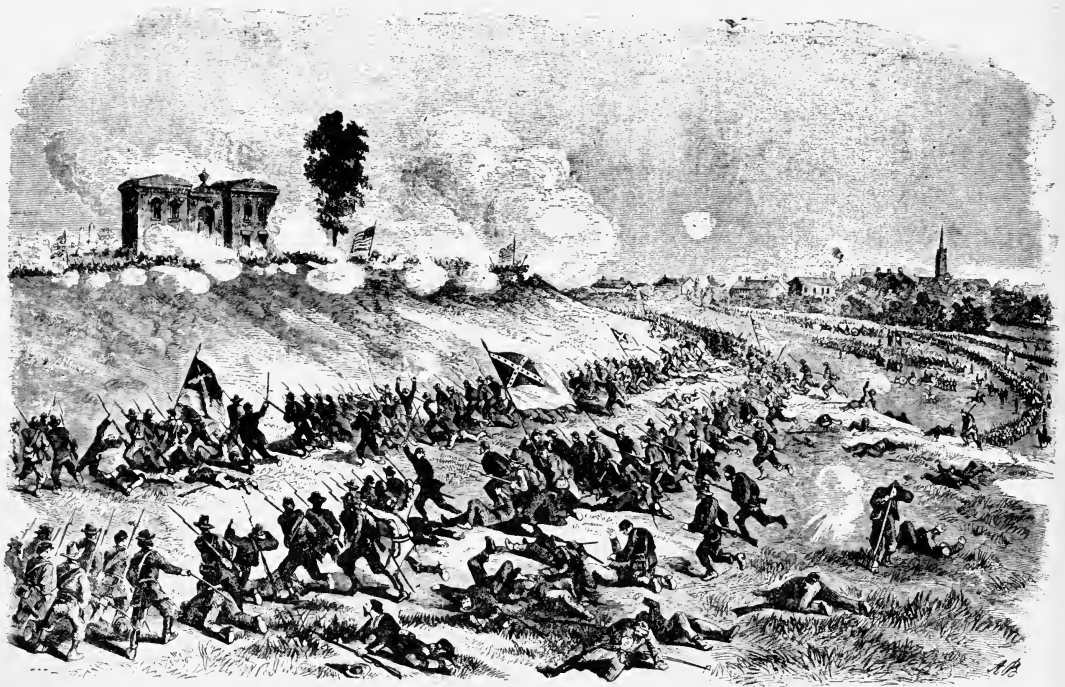
Gen. Longstreet's account is as follows: "Never was I so depressed as upon that day. I felt that my men were to be sacrificed, and that I should have to order them to make a hopeless charge. I had instructed General Alexander, being unwilling to trust myself with the entire responsibility, to carefully observe the

effect of the fire upon the enemy, and when it began to tell to notify Pickett to begin the assault. I was so much impressed with the hopelessness of the charge that I wrote the following note to General Alexander:

"If the artillery fire does not have the effect to drive off the enemy or greatly demoralize him, so as to make our efforts pretty certain, I would prefer that you should not advise General Pickett to make the charge. I shall rely a great deal on your judgment to determine the matter, and shall expect you to let Pickett know when the moment offers."

"To my note the general replied as follows:

"I will only be able to judge the effect of our fire upon the enemy by his return fire, for his infantry is but little exposed to view, and the smoke will obscure the whole field. If, as I infer from your note, there is an alternative to this attack, it should be carefully considered before opening our fire, for it will take all of the artillery ammunition we have left to test this one thoroughly, and if the result is unfavorable, we will have none left for



PICKETT'S CHARGE

another effort, and even if this is entirely successful it can only be so at a very bloody cost.'

"I still desired to save my men, and felt that if the artillery did not produce the desired effect I would be justified in holding Pickett off. I wrote this note to Colonel Walton at exactly 1.30 p. m.:

"'Let the batteries open. Order great precision in firing. If the batteries in the peach-orchard cannot be used against the point we intend attacking, let them open on the enemy at Rocky Hill.'

"The cannonading which opened along both lines was grand. In a few moments a courier brought a note to General Pickett (who was standing near me) from Alexander, which, after reading, he handed me. It was as follows:

"'If you are coming at all you must come at once, or I cannot give you proper support; but the enemy's fire has not slackened at all: at least eighteen guns are still firing from the cemetery itself.'

"After I had read the note Pickett said to me, 'General, shall I advance?' My feelings had so overcome me that I would not speak for fear of betraying my want of confidence to him. I bowed affirmation and turned to mount my horse. Pickett immediately said, 'I shall lead my division forward, sir.' I spurred my horse to a wood where Alexander was stationed with artillery. When I reached him he told me of the disappearance of the seven guns which were to have lead the charge with Pickett, and that his ammunition was so low that he could not properly support





BODIES ON THE BATTLEFIELD

the charge. I at once ordered him to stop Pickett until the ammunition had been replenished. He informed me that he had no ammunition with which to replenish. I then saw that there was no help for it, and that Pickett must advance under his orders. He swept past our artillery in splendid style, and the men marched steadily and compactly down the slope. As they started up the ridge over one hundred cannon from the breastworks of the Federals hurled a rain of canister, grape, and shell down upon them; still they pressed on until half-way up the slope, when the crest of the hill was lit with a solid sheet of flame as the masses of infantry rose and fired. When the smoke cleared away Pickett's division was gone. Nearly two-thirds of his men lay dead on the field, and the survivors were sullenly retreating down the hill.

Mortal man could not have stood that fire. In half an hour the contested field was cleared and the battle of Gettysburg was over.

"When this charge had failed I expected that of course the enemy would throw himself against our shattered ranks and try to crush us."

*July 4. Rainy. Our men went out to bury the dead. The Battle is over. Got wet through at night.*

*July 5. Rainy. Went out on the Battlefield. An awful sight. Men, horses, all lying in heaps as far as the eye could reach. Got plate, etc., and some relics.*

I should not dare to print or even to tell the horrible sights I saw. Bodies had become swollen till they were inconceivably distorted: I recollect a man whose bladder protruded and was inflated to a foot in diameter. The picture on page 176 must

be drawn from memory, for not a body on the field looked as natural as that after the field was open to us. It is a terrible sight to see on the field the bodies of the freshly slain, but when they lie twenty-four hours, they become unnatural and the sight becomes distressing.

Benton says: "For the most part the dead were lying on their backs with wide-open, expressionless eyes. In a few instances the features were drawn and distorted in a manner which gave an expression of great pain and horror. I supposed at the time that these victims suffered very painful deaths, but after experiences convinced me that the expression of the features after death gives no clue whatever to the presence or absence of pain before death takes possession. \* \* \*

"All were bloating and blackening in the July heat, and the air was filled with that indescribably sickening odor never found save on a summer battle-field. Trees cut and mangled in their full leafage; thousands of camp-fires from which ascended the smoke and steam of wet burning wood and blood saturated clothing; the putrefaction of human and animal remains, all combined and blended to assail, lest the sense of sight should not be sufficient, the sense of smell as well."

Carl Schurz says of this field: "There can be no more hideous sight than that of corpses on a battlefield, after they have been exposed a day or more to the sun in hot weather—the bodies swollen to monstrous size, the faces bloated and black, the eyes bulging out with a dead stare, all their features puffed out almost beyond recognition, some lying singly or in rows, others in heaps, having fallen over one another, some in attitudes of peaceful repose,

others with arms raised, others in a sitting posture, others on their knees, others clawing the earth, many horribly distorted by what must have been a frightful death-struggle."

One thing impressed us all, the universal confederate skill in self-protection. We learned something of it afterward, but I do not think before Gettysburg we had done much more than to get behind stones and trees, when possible, and to throw up company entrenchments. Here we could see that every soldier had dug his own little rifle-pit, with knife or spoon or plate or bayonet, and we realized that even six inches of dirt in front and a depression of six inches behind made a breastwork that to many a man lying in line made the difference between life and death.

We lost at Gettysburg 5291 in killed and those who died of their wounds, and the losses on both sides in killed and wounded were more than Washington ever had under his command at any one time.

At Balaklava the Light Brigade took 637 men and officers into the charge. They lost 113 killed and 134 wounded, or altogether 36.7%. At Gettysburg 20 different regiments lost more than 50%.

The charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava was a failure in result while the charge of the Heavy Brigade under Col. Scarlett was a striking success. It was equally brave, but no one knows about it because Tennyson did not write a poem about it. It was so in the Revolutionary war, as Dr. Andrew S. Draper has so well pointed out; New York had the soldiers but Massachusetts had the historians.

## CHAPTER XX. BACK TO VIRGINIA



ARCHING back to Virginia was in some respects unwelcome, but at least we marched back as victors. Why did not Gen. Meade act more

like a victor? He seemed as afraid after the battle as before.

*July 6. Rainy. An order was read from Gen Mead stating that French had destroyed the pontoons. Why don't they let us follow the Rebels. Pennsylvanians are anxious to avenge their brothers who have fallen.*

I cannot express the impatience of the army at being held back from snatching the fruits of victory. Gen. Sickles said at the dedication of the New York monuments at Gettysburg: "Some time after the close of the war I asked Gen. Alexander, who commanded Lee's artillery at Gettysburg, what would have been the result if our reserves of infantry and cavalry had been thrown on the right flank and rear of the confederates after their defeat. He answered, "The war would have ended in an hour."

Lee ordered a retreat at 2 o'clock on the morning of the 4th. The wagon train 17 miles long started at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, in a drenching rain, with peremptory orders that there should be no halt for any cause whatever. Nearly the whole train reached Williamsport on the afternoon of the 5th, and found the river was 10 feet above the fording line, an easy prey if we had followed.

Gen. Hunt, our chief of artillery testified: "If an immediate and vigorous and successful attack had been made after the repulse on the 3d, we should most likely have captured all the enemy's artillery. I should have advised an attack as soon as the troops could be collected. *We must risk to win.*"

Before the congressional committee all the witnesses but Gen. Meade state that it was apparent in the morning of the 7th of July that the enemy were in full retreat, and Generals Pleasanton, Warren, Bering and others state that they counselled immediate pursuit. Gen. Birney says that he obtained permission to attack that morning, but just as he commenced the movement, a staff officer rode up with a written order not to attack but to let the enemy go.

Gen. Howe states that his division had the lead of the 6th corps, after passing Boonsboro, but he was directed to move carefully, and not to come in contact with the enemy, as a general engagement was not desired.

Gen. Meade says that even on the 5th of July he was not satisfied that the enemy was in full retreat and was not aware of the injury he had inflicted. He testified that he believed an engagement would have resulted disastrously, but no other general that appeared thought so. Gen. Hancock dictated a dispatch from his surgeon's couch to Meade "If the 6th and 5th corps have passed up, the enemy will be destroyed. The enemy must be short of ammunition, *as I was shot with a ten-penny nail.*" Benton says: "That

heavy cannonading previous to Pickett's charge must have exhausted the enemy's store of artillery ammunition, and our men knew of it and talked of it at the time. Short sections of railroad iron were among the curiosities of projectiles that were hurled among us, and once a large stone struck a tree directly over my head, the pieces dropping to the ground about me."

Gen. Hancock testified: "I think the enemy, from peculiarity of characteristic and climate, and possibly other reasons, attack with more vivacity, but I do not think they continue the fight with the same energy as our troops do when serious resistance is made. There is no finer army in the world than the army of the Potomac. The troops will do anything if they are only ordered. If they have not made this or that attack it is because their commanders did not order them to make it. It is more difficult to stand and receive an attack—see it coming on before you are called upon to take part in it—than in any other operation in war. I have always had troops that were eager to attack, and I judge it has been owing to the policy or temperament of the commander that that has not been our system."

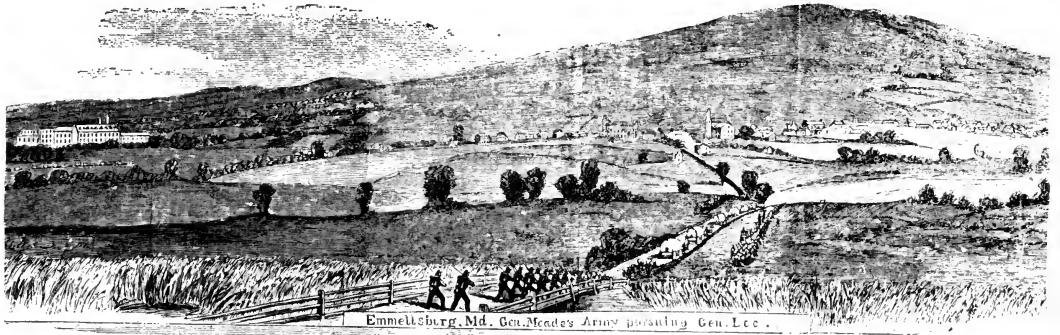
Gen. Howe testified: "I have been 22 years in the army; I graduated in 1841. I was in what was known as Turks's division in the war with Mexico, on Gen. Scott's side and before we left Puebla to go into the valley of Mexico there was a great deal of pride and emulation between that division and another division commanded by Gen. Worth, as to which should become the most efficient, and I refer to the condition of things at Puebla as showing perhaps the highest degree of efficiency in any light division that we have had since I have been in the service.

"And when I came to compare the personnel of this army, the degree of efficiency of which it is capable of rapidly attaining, with anything I have before seen, I may say that I do not think the old army can compare with this one. There is a degree of military efficiency and discipline, a skill and ability to perform operations, that I have never seen equalled at all in the best showing I have ever seen in the old army. The character and intelligence of the men is markedly superior; they are men of far more intelligence, and more readily acquire efficiency in military matters. Except for the high character of the rank and file as men of intelligence and ability to understand, I cannot account for the good morals of our army as it stands at this day, in the face of the failures and disappointments and mortifications which they have met."

Thus the fruits of the battle were discarded. As is well known, Lincoln expressed his disapprobation so strongly that Meade resigned, but was persuaded to continue in command. Meade reports: "I did not fail to attack the enemy at Williamsport till I could do so safely; I simply delayed the attack until, by examination of his position, I could do so with some reasonable degree of probability that the attack would be successful. He withdrew before this information could be obtained."

If Mark Twain had written that it would be funnier than anything he has given us in twenty years.

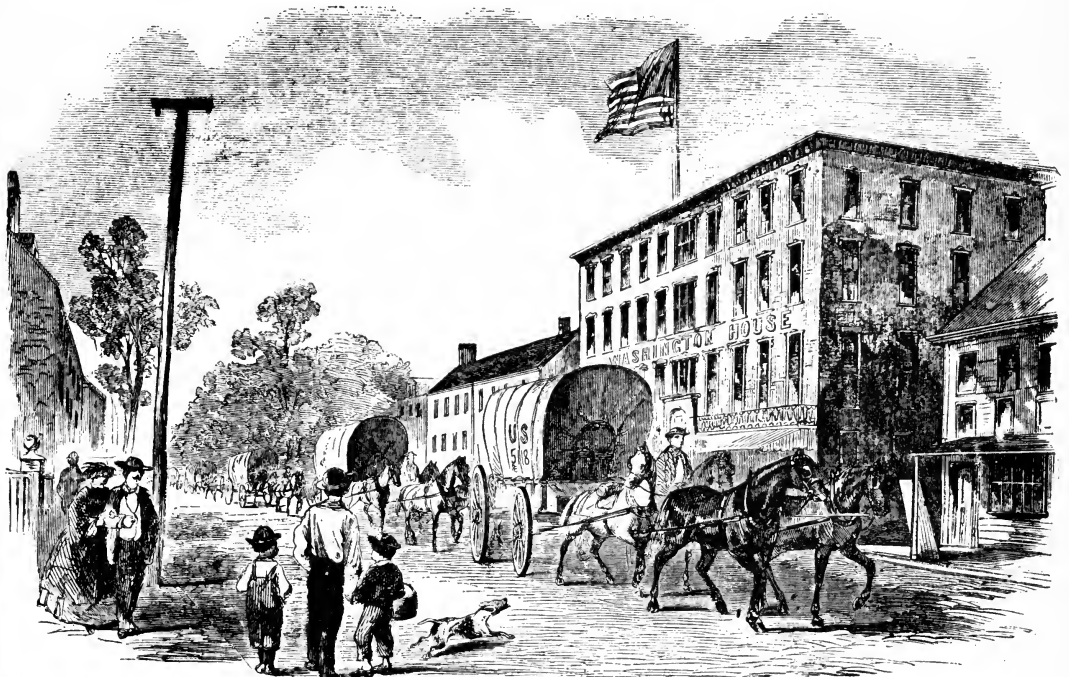
Gen. Meade reported: "It was not until late in the evening (23) that the enemy debouched from the pass sufficiently to deploy any larger force than the 3d corps, though this was followed by the 5th and 6th. During the night the 12th and two divisions of the 6th were ordered up and it

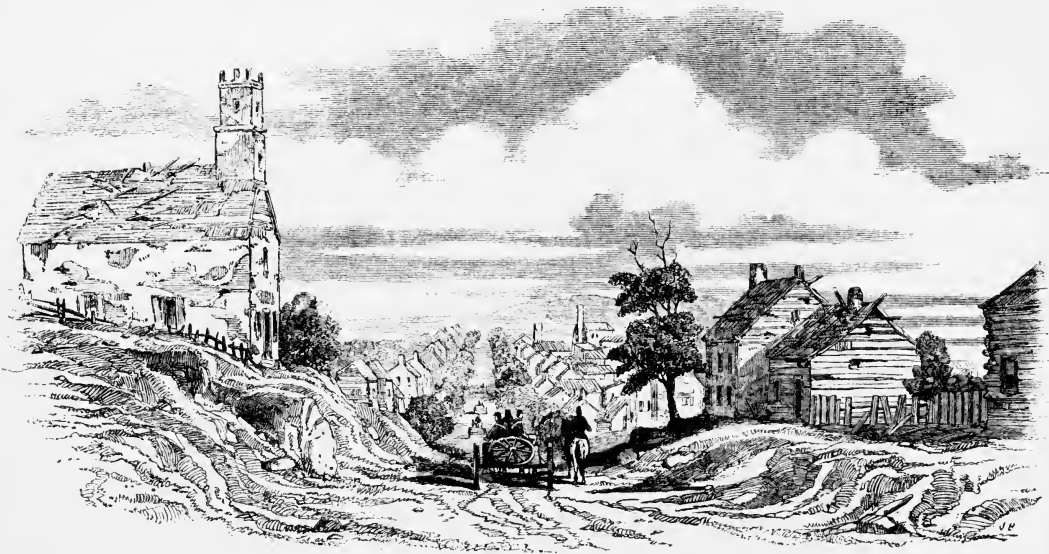


was my intention to attack with my whole force, in the hope of separating the force of the enemy and capturing such portions as had not reached the passes. I regret to inform you that on advancing this morning at daylight the enemy had again disappeared, declining battle, and though an immediate advance was made and Front Royal occupied nothing was seen of him but a rear

guard of cavalry with a battery of artillery."

*July 7. Rainy. Started after the Rebels at last. Passed through Emmetsburg and near there got splendid dinner of green peas, etc. At the College of St. Mary, Dinners and good dinners, too, were furnished at 10 cts each. Halted the other side of Mechanicstown. Was wet through at night of course.*





SHARPSBURG, VA.

It will be observed from the map that while the southern army went down the western side of the mountains straight to Hagerstown and Williamsport, where they were to cross, we came down the east side. For sometime Hagerstown was the confederate headquarters. Our march to Williamsport was more than twice as long as theirs.

We had an order to move at 3:00 a. m., and after marching 7 miles halted for breakfast. We marched 17 miles farther, bivouacking at 5 p. m.

*July 8. Rainy. Went ahead of the Reg't, and got into Frederick early, spending all my money and eating everything I could get hold of. The 7th N. Y. were there.*

We passed through Lewinsville and Kittoctan furnaces, and bivouacked three or four miles beyond Frederick City.

*July 9. Pleasant!!! For the first time in 3 weeks we have got a pleasant day. But I was sick and unable to keep up with the Reg't*

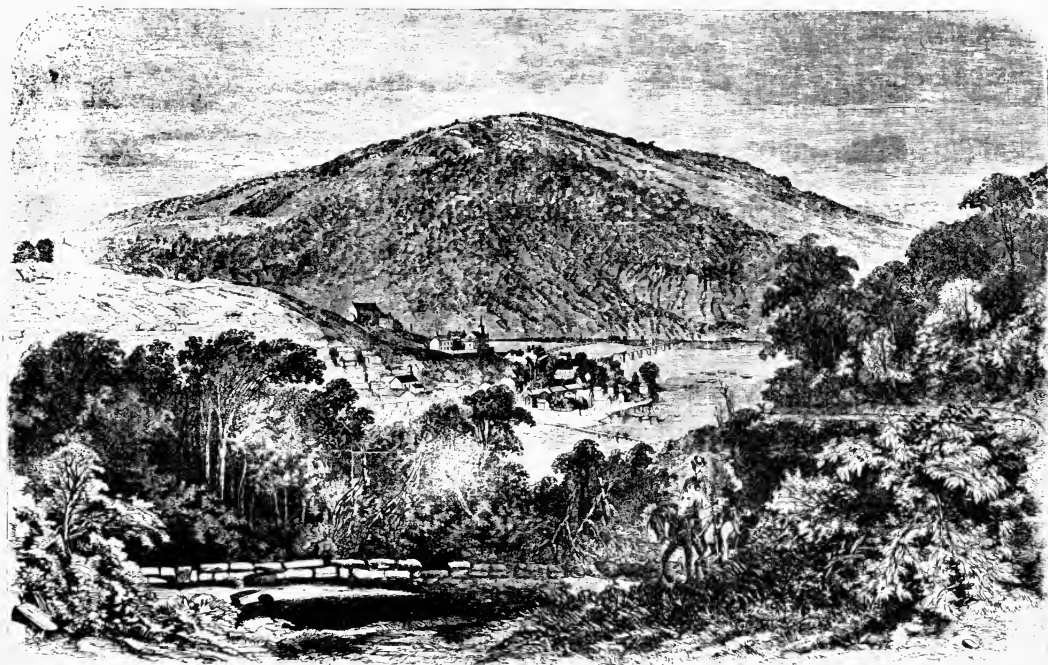
*so I stopped in a barn with McArty of Co. G. over night.*

Sleeping on the wet ground night after night proved too much for me for a day or two. The regiment crossed the Kittoctan mountains through Fox gap. At this place Gen. Carr took command of our division. Since Gen. Sickles was wounded, Gen. French had been in command of the corps.

*July 10. Pleasant. Went on to Boonsboro where I saw George Cripps, and went back with him to where he left the Div. Arriving there found they had gone to Boonsboro, so I laid down and went to sleep.*

This confounding of the verbs lie and lay seems my commonest grammatical error, but I think the distinction was less commonly preserved than then now, even among educated people. Chaplain Cudworth, for instance, says "Only forty laid down in the rain", and the last words written by Lt. Col. Dwight of the 2d





LOUDON HEIGHTS, showing Harper's Ferry, Maryland Heights, etc.

Mass., a Harvard graduate, were "Our troops have left the part of the field where I lay, the verb being present."

The weather suddenly changed from cold to intensely hot, and marching was exhausting. The regiment passed through Keedysville, crossed the Little Amsterdam on the stone bridge, and bivouacked at 7:00 p. m. At 10:50 it started again, proceeded to Brook mill, recrossed the Antietam, and bivouacked at 3:00 a. m. in a wheatfield on the Boonsboro and Williamsport turnpike.

*July 11. Pleasant. Went back to the Reg't, and got the mail. Moved a little in P. M.*

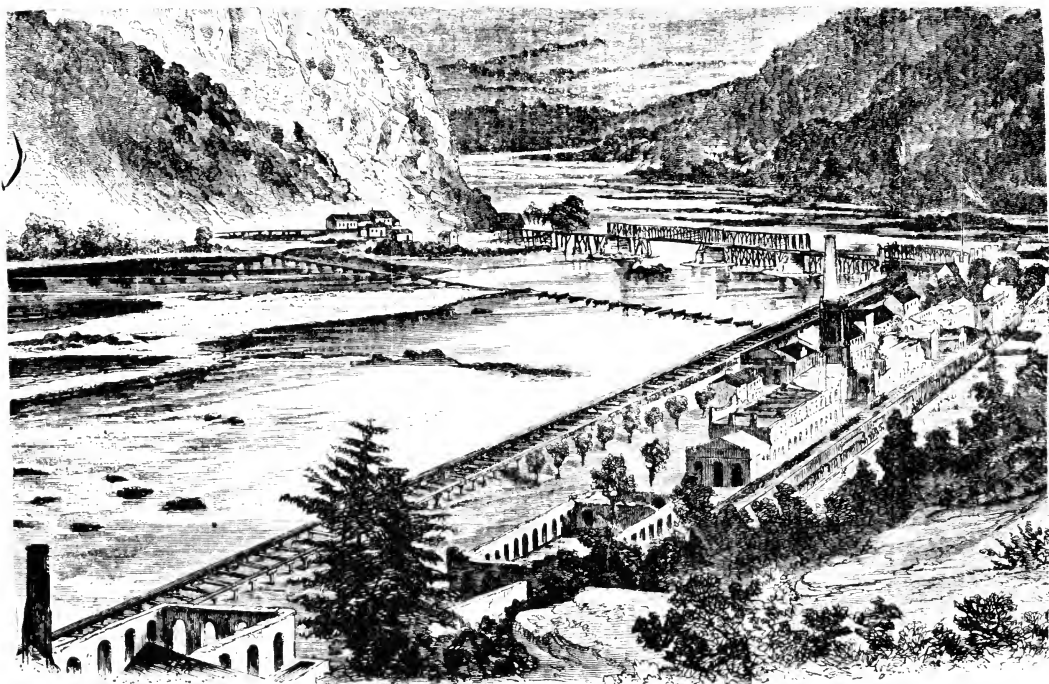
I found it glad of a morning's rest, but at 3:00 p. m. we moved a mile and a half to Roxbury mills.

*July 12. Pleasant. Got some water in the morning at the best spring I ever saw in my life. Moved ahead in the afternoon to within ½ mile of the front.*

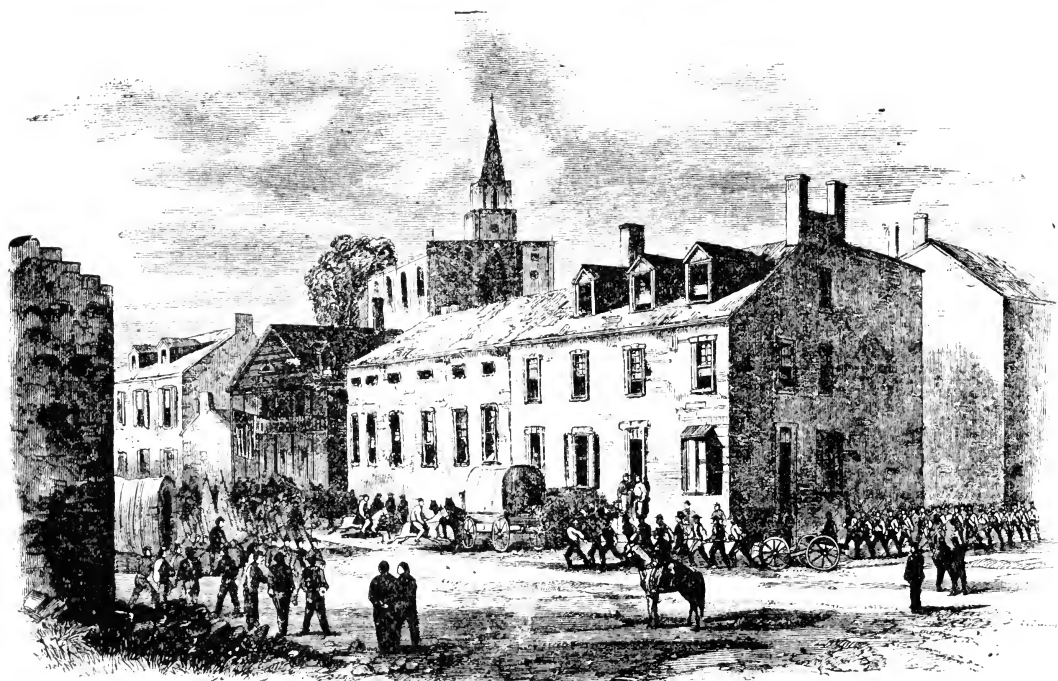
In the morning we received orders to attack and hoped a blow was at last to be struck. But we remained inactive till three in the afternoon, when we advanced a mile and bivouacked in the woods.

*July 13. Rainy. Laid still during the day. Siege Guns were sent by us to the front. Hope that isn't a specimen of Mead's policy. It is too MacLellanish. The Jack of Spades.*

*July 14. Rainy. Our skirmishers, smelling a rat advanced in the morning and sure enough Johnnie had gone. The Prisoners laughed at our Greenness. We went*



HARPER'S FERRY, VA.



ANOTHER PICTURE OF HARPER'S FERRY



LAST BIVOUAC IN MARYLAND

*ahead early to Williamsport & stopped for the night.*

We had orders at 7:00 a. m. to move and advanced four miles, but found the enemy's works evacuated, and went into bivouac on the pike, four miles from Williamsport. They said they had but 7 rounds of ammunition and hoped for success only by frightening us by a great show of strength.

*July 15. Cloudy. Started back to Harper's Ferry. Passed through Sharpsburg and spent what money I had there.*

We marched 17 miles through Fair Play, Tilgmont, and the battlefield of Antietam, and bivouacked at 11:30 p. m. three miles beyond Sharpsburg.

*July 16. D. D. Started early and went within three miles of Harper's Ferry. Requisitions for Clothing, and Pay Rolls. Blackberries in profusion.*

We started at a quarter of eight and

marched around Maryland heights, through Boonsboro. The view was magnificent.

*July 17. D. D. Started about 4 P. M. and went through Harper's Ferry into Va. again.*

Thomas Jefferson declared Harper's Ferry one of the most stupendous scenes in nature, and well worth a voyage across the Atlantic to witness.

We crossed the Potomac on a pontoon bridge at Sandy Hook, and crossed the Shenandoah by a wire bridge. As we passed through the town we were especially interested of course in the engine house where John Brown was captured four years before. It was close by the water, on the principal street.

*July 18. Pleasant. Got a 75 ct loaf of Bread on the road and didn't pay for it.*

I told that story of the loaf of bread once in 1871 in *The Weston Boarding*

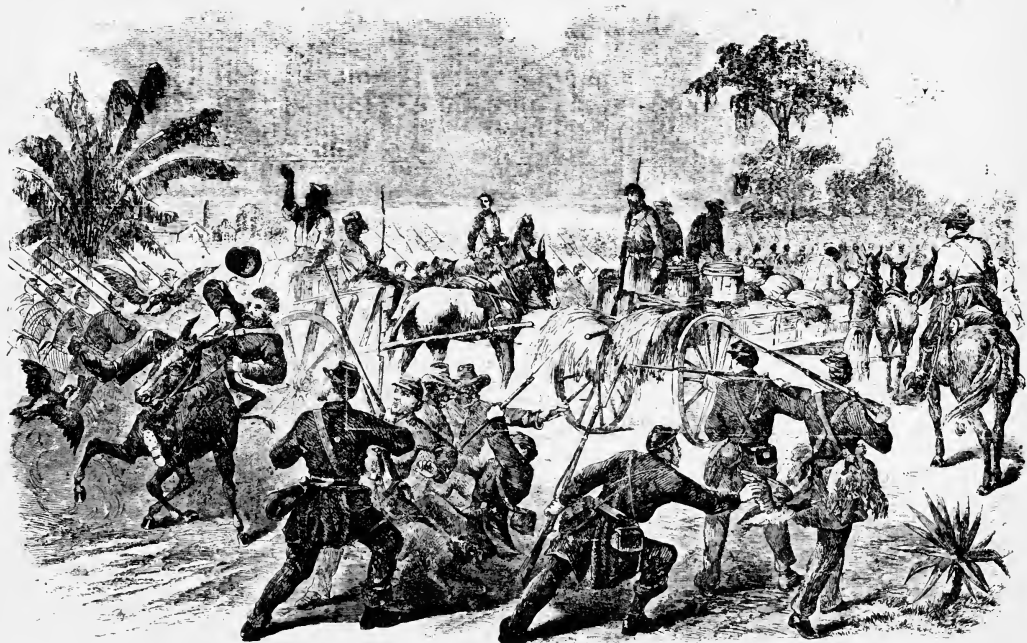
*School Cadet.* There is a feeble attempt at dialect, but so far as I can remember the incidents were exactly as stated, so I quote the article here.

Ye see, stranger, me and Prest was a stragglin'. Prest, he was a long, lean, lank, slab-sided Down-earster—not more'n eighteen-year old; but law! that chap graw inches faster'n he grew months. His feet was the wust; why that feller, he'd set out on a march with shoes he could jump into, and afore we'd been out a week, that critter's foot would' a grown bigger'n his shoe, and he'd go hobble-de-hobble, hobble-de-hobble, blistered up no end. So he couldn't keep 'long with the regiment, and he used to fall out, and travel with me. For I tell you what, stranger, I never did like to march in the company—this keep'n in fours, and haltin' along for an hour while the front column's gettin' over a brook, and then makin' up for it the rest o' the day is wusser'n the travel itself. So I allus used to kind o' slink out in the mornin' and go my own gait, and when it cum night, I was up with 'em, and not half so tired, neither.

Wal! this time me and Prest was a joggin' along—'twas after Gettysburg, and we was a goin' up one side o' the Blue Ridge, and the Johnnies on the t'other—and we tuk a notion we'd have some soft bread: hard-tack, and salt junk is better'n nuthin', but we'd had four weeks of it stiddy, and we wanted sumthin' fresher. So we stepped into a little Virginia shanty, and we asked the old woman if she could bake us a loaf o' bread. She was a cross-lcokin' old heifer, and she growled out she'd like to know where the money was comin' to pay her. So I pulled out an old pocketbook stuffed full o' paper, and I slapped it, 'n told her we was Kurnel McLaughlin's orderly'n cook, and we was gettin' up a dinner

fur him. So she pulled out o' her oven a loaf of bread—reg'lar Maryland loaf—big as a milkpan, 'n white'n light as a heap 'o snow, 'n she said we could have that for a dollar. Now, ye know, stranger, we hadn't seen a greenback since the last payday, three months gone, but I told the miserly old crone, sez I, "That's what we alluz pay," sez I "That's all hunk. And ncw," sez I, kind 'o feelin' my way, "the Kurnel," sez I, "he wants some biscuit for dinner, most particularly. Couldn't ye' bake him a dozen or two?" And the old she-wolf, she thought we must be flush o' rhino, so sez she, her greedy old eyes snappin, "Yes, I can cook a dozen for a dollar'n a half." So I told her that was dirt cheap, 'n that I would wait for 'em.

Now, ye' see, stranger, the bother of it was to get Prest started along with the loaf o' soft-tack. Wal, I seen the old woman's oven wouldn't hold but a dozen biscuit at a time, so while she was mixin' up, sez I, "Don't ye' know some other lady as could bake us another dozen while you was a bakin' these? Our Kurnel's an awful eater," sez I. So she said her sister lived about a quarter of a mile on, and she might bake us some, though she prob'ly wouldn't do is so cheap. So I told Prest to go on to that house (winkin' to him), and get some biscuit started, and wait for me. Just as he was goin' out o' the door, sez I: "Hold on thar; you've got a knapsack and I ain't. Our Kurnel's so particular to have his bread look smooth, you'd better put it into your knapsack." He seen the p'int to wunst, and begun to unstrap the knapsack. The old woman, she kind o' smelt a rat, and said she didn't want no vittles to go till they was paid for, but I pulled out my old greenback-holder agin, and I slapped it agin, and asked her wasn't I goin' to stay



RETURNING FROM A FORAGING EXPEDITION

till them biscuits was baked? So she let him go, kind o' onwillin' like, 'n he started off his with the soft-tack. After he'd had time to get a good piece down the road, I begun to kalkilate how I was goin' to git away. Ye' see I'd taken off my haversack 'n canteen, 'n I couldn't git 'em on without wakin' up the old woman. But she had a little youngster runnin' around, 'n I called him up 'n asked him how he would like to be a soldier? He was a impudent little cus(tomer), and he said as how if he was a soldier he'd shoot every darn Yankee he seen. I kind o' flattered him 'n got him good-natured, 'n then I told him to put on my fixin's 'n see how he'd like to wear 'em. So he put the straps around his neck, 'n tried to walk. But I told him that wasn't right: 'n I took 'em, and sez I, "You see," sez I, "ye' put on this haversack on, so; 'n then ye' put on this canteen on, so; and

then when they say, 'Forward,' ye' start off, so; left, right; left, right; left, right." So I went on till I got outside the front gate, 'n then sez I, "When they say, 'Double quick,' I go so;" 'n the way I cut down that road would a made greased lightnin' ashamed of hisself. The wind was a coinin' toward me, and it fetched along the old woman's cusses, as she stood in the door, 'n see her Yankee customer gittin' down the road. But bymeby I cotched up with Prest, 'n such a dinner as we had was a caution, stranger.

This was, so far as I remember the only foraging I did in the army, except at Mine Run to aid in killing a cow we found in a pasture. The Virginia we marched over had reached Sheridan's ideal, a country so devastated that a crow flying over it would have to carry his rations with him. Sometimes we traded for a pie or a hoeecake, but





TREASURE SEEKERS.

the people were so poor we usually made excuses to give them the best of the bargain. If this old woman had shown a different spirit we should have left her something she would have regarded as more than an equivalent for her loaf of bread.

I sometimes regretted that I had missed this element of a soldier's life that is usually so prominent. It was best exemplified on Sherman's march to the sea, where the men were not only permitted but encouraged to plunder the country in order to cut off supplies from the confederate army. Major George Ward Nichol's "The Story of the Great March" (N. Y., 1865) is startling in its frank relation of the spirit there.

We are familiar with the plundering by European armies. When Blucher was taken to the dome of St. Paul's his exclamation was "Ach! Vat a zity var to zack!" Marlborough's advice in Flanders

was "Always quarter upon the enemy, my lads, always quarter upon the enemy."

During the Peninsular war the French frequently wore British uniforms they had stripped from their dead adversaries. Thomas Hasker, who fought at Waterloo said, "I lay bleeding from a dozen wounds and was soon covered with blood. I was plundered by the French soliders of my watch, money, canteen, haversack, and trowsers, notwithstanding the balls from the British were dropping on all sides as I lay there."

Southey describes the looting by French soldiers on Massena's retreat from Portugal as scientific. They were provided with tools for the work of pillage, and broke open furniture from behind so that no valuables could be hidden. They examined whether there was new masonry or if any part of the cellar had been disturbed. They poured water, and if it were absorbed in one place faster than in another they dug





THE "BUMMER."

there for buried treasure. The habit of living by prey called forth, as in beasts, the faculty for discovering it.

This very habit is described by Nichols, who even gives this picture of it, as he does this other of "The bummer", a type of creature that Sherman's army found useful, and of which Nichols speaks not without respect.

Most of the foraging done by our other armies was apparently surreptitious. A drummer captured a couple of geese and hid them inside his drum. Presently the colonel observed that the drummer was not playing, and called out, "Why don't you beat that drum?" "Colonel, I want to speak to you," the man said. The colonel drew close and asked, "Well, what have you to say?" "Colonel," he whispered, "I have two geese in here." "Of course if you are sick you need not play," said the colonel in a loud voice; and he had roast goose for supper.

There was a good deal of good-natured banter. A picket went to a near-by house and asked to borrow a frying-pan. The woman brought it, but the man stood looking it over. "Well," she said, "is there anything more I can do for you?" "Could you lend me a piece of meat to fry in it?" he asked, laughing in spite of himself: and he got it. One man complained, with a winning smile "I haven't had a mouthful for three days, to-day, to-morrow, and next day."

Sometimes the foraging was above board. Gen. Paine said to a woman who complained of losing chickens, "We're going to put down the rebellion if it takes every chicken in Tennessee."

*Saw a lot of Randolph boys in the 10th Vt. Had a good dinner. Reached Hillsborough. Got our mail.*

We moved to what was called Wood grove, nearer eight miles than six. We marched up Sweet Run to Hillsborough,



WHEN THE MULE IS REFRACTORY



MULE SHOEING IN THE ARMY

which was in the vicinity of Snicker's gap, on the eastern base of the Blue Ridge mountains. We were keeping within easy marching distance of the gaps, so as to guard them from the confederate army, which was marching down the Shenandoah valley on the other side of the mountains.

*July 19. Very hot. Started early and went about 6 miles. Saw some splendid mules on the Cavalry Train.*

The mule is usually thought of as having no pride of ancestry or hope of posterity and therefore despicable, but a team of mules is much more valuable and effective than a team of horses of corresponding grade. Such mules as these were noble animals.

The braying of the mules was interpreted to call "Jo-o-o Hooker, Hooker, Hooker!"

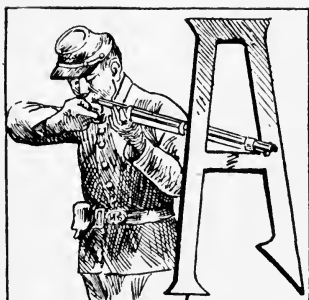
*July 20. Had my things carried in*

*Carr's Ambulance, and lost haversack, etc, in P. M.*

We started at four in the morning, and reached Upperville at noon.

I had a way of getting into a wagon train and putting my things on behind one of the wagons, for even light articles become heavy on a march. Usually I walked behind beside them, but this time I cut across the field and waited for the ambulance to come around the road. It came, but on the way somebody had stolen my rubber blanket, haversack, and canteen, all I had left of stuff I had started out with from winter quarters. That meant I must absolutely go without these things till there was the next distribution of clothing. All I had in the world was the clothes on my back. Curiously enough this was the last day of my first year in the army: not a very profitable enterprise so far.

## CHAPTER XXI. THE BATTLE OF WAPPING HEIGHTS



BATTLE that probably you never heard of, yet Gen. Meade expected Wapping Heights to be greater than Gettysburg.



GEN. JOSEPH H. CARR. 1828-95

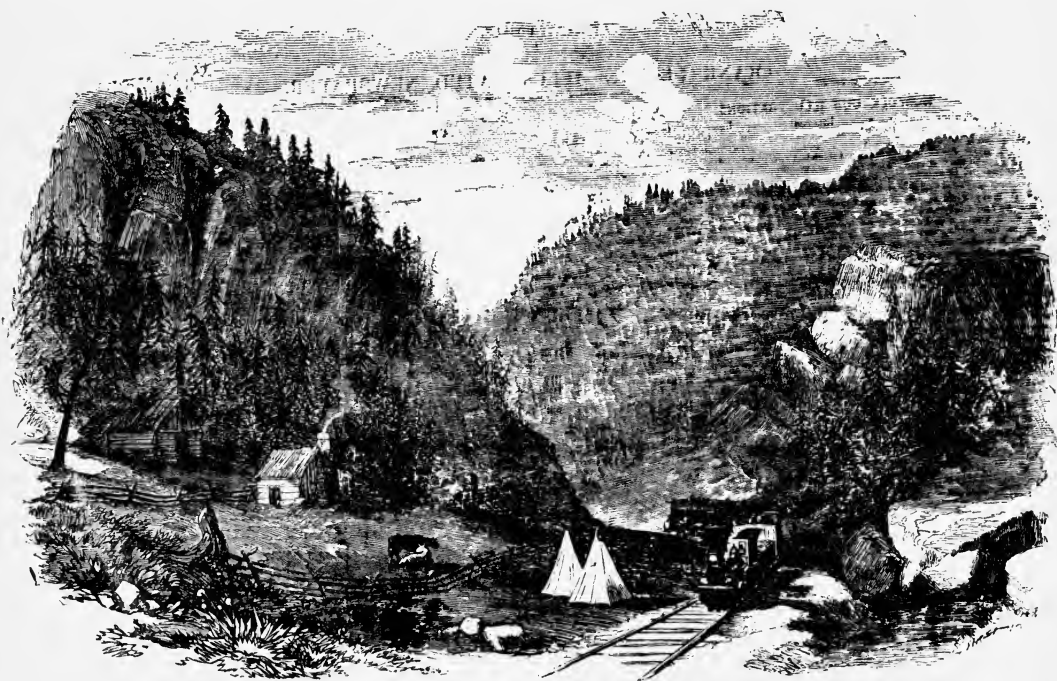
To us it was largely a joke.

*July 21. Pleasant. One year ago today I enlisted. Gen. Carr wouldn't let us go around when we came to a stream but made us wade right through.*

I have a general feeling that we never liked Gen. Carr very well, though there was

no marked expression that I remember. We compared every one with Fighting Jo Hooker.

We moved to Piedmont, on the Manassas Gap R. R., starting at 2:30 and bivouacking at 7: p. m.



THOROUGHFARE GAP, VA.

The railway had been destroyed by Jackson during his retreat in 1862 and was strewn with half-burned sleepers, twisted rails, car wheels, and tin roofing. We marched along the road beside the embankment to the entrance to the gap, passing through Springfield and Barhamsville. Chaplain Cudworth says: "The land now began gradually to rise, sloping down from both sides of the mountains, right and left to the valley between, along which wound the road to the other side of the ridge. In some places these mountains where the ascent was gradual and easy had been cleared of trees and bushes, and were covered with fields of grass, clover, and grain. In others they were enclosed with walls and fences for the pasturage of cattle and sheep. The soil was exceedingly rich, but the surface of the ground was covered with loose stones, some of large size, above and around which the rank grass had grown, making the movement of artillery and the maneuvering of large bodies of men matters of no little difficulty. The common roads, likewise, having been at the same time roads and beds for the mountain brooks which ran, one to the east and the other to the west through the gap, were rougher than anything the army of the Potomac had ever before experienced in all its marches and travels. Movable stones of all sizes and shapes, from the common cobble to blocks two or three feet high and as many broad, lay directly in the track over which artillery must proceed and the artillery be driven. Army horses and mules usually have a hard life; but here they were jerked and twitched about and tripped up so constantly that not a heart but pitied the poor brutes. Knowing the nature of Manassas gap, the rebels had not ventured to

bring their forces further than to the western entrance, and had spread them out over a series of eminences known as Wapping heights."

*July 22. Pleasant. Started about 2 P. M. and marched along easily towards Manassas Gap. Got some splendid Blackberries when we halted.*

Those blackberries must have gone far to preserve the health of the army after our scant rations of salt meat. On this particular afternoon I sat down where we halted and filled my cap with berries without moving. They were fine, large berries too. I had never liked blackberries at home, but after this they always seemed to me delicious.

*July 23. Pleasant. Reached Manassas Gap.*

We halted for an hour at the entrance to the gap, and at ten o'clock formed line of battle and advanced up the gap half a mile. We came up with the 1st division at Luiden. At two, our regiment was sent forward in support of picket line and entered upon the good-natured exchange of shots of which I have spoken above. We made our way in a leisurely manner up the hill, and bivouacked on the summit. I take this picture of the view from there from Chaplain Cudworth's book, regretting that I cannot name the two men who get so much more prominence than the landscape. He describes the view, however, as exquisitely beautiful. "Front Royal was in the foreground, with the swelling ranges of Massanutten, Great North, Little North, Branch, and Shenandoah rolling up against the horizon like mighty billows, and disappearing finally in the distant west; to the right and left were the abrupt spurs and towering peaks of the Blue Ridge chain,





ON THE LOOKOUT, WAPPING HEIGHTS.

sharply defined in the clear atmosphere of the region: while to the rear stretched in tranquil loveliness the wide expanse of valley lying between Bull Run mountains and the Blue Ridge, or Bull Run and the Potomac." A view of this same landscape from the east is given on page 206.

Now who would imagine that this little picnic excursion of ours was intended by Gen. Meade to bring on a battle as important as Gettysburg, that should sweep the confederate army out of existence? It was one of Gen. Meade's disappointments, and he had a good many of them, as we shall see later. Gen. Warren testified: "We then moved on as rapidly as we could and got into Manassas gap July 23. Gen.

Meade there intended to attack Gen. Lee's army, the whole of it or any part of it, for he knew he had got there before Lee had. Gen. French then had the advance, and our troops were first-rate in hand. But Gen. French made a very feeble attack, with one brigade only, and wasted the whole day; and the enemy got off again at night. I am sure Gen. Meade was more disappointed in that result than in anything else that had happened. For when the enemy got away at Williamsport Gen. Meade fully calculated to attack him at Manassas gap, or some place similar to it."

In his account of the movements of our division Gen. Carr makes more of this encounter than it seemed to us. He says, as



I have condensed it: "Early in the morning followed the road to Masassas gap. At Luiden came up with 1st div. Formed in 3 columns in mass, to follow and support 1st div, till it carried the high ridge crossing our course in which the enemy had made fight. This was a very high and steep ridge, and being cleared the whole mechanism of the advance was visible, furnishing a magnificent scene.

"When my columns arrived at the top I found the 1st div. deployed along the crest, occupying it far to right and left. I was directed to form in column of battalions closed in mass to support; also to send out our regiment to support the left of the line of skirmishers, for which I detailed the 1st Mass.

"The skirmishers below on the other side, were stationary and warmly engaged with others of the enemy, both parties seeking the cover of the ground from each other but perfectly in view from the top of the ridge.

"The 2d brigade was marched by the flank along the hollow, winding to the front and centre of the high ridge on which we stood, keeping on the lowest ground without it, to take the hill which was the key of the ground occupied by the enemy's skirmishers. The 1st and 3rd brigades were in position to support their charge by advancing down the counter-part of the main ridge, a nearer route to the hill referred to.

"Between 5 and 6 p. m. the 2d brigade charged up the hill and carried it, taking a second crest 200 yards beyond. I now advanced the 3d brigade, and brought forward the 1st to support the flanks of the 3d.

"The 2d brigade took the second crest and held it. The enemy were about to

attack my right. I brought the 1st brigade up to the second line and established it in mass near the road. The enemy threw solid shot and shell at the brigade without effect, and the troops slept on their arms."

Gen. Longstreet speaks of the affair contemptuously. He reports: "Gen. Ewell was detained a little, and found upon approaching Front Royal that Gen. Wright's brigade, left there to hold the gaps for him, was engaged in skirmishing with the enemy's infantry. He reinforced the brigade, held the enemy back, then changed his line of march west, crossed the Blue Ridge at Thornton's gap, and ordered Early's division, that was not yet up, through the valley by Strasburg."

The enemy escaped during the night, leaving us to bring in the wounded and bury the dead. Altogether there were on both sides some twenty killed and a hundred wounded. At five o'clock in the afternoon we marched to Markham, a hamlet some twenty miles from Warrenton.

*Found the Rebels here in a strong position but easily drove them out of it. Spinola's Brigade charged twice.*

I find marked across the page, "Skirmish at Wapping Heights", so I suppose that was the local name of the place. It was the most remarkable battle I ever heard of, almost like opera bouffe. Both sides seemed very good-natured, and fought in the most leisurely way. Our men would eat a mouthful of blackberries, load, eat another mouthful of blackberries, fire, eat another handful of blackberries, fire again, and so on, and the confederates were equally apathetic about gore.

*July 24. Pleasant. Had splendid Soup. At 5 P. W. had orders to join the Brigade which we reached about 8 P. M.*



WARRENTON, VA.

Part of the time I went to school in Vermont I boarded with a crusty, shrewd old man, not over-fond of me. One day we had for dinner the old New England soup, with potatoes and onions and carrots

and soft bread in it. I turned up my nose at it, and he warned me that I would see the time I should look back longingly at that soup. How often in the army I remembered that remark. This day I found up on



ANOTHER VIEW OF WARRENTON



FORAGING AT A DISADVANTAGE

the side of the hill a little truck garden where I got some potatoes and one or two other vegetables, and at the house I bought a little flour to thicken the soup with. It came out very well, and was a triumph I was never after able to repeat.

I was told that at one of the other farmhouses some of the boys tried to steal honey, with unfortunate results.

July 25. *Pleasant.* Started early and went back to the place where we encamped Wednesday night. Left here at noon and went through Salem to within 8 miles of Warrentown. There is a Revere House in

Salem. Not much like its namesake in Boston.

July 26. *Pleasant.* Started early and reached Warrenton about 10 A. M. A pretty place, but very secesh.

July 27. *Pleasant.* Some signs of stopping.

July 28. *Pleasant.* Clothing was given out to the Reg't which makes quite a difference in their appearance.

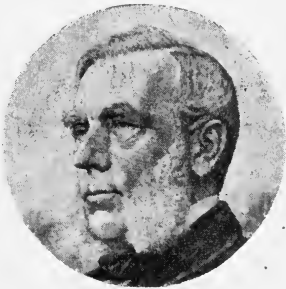
July 29. *Rainy.* Nothing occurred.

July 30. *Rainy.* Had good scouse for dinner.

## CHAPTER XXII. A NEW YORK EPISODE



ALTHOUGH the simultaneous victories of Gettysburg and Vicksburg had turned the tide of the war, the effect of previous failures was still disastrous at the north, especially in New York city. Under Gov.



EDWIN MORGAN. 1811-83  
Governor 1859-62

Morgan the Empire state had contributed generously to the war. The president had asked the state for 13,000 men. In ten days 10,000 had been sent forward and in 77 days 40,000 more were in camp awaiting transportation. The legislature voted 3 millions for equipments, and sent an agent to Europe with half a million more to purchase arms. By the fall of 1862 New York had sent 219,000 men to the front.

Reaction followed. Our arms met a succession of defeats, the withdrawal of men and money began to be felt, and Horatio Seymour was elected governor in opposition to continuance of the war. When in April, 1863, 300,000 more men were called for, New York's quota could no longer be filled

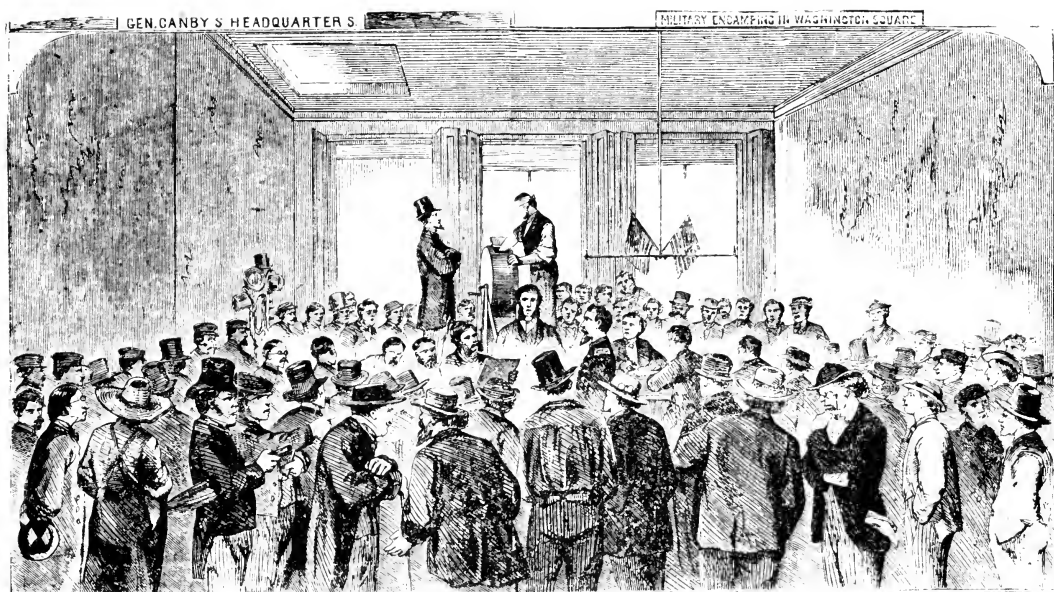
with volunteers, and drafts were ordered, to begin in New York city July 11.

Drafting is a serious matter. It is one thing to go to war voluntarily: it is quite another to be compelled to go. But men must be had, and men who had been kept at home not only by cowardice but by the obligations of husband and father and son and brother saw their names put into a big wheel, and knew that if the blindfolded man who thrust in his hand brought out

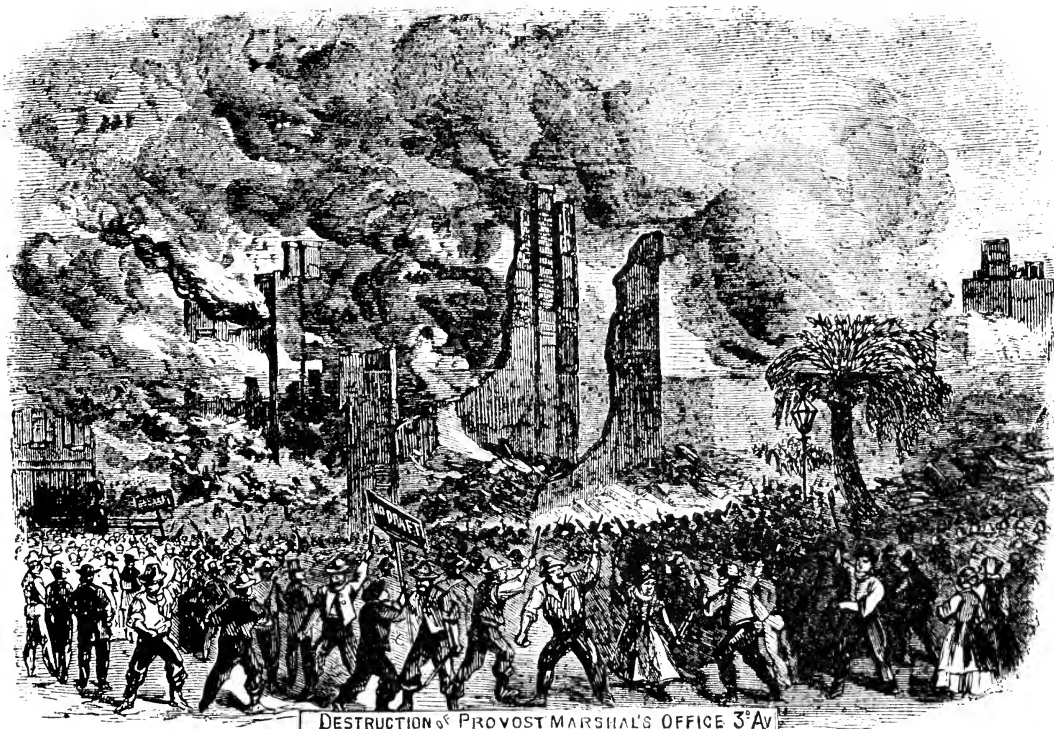


HORATIO SEYMOUR. 1810-86  
Governor 1853-4, 1863-4

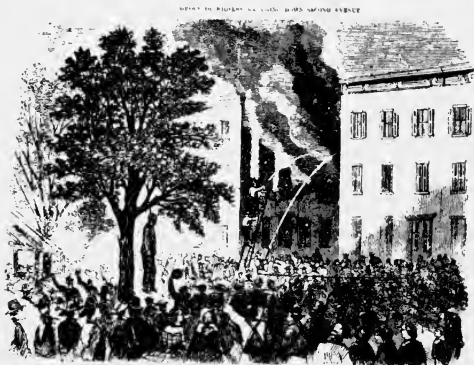
the slip containing their names, they must leave everything and go to the front. The peace journals declared that the draft was unconstitutional and the act of government tyrannical. Handbills were posted in grogshops urging men to resist the draft. The militia had been sent to Pennsylvania to resist Lee's invasion, and the police, though they fought well when called out, were individually in sympathy with those who opposed the war. The draft began Saturday, and the Sunday newspapers gave the names of those drawn. The next day rioting began. The provost marshal's office and the Colored orphan asylum were burned, negroes were hanged in the street,



DRAFTING IN THE 6TH DISTRICT, NEW YORK CITY, AUG. 19, 1863



DESTRUCTION OF PROVOST MARSHAL'S OFFICE 3<sup>d</sup> AV



and on the other hand a thousand of the mob were killed.

All this our regiment had read about without guessing that it immediately concerned us, but on July 30 Gen. Halleck ordered Gen. Meade to send to New York 4 regiments of infantry, not from New York or Pennsylvania, saying, "This detachment is all that is proposed at present to take from your army; but under no circumstances can we give you any re-enforcements. Every place has been stripped to the bare poles. Keep up a threatening attitude but do not advance." Accordingly the 1st and 37th Mass., the 5th Wis., and the 20th Ind. were sent north.

*July 31. Cloudy. Were woke up about 1 o'clock by orders to be ready to go to N. Y. We could not believe it but it was true and we got to Washington about night and went to the Relief.*

Through a mistake in the paging of my diary there is an error here. It was July 30 instead of July 31 when we started for New York, and we arrived in New York Aug. 1. On this day we marched nine miles to Warrenton junction, and took the cars there.

*Aug. 1. Pleasant. Left Washington early going the old route. Reached Balti-*

*more early and staid there a long while. Doherty got drunk, and got into a dangerous mood, and tried to kill Col. Edwards of the 37th Mass. Col. Baldwin interferred & D. tried to kill him but Baldwin was too much for him.*

Col. Baldwin seized a musket from a private and beat Doherty over the head with it till his skull was laid open and he fell insensible. It was the only thing to do, and was well done.

*Aug. 2. Pleasant. When I woke up in the cars I found myself at Canton. So we took the boat for N. York where we arrived about 10 A. M. at the Battery. About 2 P. M. we were taken over to Governor's Island, a pleasant place containing forts. Pitched Sibley tents.*

Canton should be Camden, of course.

*Aug. 3. Pleasant. Spent the day in wandering around the Island. It is a fine place. There are about 100 Drummer Boys here, that are kept here untill they can play and then sent to their Reg't's, in the Regular Army. There is also a fine Band. The Drum Major who has been in the service 45 years, is dressed up in gay style.*

*Aug. 4. Very warm. Was on Orderly. Saw Regular Guard Mounting. White gloves and Dress Coats look well but the Drill was poor. Had a fine Dress Parade at night considering that we had not had one since we were at Falmouth.*

*Aug. 5. Pleasant. Got our mail today.*

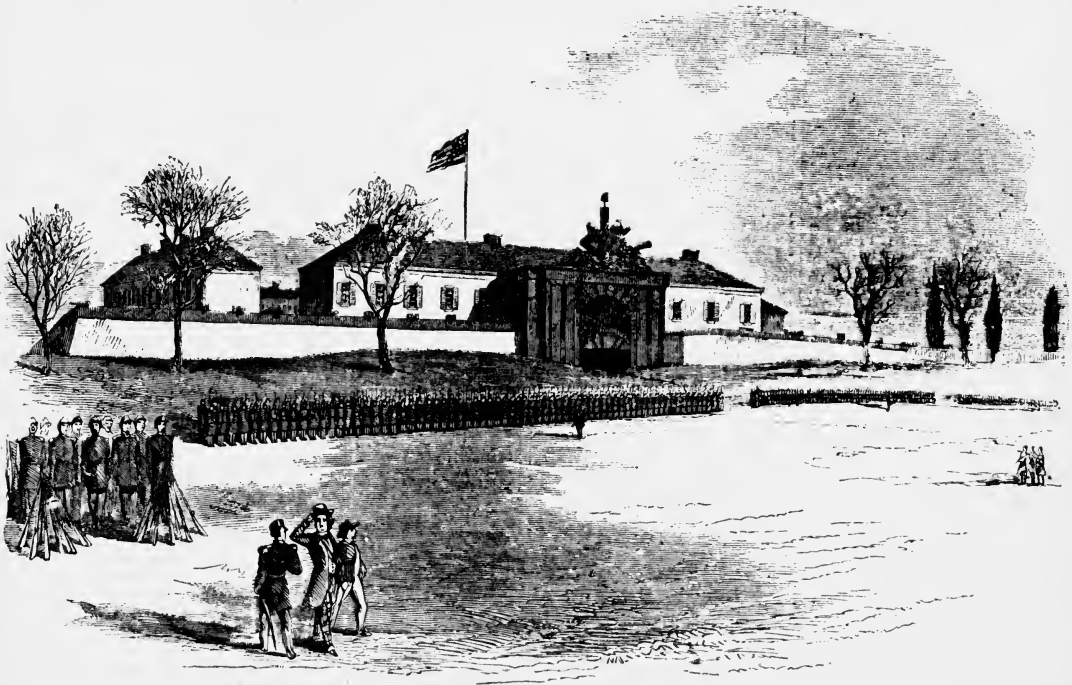
*Aug. 6. Pleasant. Received \$10.00 in letter from home.*

*Aug. 7. Pleasant. Went to N. Y. for cards, etc.*

*Aug. 8. Pleasant. Was on Orderly. Had a heavy shower in the afternoon.*

*Aug. 9. Very Hot. Had Sunday Inspection.*





RECRUITS DRILLING ON GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, N. Y.

Aug. 10. Pleasant. The Reg't drills at Heavy Artillery every day.

Aug. 11. Drills.

Aug. 12. Had two letters. Heavy shower in P. M.

Aug. 13. Pleasant. We have dug two springs right on the bank or beach rather, in which we get beautiful water, though they are filled with salt water when the tide is in.

Aug. 14. Very hot. Drills as usual; five of the Drummers were made to stand out in the sun 4 hours for not turning out.

Aug. 15. Pleasant. It is rather dull here.

O the inconsistency of man. When we were marching in the rain up to Gettysburg, suppose some one had offered to transport us to Governor's island, with plenty to eat, a comfortable bed, and little to do, and then should have told us we would find it monotonous.

Aug. 16. Pleasant. Had Sunday Inspection. Very warm.

Aug. 17. Cloudy. Had orders to leave. Went down the East River to Ricker's Island to guard conscripts. A bleak homely place.

Riker's island was certainly unattractive. The only thing raised upon it in any quantity was wharf rats, almost as large as some of the officers' spaniels that used to seize them by the neck and kill them with remarkable skill.

As for the conscripts, they were unspeakable. This picture of a New York recruiting station displays the inducements held out, and there were substitutes who came to the island with a thousand dollars in greenbacks. Some of them had never owned five dollars at once in their lives, and they were easy marks for all sorts of swindles. Counterfeit money was common



GIORGIO D'AMERICA. — Bureau de recrutement de volontaires fédéraux - New-York

I have know a soldier to give a substitute counterfeit money for a hundred-dollar bill and deduct ten dollars of the counterfeit money as a commission for changing it, which seemed to me to pass into the artistic.

The conscripts and substitutes were kept in a camp by themselves, of course, and were visited freely at first until it was discovered that their friends brought bottles of whiskey. They were hard to discipline, and sometimes had to wear a ball and chain, as if they were still in the prison from which they seemed to have escaped.

Aug. 18. *Pleasant. This island is a great place for Bluff playing. Have commenced to play here a little. I had just five dollars when I came on the island and have got no more to lose unless payday comes.*

Aug. 19. *Pleasant. Got \$10.00 more in a letter from home.*

Aug. 20. *Pleasant. Played Bluff as usual. Came out a little ahead.*

Aug. 21. *Pleasant. Did not play much today. Shower in P. M.*

Aug. 22. *Pleasant. We were paid off today. I made considerable playing Bluff. \$27.00 at Draw Poker.*

The game changed here. Bluff was played with the cards first dealt; at draw poker each player had the privilege of discarding as many as he liked of his original five cards and having new ones dealt him in their place. This gave two opportunities to bet, before and after the draw. There was another difference. At Bluff, as we played it, the winner of each hand

dealt the next hand; at draw poker the deal passed around to the left.

Aug. 23. *Pleasant. Was on Orderly.*

Aug. 24. *Played Bluff of course. Made pretty well.*

Aug. 25. *Pleasant. Played Bluff as usual. Sent \$50.00 home, and had 20. left.*

Aug. 26. *Pleasant. Did not play much today.*

Aug. 27. *Pleasant. Made 20.00 at Bluff. The Band, 1st Brig. 2d Div. 12th Corps was here and played at Dress Parade. Sent \$50.00 home.*

Aug. 28. *Cloudy. Sixteen years old today. Made a bad mistake at Guard Mounting occasioned by Prest. who is too big a fool to do as he ought.*

Guard mounting took place at 8 o'clock. The guard was divided into three reliefs, each on duty for two hours and off four, serving 8 hours in 24. The guard were not subject to roll calls or fatigue duty. The assembly or guard call was followed by other music, as the details marched out to the color line. The corporal had to seek out the relief when it was time, and it was hard luck for him, if he got into the wrong tent.

I don't know why mistakes of the drummers annoyed me so much: I had no responsibility beyond my own life. But guard mounting and dress parade seemed to me about the only places we earned our pay, and I did like to get through them decently and in order. Prest was a born blunderer.

*Lost 5.00 at Sweat in the morning but won it back again at Bluff. I seem to have uniform good success at Bluff this payday.*

Aug. 29. *Rainy. Was on Orderly. Sent \$5.00 as present to Georgie.*

Aug. 30. *Pleasant. Had Sunday Inspection. Lost \$10.00 at Bluff & Sweat &*

*set up a board winning more than I lost. Paid \$25.00 to Hull for watch.*

It did not take a profound mathematical operation to demonstrate that the dealer must win at sweat.

It was played on cloth on which the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, were painted, and three dice were shaken. I have forgotten just how it counted but there was a frequent contingency under which the dealer beyond his even chance took half of all the stakes.

Aug. 31. *Pleasant. Had Inspection and Mustering in. Started a sweat table and won 19 dollars but lost it in the P. M.*

Sept. 1. *Pleasant. Won \$20.00 at Bluff in A. M. A Full hand, two Flushes. I held the Full. In P. M. won twenty dollars at Sweat. Got a \$30.00 Draft.*

Sept 2. *Pleasant. Was on Orderly. At night one of the Conscripts swam across the River. The guard fired twice but did not hit him. Drs. Riddel and Hawkins examined the patients in the tent at night. Got a Vest from N. Y.*

That must be the one I am wearing in the picture on page 162. It looks not only ready made but selected vicariously.

Sept. 3. *Pleasant. Found a man hidden in the hollow of a tree when we went down to practise. He came in with the Drum Corps. Won a little at Bluff. Lent Chas. Fields \$6.00 to go home with.*

Sept. 5. *Pleasant. Was on Orderly. Sent \$30.00 home.*

Sept. 6. *Pleasant. Made \$11.00 at Sweat in A. M. Lost it in P. M. and quit the game. My partner won \$2.00 when I left him. Won \$27.00 of Charlie Tillson at Draw Poker and lent him.*

Incidentally I find by my account book that I never got that \$27 back.

Sept. 7. *Pleasant. Played Bluff coming out about square. Sent in my pass.*

*Sept. 8. Foggy. The boats were late on account of fog. Went into N. Y. at 10 A. M. Went up to Central Park, Barnum's Museum. M. of A. etc and at night to Niblo's, and Wood's. After the Performance went into a Music Hall but did not stay long. Slept at Tammany.*

Few of our readers will remember that a hotel used to stand where Tammany Hall is now.

*Sept. 9. Pleasant. Took a Bath, and got breakfast at the Metropolitan. Had Photograph taken & bought books etc. Ascended steeple of Trinity Church and had fine view. Gave Sexton a dollar. Returned at 10 A. M. Lost \$8.00 at Bluff.*

The photograph is on page 162. The sexton must have gasped when he got a dollar from that boy.

*Sept. 10. Pleasant. Was put on Orderly.*

*Sept. 11. Pleasant. Mayor Lincoln, Gen's Canby, Cowdin, & others came here and the Reg't was presented with a City Flag. A very handsome one. Our Drum Corps done nothing right as usual. Charles Fields returned from furlough.*

*Sept. 12. Pleasant. Won \$25.00 payday of Chas Tillson & 10.00 of Turner.*

I have in my diary two pages of these "pay day" accounts still unsettled. But I had the fun of winning, and the money itself did not count much in my mind.

*Sept. 13. Cloudy. Inspection as usual. Have got an awful cold.*

*Sept. 14. Cloudy. Was on Orderly.*

*Sept. 15. Pleasant. Nothing going on untill Battallion Drill.*

*Sept. 16. Pleasant. Went to New York by Harlem. At 5 P. M. met Father at French's where I put up. He went to Albany in 7 o'clock boat.*

I am referring here of course to my mother's second husband. His experience

with me would discourage anyone else from becoming a stepfather, but he fulfilled that relation with wonderful patience and forbearance. I never heard him raise his voice or speak impatiently, and he was always kind and considerate. Moreover he gave me two half-sisters of whom I have always been fond and proud.

*Sept. 17. Pleasant. Returned in 11 o'clock boat. Found the Reg't paid off and received \$4.90 for two months pay. Won \$25.00 at Bluff.*

The balance of my \$24 pay doubtless was accounted for by exceeding my allowance of clothes, as is elsewhere explained.

*Sept. 18. Rainy. Played Bluff all day.*

*Sept. 19. Rainy. Was on Orderly. Made 12.00 in a half hour in P. M. Sent \$40.00 home.*

*Sept. 20. Pleasant. Played no Bluff today. Sunday Inspection as usual.*

*Sept. 21. Pleasant. Won about \$22.00 counting 29.00 that McRea owes me. Lost 22.00 by careless playing. \$10.00 on one hand.*

*Sept. 22. Pleasant. Played but very little and came out about square.*

*Sept. 23. Pleasant. Was on Orderly.*

*Sept. 24. Pleasant. Gov. Andrew. Gen. Sickles, Gen. Canby and others were here and reviewed the Reg't.*

*Sept. 25. Cloudy. Sent for Wide World, True Flag, Am Union, for six months each.*

What an insight into my favorite reading at that time the names of these periodicals give to those who remember them. None of them could live now, with their sickly sentimentalism. But the soldiers were easy marks for advertisers. Here is an advertisement photoengraved from Frank Leslie's of Feb. 16, 1863. It reminds me of the South Sea bubble, when there were abundant subscribers for a project which

THE UNION VOLUNTEER'S SONG-  
STER—Containing 100 patriotic Union  
Songs, sent postpaid for 10 cts. (coin.) Address Box  
708, St. Louis, Mo. 324

Just Out. Just Out.

NOW IS THE TIME to get the most beautiful Invention yet. Every Officer or Private in the Army needs one. Every Gentleman, Lady or Miss must have one. Inclose 30 cts. and receive the article by return mail, with full directions. Address W. S. SALISBURY, Adams Centre, Jeff. Co., N. Y. 324-27

Dr. Brown's Patent Baby Tender.



THE greatest invention in the world for the comfort and convenience of Mothers and Children. Read sample

the promoters did not deem it prudent to describe.

Sept. 26. Cloudy. Played Cribbage all day as I had nothing else to do.

Sept. 27. Pleasant. Had church in P. M. Inspection &c in A. M.

Sept. 28. Pleasant. Was on Orderly. Jimmie Parker got home from Furlough. Had sing at night.

Sept. 29. Pleasant. Very foggy in the morning.

Sept. 30. Pleasant. Lost \$7.50 at Bluff.

Oct. 1. Pleasant. Got broke playing Cribbage with Nick Dranger. Wonder if he stacked the cards at that game.

Oct. 2. Windy. Got a pass to go fishing. "within sight of the Guards," and went to Harlem, after fishing a little. I caught the three largest fish. One of them an enormous flounder. Played Billiards and drank rum, etc. in Harlem, and had a good dinner. Saw Maj. Walker at Port Morris. Spent a 3 dollar counterfeit Bill. Bought some fish in Port Morris, so as to make up a good string. Had a pretty good time altogether.

I was never much of a fisherman and cannot recall another day entirely given up to it. But I seem to have got in about all that goes with it, even the story that I caught the three biggest fish. I remember

the first one I caught, because I had never before caught anything more than five inches long. This was a blue fish and quite a fighter.

When we were ordering drinks some one ahead of me called for Rhine wine, so as I already knew the taste of whiskey and had tried the rum I called for Rhine wine, too, always eager for a new experience. Shades of Johannisberger and Steinberg Cabinet, I wonder what that Rhine wine was made of: if I should guess I should say water 90%, vinegar 9%, crude alcohol 1%. But I sniffed the glass, took a swallow, held up my mouth and meditated, took two more swallows, and then remarked before finishing it that it had a fine bouquet and quite a fruity flavor but was not dry enough. I had never drank a glass of wine, I had never seen anybody drink a glass of real wine, but I had read about wine-drinking and inferred that this was the proper behavior for a connoisseur.

The whole afternoon was as artificial as that. I was seeking to put myself into the attitude and spirit of having a high old time. I probably laughed the loudest of the party, and I know I was the first to assent to any proposal, the more reckless the better. But I could not get into the abandon of the other men. It was as impossible for me to relax my moral sense as to devitalize my body. I was always at tension in both: I could not let myself go.

I was quite aware, of course, that while this was a safeguard, no doubt often necessary, it was a limitation. This was my only attempt to be one of a fast party. I tried to be a sport, but my nature would not enter into it.

Oct. 3. Windy. Was on Orderly. Sent home for \$10.00 as I have not enough to pay my washing bill. Wrote another letter home

*changing amount from 10 to 50 dollars.*

*Oct. 4. Pleasant. A conscript died in Camp last night and was sent to N. Y. today. Attended meeting.*

*Oct. 5. Pleasant. Reports of going back to the Front.*

*Oct. 6. Pleasant. Went down to practise in the morning. Capt. Warren got back to the Reg't.*

Poor fellow, I saw him die at Spotsylvania.

*Oct. 7. Cloudy. Was on Orderly.*

*Oct. 8. Cloudy. Got a pass to go to New York and gave it to Nick Dranger. Harry Jordan came to see his brother.*

I had not yet had my long sought revenge on Nick, but the bitterness of my resentment had worn off. I was never very good at grudges. Often I have felt that there was some reason I ought to dislike a man, but I couldn't remember what it was and have let the feeling vanish with the remembrance.

*Oct. 9. Borrowed \$20. of Rogers and went to N. Y. Bought underclothes, gloves, and valise. Saw Nicole in his Zampilaestroation feat. Went to the Opera a little while in the evening.*

It may seem strange in one so fond of music as I was and so hungry for all that led to culture that I did not stay through the first opera I attended. Nowadays if I know I am to be in New York or London or Paris my first question is whether there is a season of opera going on, and if so what the pieces are for the nights I am to be there. If possible I get seats in advance choosing according to the opera-house: in Berlin, for instance, the theatre is so long that the galleries facing the stage are too far away, in Paris the raised seats at the rear of the parquette are better than can be found in any other opera-house

anywhere, and in some opera-houses there are trick seats, as at the Manhattan in New York where the ticket-seller took my five dollars and urbanely assured me the end seat in K was excellent: it looked so on paper, but when I got there I found the lower tier of boxes came to the floor and I could not see the stage.

Then if the opera is new to me I buy a libretto and make myself acquainted with it, if possible reading it over aloud in the language in which it is to be sung. Once in Vienna there was a sudden change of bill, and I could not get the libretto till just before dinner. The opera was The Trumpeter of Sakkingen and wholly new to me, so I began it with my soup. I grew so much absorbed in the delightful story that the waiter could hardly get my attention to the courses, but the evening proved one of the memorable enjoyments of my life. Again in Naples I heard the fourth performance ever given of Pagliacci. I had landed that afternoon from a steamer bound for Alexandria, and had not even heard of the opera. I got away from my party, bought the libretto, and read it in a little restaurant where I dined alone, so when I got to the San Carlos I was prepared to appreciate what proved so great a success.

Even if the opera is familiar I like to run over the libretto beforehand, and if possible glance over the score, not only to have it in mind but to recall when and where I heard it before. Tannhauser, for instance, always recalls that delightful Sunday night in Munich when I heard it for the first time, and where it was taken so seriously by the chorus and the audience that it seemed a religious performance. Lohengrin, on the other hand, always recalls the opera festival in Cincinnati the year



Grover Cleveland was elected governor of New York—I remember it that way because I was introduced to him on the way there. Albani was the Elsa, and though I have heard other great singers in that part I have never been impressed by them as by her. Traviata is another opera that takes me back to Cincinnati. Patti was the soprano, but the baritone Gelassi hit me deepest with his appeal to his son. I was newly a father then, and I wondered if I should ever have to blush for my boy.

The triumph of that week was the duet of Patti and Scalchi in Semiramide. Poor Scalchi; I heard her last in vaudeville, voice and figure and face all gone; and the last farewell concert for Patti announced in Syracuse was cancelled because too few tickets were sold.

It is with such background and preparation as this that I enjoy the opera. I have heard the principal of a New York normal school say not only that he did not care for opera himself but that he questioned the sincerity of anybody who pre-

tended to enjoy it. He must have tried it as I tried it on this occasion. I sat in a cheap gallery seat, did not buy a libretto, did not know the language it was sung in, had no clear idea of what was supposed to be going on, and was tired and sleepy after a busy day of sight-seeing. So I really didn't enjoy it: but I did not question the sincerity of those who said they did.

*Oct. 10. Went down to Brooklyn Navy Yard. Too much Police. Then saw them play billiards awhile in French's and went into Barnum's Museum. Had just time to jump on the John Romer. Got \$20. in letter from home.*

*Oct. 11. Pleasant. So cold there was no church. Inspection as usual. Dress Parade.*

*Oct. 12. Pleasant. Quite cold. All the conscripts sent to New Orleans.*

*Oct. 13. Was on Orderly. At night two companies of the 8th U.S. I. relieved us, and we were ordered to prepare for embarkation.*

## CHAPTER XXIII. AT THE FRONT ONCE MORE



ET the reader imagine how, after the luxuries of New York city, we enjoyed going back to the field. It was much harder than the first time we went.

*Oct. 14. Pleasant. Started in the afternoon for Washington. Went to New York in the John Romer and hence to Jersey City. and thence on the N. R. R. of N. J. to Philadelphia.*

*Oct. 15. Pleasant. Reached Philadelphia about 3 A. M. Took breakfast at the Union Refreshment Saloon and I went into the City on 12th St to Chestnut and back to Washington avenue on 13th St. Reached Havre de Grace about 2 P. M. Baltimore at 8 P. M. Had supper at the Union Relief. Then were packed like hogs into baggage cars in which we could not lay down. Rode all night and*

*Oct. 16. Rainy. Reached Washington early in the morning. Did not stop for breakfast, but had bread and coffee thrown into the cars. Went on to Union Mills, now the Front. and reported to our old Brigade. They welcomed us back with much satisfaction.*

Not unmingled with malice, of course. They had naturally felt envious of us loafing about New York while they were marching and fighting.

When we had gone away, ten weeks before, the army had been at Warrenton. Now, as will be seen by the map, inside cover, it was back almost where I first

joined it. How had it lost so much ground? The answer is simple: Meade had been out-generalled.

Gen. Sickles said: "The retreat from Culpepper to Centreville made the army feel humiliated. To a military man it was unaccountable."

*Went over to the 10th Vt. and saw Edson. Doten, Finn, and other Randolph Boys.*

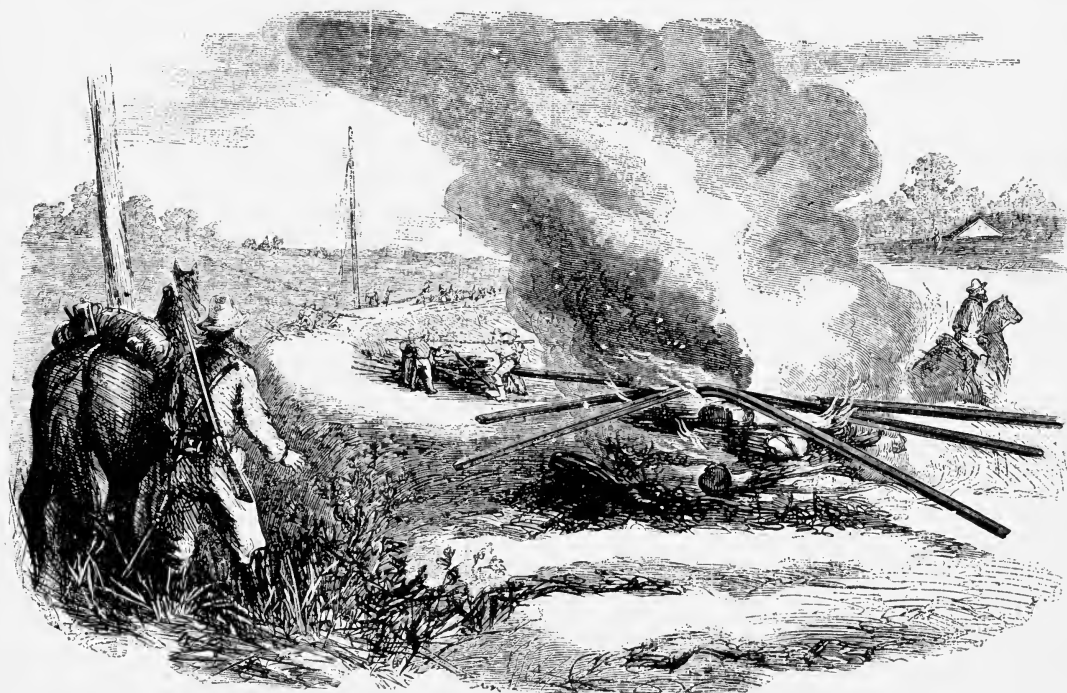
Edson was a cousin of Andrew W. Edson associate superintendent in New York city, and I had known him at school in Randolph.

*Oct. 17. Pleasant. Was put on Orderly out of turn. It seems quite natural to get back to the Army. Review by Gen. Sickles. He was loudly applauded by the whole Corps. I have got more breath to waste in cheering him than any other man in this Army.*

*Oct. 18. Pleasant. Orders to move, but did not. Had church in the afternoon.*

*Oct. 19. Rainy. Started about 7 o'clock and went towards Bristow Station. Firing on the right. Moved as though preparing for battle. At last halted in the Woods. A damp, unhealthy place. Staid here all night. Very Cold. The Rebs have torn up the R. R. in big shape. The bridge is burned clear down.*

This picture shows how railways were torn up. Benton says: "A regiment would line up on one side of the track, and taking hold of the rail and end of the ties would begin to lift it up. Presently it would be standing on the ends of the ties, and as soon as it began to go over at one point the men would let go, and, running, behind the others who were still lifting,



HOW THE CONFEDERATES DESTROYED RAILROADS

grasp a new place and continue the raising. When once started in this way, the track, rails, and ties together would be slowly rolling over, like an immense furrow of sod rolling from some giant plough. Now surely the railroad is destroyed, the novice would say. Not at all, for it could easily be put together again: the ties must be burned. These, however, could be replaced by an army of slaves: the rails themselves must be made useless. This was accomplished by piling up the ties with fence-rails and dry wood, and across each pile would be laid perhaps a dozen of the new rails. The burning of the ties would heat these, and while they were red hot each rail was twisted by the use of a peculiar wrench. A bent rail can be straightened out, but a thoroughly twisted

rail can never be used again, and the confederates had no source from which to replace them." No wonder they retaliated.

When they were rebuilt the rails were often so insecurely fastened that as we rode on the top of a freight car we could see the end of a rail fly up as we left it. It was curious to us that when any of our men were drunk, as sometimes happened, and rode on the top of freight cars bobbing about on the insecure rails, they never fell off, even when asleep.

*Oct. 20. Pleasant. Started early and went in the direction of Warrenton. Passed through Greenwich and went two or three miles beyond. Considerable sheepkilling.*

It was seldom we had a chance to forage in Virginia, as I have already said, but our men found a few stray sheep in this region.

*Oct. 21. Pleasant. Very warm. Marched about 13 miles to Catlett's Station. Went about 30 miles to go from Bristowen. Halted for the night at Catlett's. Capt Stone and the Detailed Men came up here.*

That second sentence is unintelligible to me, and the last word is obscure.

*Oct. 22. Pleasant. For a wonder "Reveille" was the first Bugle Call we heard during the night.*

Nichols, in his "Story of the Great March" (N. Y., 1865), a most interesting narrative, thus describes breaking camp. "At three o'clock the watch fires are burning dimly, and, but for the occasional neighing of horses, all is so silent that it is difficult to imagine that 20,000 men are within a radius of a few miles. The ripple of the brook can be distinctly heard as it breaks over the pebbles, or winds petulantly around the gnarled roots. The wind sweeping gently through the tall pines over head only serves to lull to deeper repose the slumbering soldier, who in his tent is dreaming of his far-off northern home.

"But in an instant all is changed. From some commanding elevation the clear-toned bugle sounds out the reveille, and another and another resounds, until the startled echoes double and treble the clarion calls. Intermingled with this comes the beating of drums, often rattling and jarring on unwilling ears. In a few moments the peaceful quiet is replaced by noise and tumult, arising from hill and dale, from hill and forest. Camp-fires, hitherto extinct or smouldering in dull gray ashes, awake to new life and brilliance, and send forth their sparks high into the morning air. Although no gleam of sunrise blushes in the east the harmless flames on every side light up the scene, so that there is no disorder or confusion.

"The aesthetic aspects of this sudden change do not, however, occupy much of the soldier's time. He is more practically engaged in getting his breakfast ready. . . . The animals are not less busy. An ample supply of corn and huge piles of fodder are greedily devoured by these faithful friends of the boys in blue, and any neglect is quickly made known by the pawing of neighing horses and the fearful braying of the mules. Amid all is the busy clatter of tongues and tools—a Babel of sound, forming a contrast to the quiet of the previous hour as marked as that between peace and war.

"Then the animals are hitched into the traces, and the droves of cattle relieved from the night's confinement in the corral. Knapsacks are strapped, men seize their trusty weapons, and as again the bugles sound the note of command, the soldiers fall into line and file out up on the road, to make another stage of their journey—it may be to win fresh laurels in another victory, or perhaps to find a rest which shall only be broken by the reveille of the last trump."

*Oct. 23. Pleasant. Very cold without Shelter Tents.*

*Oct. 24. Pleasant. Had two letters as answers to the enigma I sent to the Wide World. One Miss Amy Wilson Boston Mass & Miss Susie J. Steadman, West Bolton Mass. Did not expect any reply.*

These enigmas were a means of finding correspondents for soldiers who had few friends at home. I exchanged letters for some time with Miss Stedman and still have her picture. As she kept up the correspondence after she had seen my photograph, shown on page 162, I conclude that her supply of friends must also have been limited.

A teachers agency that prided itself on doing its work by direct application to it from schools devised what it thought would prove to be an effective advertisement as follows: "If you want practice in correspondence, enrol in one of the notification agencies: if you want a place, write to us."

It was obliged to discard this form of advertisement because so many teachers wrote to it in good faith, "Please give me the address of one of the notification agencies; I want practice in correspondence." That seemed to be the kind of young woman who solved and replied to my enigma. Certainly our correspondence was of the most formal type, highly respectable but unexciting.

Oct. 25. Pleasant. Very cold. Church in P. M. Two more letters. One Miss Maud F. Hunter, Salem, & Miss Anna T. Gray, Lewiston, Me. Getting interesting.

Oct. 26. Very cold. Moved camp across the creek. Battery K in position. Got a lot of Black Walnuts.

Oct. 27. Pleasant. Very cold indeed. Could not sleep at night. All the Company on Detail.

Oct. 28. Pleasant. Went down on the Rail Road and stole an axe. They are getting along very fast.

I think I should still steal an axe from the government, if it provided no other way to get wood enough to make a fire I could sleep by.

Oct. 29. Pleasant. Tried to wash some clothes but gave in. Baldwin got us drummers to work digging sinks. Saw shelling W. N. W. at night, a long way off.

Oct. 30. Pleasant. Was on Orderly. Moved up the R. R. above Warrenton Junction to a place one mile from Weaverville.

Oct 31. Rainy. Went on Orderly as the Drum Corps had sinks to dig. But did not

make much as I was very busy. Mustered in for two months pay.

Nov. 1. Pleasant. Played cent ante today. Won a little. 11th Suttler arrived. Butter, Cheese, etc. Found Crabs. Had letter from home with money & stamps.

Nov. 2. Pleasant. Sent for two Gold Pens. Played Bluff coming out square. Sent eight letters in A. M.

Nov. 3. Pleasant. Played Bluff coming out a little ahead.

Nov. 4. Pleasant. 8 days rations given out, and orders to be ready to move. Got broke at Bluff. Had letter from Susie. The proper name for this place is Licking Run Heights & not Weaversville.

Nov. 5. Pleasant. Played Bluff with silver, losing 10 cts. Dress Parade at night.

Nov. 6. Windy. Orders to march at sunrise. The Reg't was to guard the Ammunition Train so I started ahead. At 1:30 P. M. as we neared Kelly's Ford, Artillery announced a sharp engagement. I went down to where I saw a good part of the hottest of the fight. Some 300 prisoners were taken. Could not find the Reg't so I slept with some sick men.

At two o'clock in the afternoon the regiment had gone back ten miles to Morris-town via Bealton, to act as train guard, but I had heard nothing of it, being absorbed in watching the engagement. It moved up to Kelly's ford next day, where I found it the day following.

Nov. 7, Pleasant. Drills commenced. Company in A. M. Battalion in P. M. Hollis of Co. K. received a letter from Secretary Staunton saying that Gov. Andrew had authority given him by the War Department to raise recruits for the term of service unexpired in 3 years Reg't's, and that Recruits enlisted under that order would be



KELLY'S FORD ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK; Confederate Breastworks in the Foreground



ANOTHER VIEW OF KELLY'S FORD



*discharged with their Reg't's; Soft Bread given out to the Reg't. Also Potatoes.*

This letter from Secretary Stanton was good news to those of us who had enlisted in old regiments under a three years mustering in.

*Nov. 8. Pleasant. Started pretty early and went down to the river. The 1st, 2nd, 3d, & 5th Corps were here. Saw Frank Brown of the 12th Mass. Crossed the river and went through Kellyville to Rappahannock Station where I found the Brigade, but the Reg't was still back with the Wagon Train. So I kept with the Brigade and marched up to Brandy's Station where we halted for Camp. Stopped with the 26th Pioneers and slept warm. Saw Gen. Meade.*

As will be seen, in my eagerness to see the fight at Kelly's ford, a very interesting little skirmish, I missed my regiment, the plans of which were changed by the engagement. So I was for some days without legitimate rations. I have never forgotten the hospitality of those pioneers or woodsmen of the 26th Pa. I had no business to be skylarking around away from my regiment, but they did not consider that. All they saw was a little fellow with nothing to eat, and they took me right in as one of their own, shared their rations and their beds with me, and would not even let me do my fair share of the work about camp. I could not help feeling that no Massachusetts regiment would have treated a Pennsylvania straggler that way, and I have always had a warm place in my heart for the old 26th.

*Nov. 9. Snow. Very cold and some snow. Did not move untill about 3 o'clock when the Brigade laid out Camp. I went back to Kelly's ford and found the Reg't. Got 2*

*letters by mail. Laid near Elk Run all night and slept very well. 1st Div. 5th Corps passed us going back somewhere. It had Brigade Drill in P. M. for yelling Hard Tack to the General. I went 8 miles without taking off my Knapsack, in 3 hours.*

I had toughened up quite a bit since my first weary march.

*Nov. 10. Windy. Left the Ford early in the A. M. for Brandy Station. But had my Knapsack carried, which made quite a difference. Rejoined the Brigade, & the Col. made me carry a log of wood for getting ahead.*

A regiment was supposed to begin with a field officer and end with a mule, and Lt. Col. Baldwin was jealous of his privileges: we sometimes thought he had the qualifications for both ends. But frequent as are the unpleasant references to him here I think we boys respected him and rather liked him. He was cross and irritable and faultfinding, and what was to us worse, work-finding; all partly due to his game leg. But he was a good soldier, prompt in an emergency, and quite capable of genuine kindness.

*Nov. 11. Pleasant. We are encamped in the Winter Quarters of the Rebels. They left in great haste, in some cases leaving the meat boiling in the kettles!*

This was the opposite of McCarthy's expectations quoted on page 48.

*Nov. 12. Pleasant. Pay Day. Received my 24 dollars. Came out some ahead on playing. The Paymaster paid off in new currency.*

*Nov. 13. Pleasant. Was on Orderly. Baldwin's leg troubled him and he went all over the camp finding fault with first one here and then another. Among other things he had a fence built around the Camp!*



NOT THE COLONEL'S END



WHEN THE REGIMENT HAS BEEN FORAGING

Nov. 14. Pleasant. Made \$25.00 at Bluff. Held 4 kings, 4 sixes twice, and 4 deuces. In the forenoon a Rain came up at Dress Parade and it rained very hard all night.

Nov. 15. Pleasant. The rain cleared off about 9 A. M. Heavy firing ahead and orders to be ready to move.

Nov. 16. Pleasant. Moving a humbug. Lost some at Bluff.

Nov. 17. Pleasant. Drills commenced. Bluff as usual.

Nov. 18. Pleasant. Won some at Bluff. Was in at a Raffle but did not win.

Nov 19. Pleasant. Won pretty well at Bluff. Am fifty dollars ahead.

Nov. 20. Pleasant. Made about eleven dollars at Bluff which I paid for Cady's chance (42) at a Raffle. I was tied by Leatherber and in shaking off got (15) which beat him and the watch was mine. Worth \$25.00.

Nov. 21. Rainy. Raffled my watch, getting the twenty-five dollars clear. Have got over a hundred now.

Nov. 22. Pleasant. Was on Orderly. Very muddy.

Nov. 23. Pleasant. Rumors of moving. Got some butter and cheese. Lost at Bluff and Props.

Props was known among us as a Boston game. It is played with four shells, two white and two made red with sealing wax, and the betting was whether there would be two whites and two reds, or one of one color and three of the other.

Nov. 24. Rainy. Lost my night's rest by eating beans before I went to supper last night. Orders to move and after we had got on line and were wet through, they were countermanded. Lost \$20. at Bluff.

Nov. 25. Pleasant. Set up a sweat board among the Excelsiors, and after getting about \$50. ahead was "cleaned out", having vest torn and losing all my money. Big thing.

My greenness could not have been better illustrated than by my venturing off alone into another brigade, of New York toughs at that, and expecting to get away with any winnings I might make. I grabbed my money tight between my fingers, and after I was knocked down I was kicked and beaten considerably before I let go my clutch. They got the money in my waistcoat, but did not happen to think of an inside shirt pocket in which I had a hundred dollars or so stowed away. As it was I did not lose much more than my winnings and was not seriously bruised, so I learned a good lesson more cheaply than I deserved to.

## CHAPTER XXIV. THE BATTLE OF LOCUST GROVE



END of his career as commander, Mine Run was to Meade what the Mud march was to Burnside—it made him ridiculous and led Congress to insist on his dismissal from command. Since Gettysburg won itself in spite of him and he permitted the confederate army to escape him, he had done nothing except in the last half of October to let himself be driven back from Warrenton to Centreville. He had been very

much surprised there to find that Lee had withdrawn of his own accord. He had cautiously followed the southern army back again, keeping at safe distance, and had established his camp beyond the Rappahannock at Brandy Station. While he was still lying there rebuilding the railroad he had permitted the Confederates to destroy, the pressure from Washington became strong to have him do something. So he finally planned to cross the Rapidan and attack Lee. The scheme could hardly have been worse conceived. Pleasanton says: "Gen. Meade projected the campaign of Mine Run, the plan of which was based



MAP OF THE REGION NEAR CHAMBERSBURG, VIRGINIA.

on the supposition that there was a good road from a mill several miles above Germania ford to the Orange Court House road or turnpike, when the fact was, there was no road at all and the country was extremely difficult to pass through. I knew the country well, and I told Gen. Meade there was no road at that place, and to attempt to march troops through would jeopard the campaign, but my report did not seem to make any impression on him."

So his troops could not concentrate at Locust Grove on Nov. 26 as he had planned, and on the 30th, when an attack had been ordered on the left at 8 o'clock in the morning and on the right at 9, he permitted the left attack to be suspended, gave orders to suspend that on the right, and when Birney in the centre had crossed the stream and penetrated the first line, sent word to him to fall back—that he had attacked by mistake. Then next day he marched back to camp again. It cost the army 1000 men killed and wounded to let Gen. Meade's mind wobble. This was the battle of Locust Grove, of which the reader probably never heard, and yet which, like Wapping Heights, Gen. Meade expected to make a greater than Gettysburg.

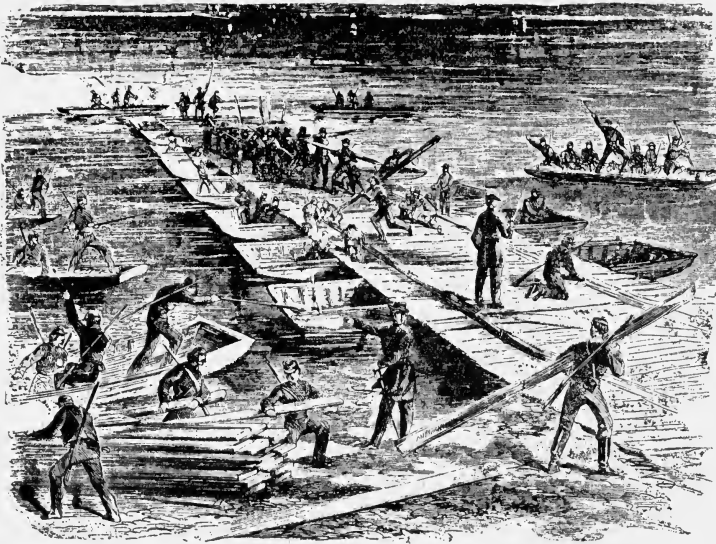
*Nov. 26. Pleasant. Thanksgiving. Reveille at 4 o'clock. Started early and went S. E. to Jacob's Ford on the Rapidan. Here we crossed and sent out skirmishers.*

Jacob's mill ford was 3 miles below Germania ford; why it should have been selected for our crossing is past finding out. The bank on the other side was so steep that no wagons could be taken across there: an officer could not even ride his horse up, but had to dismount and lead him; all our artillery and wagons and ambulances had to be sent to Germania ford to cross. Gen. Meade afterward named these steep banks as one of the three reasons why this movement failed, but why should he not have found out something about the banks before he planned to cross there?

Our brigade was in advance, and the 26th Pa. were thrown forward as skirmishers. The Napoleon battery was placed to the left of a house on the hill on this side and the rifled battery to the left, and the pontoons descended the hill and were launched, the crossing party being taken from the 11th N. J. There was little firing from the enemy's skirmishers on the other side, and the New Jersey boys were on the other side by 12:30. Building the bridge had already



CROSSING AT GERMANIA FORD



BUILDING PONTOONS

begun, and now another of Meade's blunders was revealed—the bridge was one pontoon short, and curiously enough this was true at the other three crossings the army was making. Meade gives this fact also as one of the three reasons for failure, but what other general would not have been sure his information as to the width of the river was accurate? Our bridge was at length pieced out by a trestle, and we began to cross. The 6th Corps was behind us, and both corps were expected to be at Robertson's tavern by noon of this very day. No wonder we could not get there, and this was Meade's third reason for failure. See map on inside cover.

*We went all manner of ways untill about 8 o'clock when we halted for Camp. Had a very good fire. Quite a Thanksgiving. Guess we'll have the Ball tomorrow. Quite cold at night.*

When we were across we found only a blind wood road to follow and when we came to a fork no one knew which path to

take. It was already sunset, so we halted for the night. The 26th Pa. were thrown out as skirmishers, and found some confederate cavalry, which they drove back.

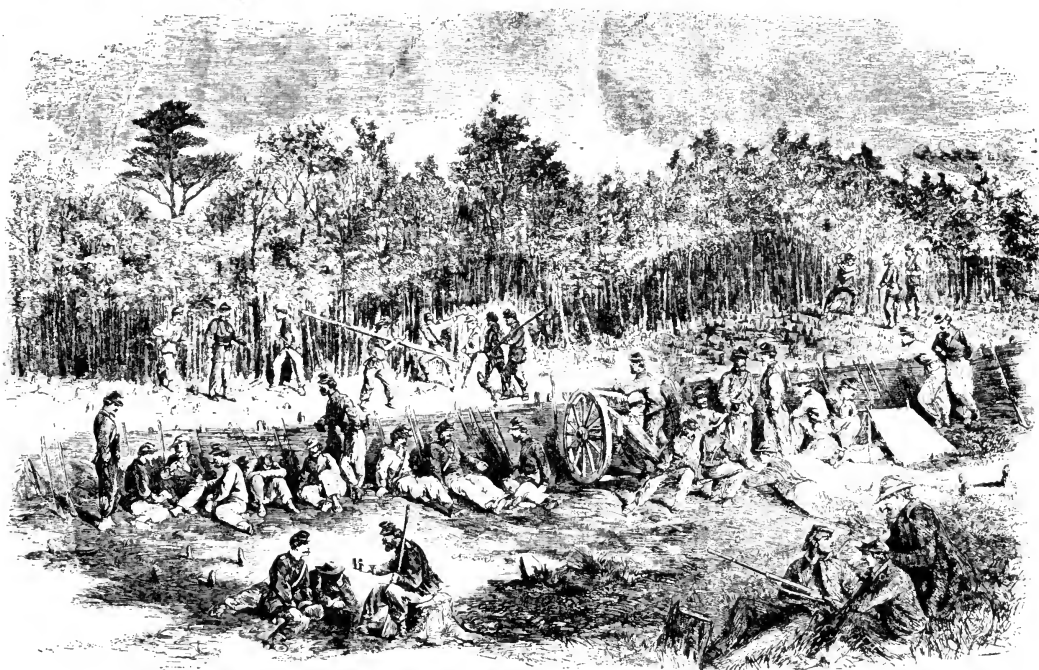
*Nov. 27. Pleasant. Started early and went about 2 miles when we came on the enemy's pickets. Co. D was sent out ahead and about noon the whole Reg. went in. Billy Hull of Co. C was killed and others wounded. None of our Co. were hurt. Quite heavy musket firing in P. M. Equal to Chancellorsville. Slept with Tibbetts at Division Hospital.*

We were roused at daybreak. Our regiment took the advance of the brigade. As there was still doubt which of the two roads to take we were sent up the right hand road to investigate, and met the enemy's pickets, skirmishing through dense woods and pressing on till we got to his line of battle. After we had become pretty warmly engaged orders came to cease operations, as this was the wrong road. After some waiting another order came to go





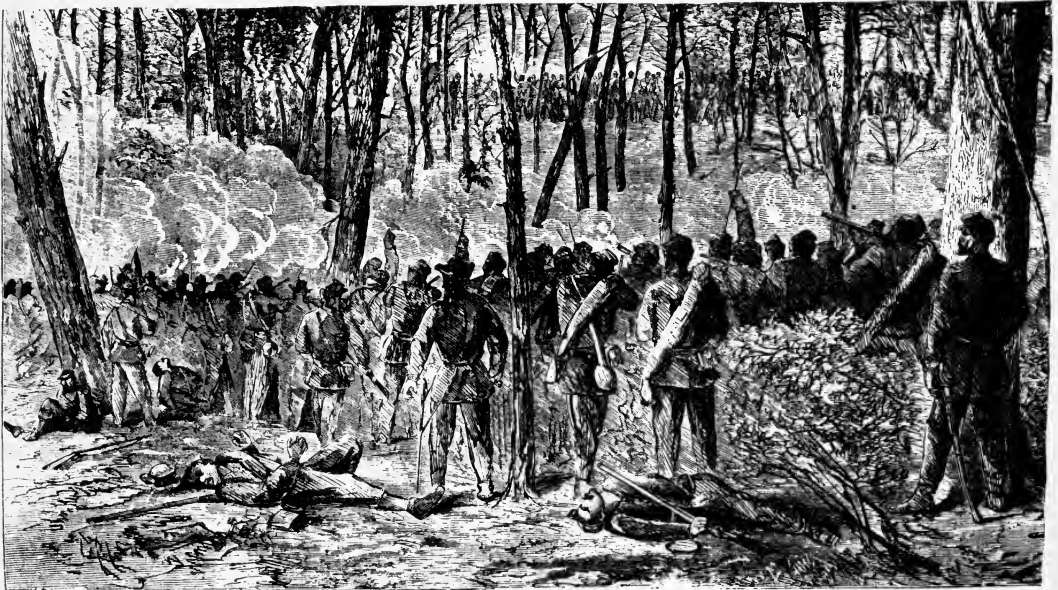
THANKSGIVING DAY as our Friends at home pictured it



THANKSGIVING DAY as it Was

ahead, this was the right road. The enemy were outflanking us and Gen. Prince called on Gen. Carr, our old brigade commander, now head of a division of the 6th corps, to go into line of battle on our left, but he declined. We were ordered to go on without him, and the skirmishing was becoming brisk when another order came from headquarters to wait for him. Just then the enemy took the initiative, and gained so much ground on our left that we seemed certain to be flanked. So our left reluctantly turned and fell back to support Battery K, 4th U. S. corps. Ward's brigade came up behind the battery and our men halted there, restoring our formation. This turned the tide, and we held our own in a general engagement that lasted till dark. This was for us the battle of Locust Grove, for we had no more fighting here. Our division slept on the field, giving three cheers for the union before they encamped.

In his official report Col. McLaughlin says: "On the morning of the 27th we stood to arms from one half hour before till shortly after daybreak, when we were ordered to retake the advance of the brigade, retrace our steps about three quarters of a mile, and then to advance upon a road leading to our left. After advancing about one mile on the new road we met the pickets of the enemy and halted. At 10:00 a. m. we again advanced, Company D being employed as skirmishers. Although the ground was persistently disputed, owing to the admirable management of Capt. Stone, commanding the company, in taking advantage of every tree or inequality of the ground that would afford cover for his men, the enemy's skirmishers were pressed steadily back through a dense wood until they joined their line of battle, without the loss of a single man upon our side. Great credit is due Capt. Stone for



ADVANCING AS SKIRMISHERS

the skill, courage, and address shown by him throughout in the performance of this important duty."

*Nov. 28. Rainy. Left the Hospital and rejoined the Reg't.*

At daylight we marched by the Germania ford road toward the left in a heavy rain, reaching Robertson's tavern at 2:30, more than 48 hours behind the time Meade had planned. We halted here two hours and then went on west two miles and halted for the night, 150 men going on picket. We were now before the enemy's entrenchments at Mine Run, about in the centre of the line.

*Nov. 29. Pleasant. The Division started off reconnoitering and we were ordered back. We are very short of Rations and orders are not to give any out untill tomorrow night.*

At 6 A. M. our division and the 3d were marched to the left and placed under command of Warren, of the 5th Corps, in preparation for the expected charge the next day.

*Nov. 30. Pleasant. This day was fixed on for the grand charge along the whole line by the 2nd, 3d & part of the 6th Corps. The men dreaded it awfully every man expecting to die but the order was countermanded and it did not take place. 8 of us killed a Cow & had her to subsist on in place of Rations.*

Fortunately the letter I wrote home from here was one of the three that were preserved. I give it in full.

Wilderness, Nov. 29th 1863—

Dear Folks;

*I don't know where we are, what we are doing, where we are going, what we are going to have to eat or anything else.*

*Thanksgiving Reveille was beaten at 8 A. M. and at Daylight we started going S. E. untill we reached Jacob's Ford on the*

*Rapidan between Racoon and Germania Ford. Here we stopped (the 3d Corps) and sent skirmishers out ahead. We worked along slowly untill about dark when we halted for two hours; then moved back a little way and stopped for the night about 8 P. M. Thus was passed Thanksgiving. The next morning we started early & went off two or three miles when we ran on the enemy's Pickets. Our Reg't was ahead and Co. D acting as Skirmishers. They went out and returned reporting the enemy in force. So our Reg't was formed and the fight commenced. About 2 o'clock the first heavy line firing began, and the first man brought in was Billy Evans of Co C. The firing soon became very heavy; indeed the musket firing (no Artillery of consequence was used) almost equalled Chancellorsville. But the Rebels could not move our line & dark found us as we commenced. The next morning we moved down to the left. It rained hard, and the mud was awful. But we were not engaged again and have not been since, though we are at the rear and the Regiment is ahead reconnoitering. We have no rations and have got to live on half rations, Gen. French says, till this move is over as our communication is destroyed. The trains were sent back across the river. Some say we are going to Dobbs Court House, some to Fredericksburg but we can't believe anything. If I get a chance to send this I will but I think not.*

Your affectionate Son

Charles W. Bardeen

Co D First Mass. Inf.

P. S. Friday Dec. 4th 1863—

*We recrossed the river yesterday and are at our old Camp. Monday morning preparation was made for a grand charge of the whole line upon the Rebel Breastworks. Our Regiment all had white faces. Never saw*

them so dreading anything before. It was a long distance to charge and the muzzles of the Reb's guns loaded with chain shot & cannister struck terror into the hearts of all. All the men put their money in the hands of the Chaplain or those not forced to go into the fight. I staid with the Reg't untill the order was given to "Fix Bayonets" and was starting for the rear, in a secluded spot far from shot & shell when the order was countermanded. If ever I saw happy faces it was then.

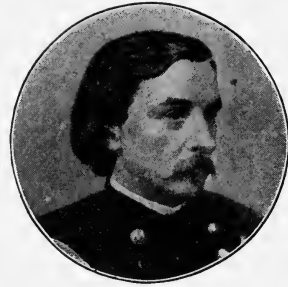
We staid over the river and recrossed Wednesday. We have been gone from Camp 8 days and only took 3 days rations and had one days issued, and the men were almost starved. The Army was never so short before. For 4 days I lived entirely on Fresh Meat (a Cow some of us killed) without salt, just broiled over the fire. I never knew hunger before. But I guess our Campaigning is over for the winter. If that charge had been made it would have taken all winter to reorganize the Army

Your Aff. Son

Charles W. Bardeen

I enclose some rebel letters, receipts etc. which please preserve—Charlie—

While this letter expresses what was unquestionably the feeling of the army, I doubt if the danger was anything like what was anticipated. Our army was stronger than Lee's, these dreaded entrenchments had most of them been recently constructed, and badly as the whole campaign had been planned I think now as I look back that we should have won out if Gen. Warren had not wavered and Gen. Meade been glad to have an excuse to withdraw. As Gen. Birney of our 1st division very well said, the trouble with Gen. Warren here was that he had too much reconnoitering, fire-



GEN. G. K. WARREN, 1830-82

building, and delay. What we needed in the army was more fighters like Birney and Sickles, and less engineering and siege gunning. Birney himself, expecting the plans determined on to be carried out, charged this morning and crossed Mine run and carried the enemy's first line, only to be recalled and told it was all a mistake. It was all a mistake—to have Meade for commander.

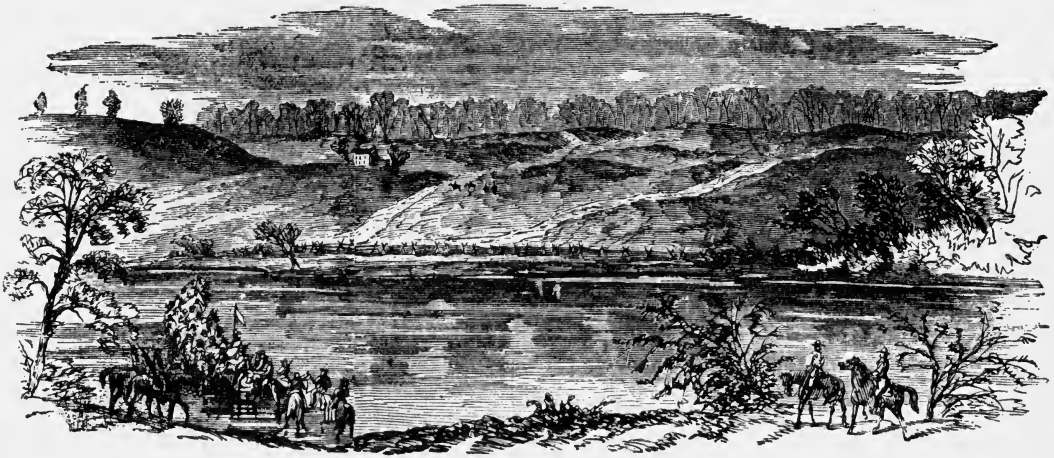
Dec. 1. Pleasant. Very cold. Joined the Reg't in the morning and about noon started back (our Brigade) on the plank road going to Bailey's Store.

This should read Parker's store.

Here we were kept up with knapsacks on, all night while the Army passed us.

Dec. 2. Pleasant. Started for Ely's Ford & crossed about noon. I picked up little pieces of muddy hardtack along the road & eat with relish. But at the Ford I met Phillips who had been loafing at the rear & he had plenty of H. T. so we had a splendid dinner. But when we were through the bridge was up and the Rebels on the opposite side. They tried to plant a Battery but could not. Caught up with the Brigade & when we went in Camp each man got half rations from the 1st Corps Teams.

This is the incident referred to on page 65.



ELY'S FORD

### Postscript

I have repeatedly kept it in the reader's mind that this is not a history of the war, but only a record of the experiences and impressions of a little fifer who had no more to do with the ending of the conflict than a fly on a cannon wheel. But when I came to read in manuscript my references to Gen. Meade it occurred to me that I might be prejudiced, so I went over to the library and read in full his testimony before the congressional committee on the conduct of the war. I found it most interesting, for no other humor is so entertaining as that which is unconscious. One's first impression is that he uses only one vowel, but closer study reveals a's and e's and o's, with sometimes w and y, but never a you. If I lose my memory and forget what it was that had a thousand I's, the moon but one, I shall think it was Gen. Meade. Take, for instance, this paragraph from page 329: "Under this existing state of affairs **I** determined, and so notified the general-in-chief, that **I** should move **my** army as promptly as possible on the main line from Frederick to Harrisburg, extend-



GEN. GEORGE GORDON MEADE, 1815-72

ing **my** wings on both sides of the line, as far as **I** could consistently with the safety and the rapid concentration of that army, and should continue that movement until **I** either encountered the enemy or had reason to believe that the enemy was about to advance upon **me**; **my** object being at all hazards to compel him to loose his hold upon the Susquehanna and meet **me** in battle at some point. It was **my** firm determination, never for an instant to deviate from, to give battle whenever and as soon as **I** could possibly find the enemy, modified, of course, by such general considerations as govern every general officer—that when **I** came into his immediate neighborhood some manœuvres might be







GEN. HENRY W. SLOCUM, 1827-94

Gen. Slocum, one of the three S's, Slocum, Sedgwick, and Sumner, held in honor in central New York, and who was in command of the right at Gettysburg, when Gen. Meade's official report of the battle of Gettysburg was published wrote an official letter to Gen. Meade saying: "Yet the facts in the case are very nearly the reverse of the above in every particular, and directly in contradiction to the facts as set forth in the reports of Gen. Geary and Gen. Williams."

Gen. Williams, who commanded the 12th corps points out four serious mis-statements in Gen. Meade's official report, and concludes, "I confess to have read that part of his report relating to the 12th corps with a mixed feeling of astonishment and regret."

Gen. Sickles, commanding the 3d corps, says conservatively: "In other words, Gen. Meade's statement is difficult to reconcile with his high position and the ample means of information always accessible to him," and points out that while Meade says in his letter that Sickles's movement caused a loss of half of the 5th corps, the entire loss of the 5th corps during the battle was 2187 out of 12,000, less than one-eighth.

See also what he says on page 225.



GEN. MERSEUS R. PATRICE, 1811-88

Then there was Gen. Patrick, provost master general of the army, a grim old warrior: I should't have liked the job of picking up the fragments of anybody who told him in his prime that his word was not good. I knew him pretty well after the war. He lived in Manlius, eight miles from Syracuse, and I used to visit his family. We had many conversations about the war, my part being to direct his reminiscences toward the events in which I was most interested. He had kept copies of every order issued, and he told me there were reputations he could make or break if he revealed them. He finally promised to edit them and let me publish them for him. Unhappily, just as he was beginning the work he was called to the command of the soldiers home in Ohio. The removal delayed the undertaking and finally he never got at it. Many of these papers have since been published in the government history of the war, but he proposed to turn them over to me thirty-five years ago, when most of the prominent generals were still living, and when the book would have made a sensation. I should like to quote some things he told me, but I do not feel at liberty to do so, not only because they were told in confidence, but also because I made no memoranda at the time, expecting soon to have his manuscript, and it would not be

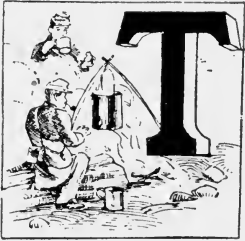
fair to hold him responsible for my unaided recollection after so long a period.

But his testimony before the congressional committee is in print. He says that after the Mine Run fiasco Gen. Meade came to his tent very much depressed, and said that he was conscious his head was off. Unlike Gen. Lee on the third day at Gettysburg he does not seem to have been thinking of the lives he had needlessly sacrificed, but of his own reputation: which does not correspond with the unanimity his friends ascribe to him.

As a result of the investigations of the congressional committee, Senators Wade and Chandler demanded of the president and the secretary of war the removal of Gen. Meade and the appointment of some one more competent to command, suggesting Hooker. But congress revived the title of lieutenant general, never held except by Washington, and appointed Grant to command of all the armies of the

United States. He retained Meade in command of the army of the Potomac, and was satisfied with him, which makes it impertinent for any one else to express an opinion as to his service there, though we may smile at Boswell Pennypacker when he suggests that if Meade had been left in supreme command he might have accomplished all that Grant did at less sacrifice. But as I have so often said I am not writing history. I undertook this little investigation only to justify my own, and my fellows' dislike of Gen. Meade and distrust of him. Of course I am speaking of Gen. Meade only as a commander-in-chief: that was the only way I knew him. He may have been a good corps commander, though Gen. Doubleday says he might have won the battle of Chancellorsville with his 5th corps if he had not held them outside when their brothers were fighting. Undoubtedly he had his good points, but they were not protruding when we were looking.

## CHAPTER XXV. IN CAMP AT BRANDY STATION



THE winter was a long rest. For five months we lay in camp at Brandy Station, a bleak spot on the Orange and Alexandria railway, partly on ground owned by John Minor Botts.

*Dec. 3. Came back to Camp. The mud was fearful but we were glad to get into Camp once more. Got plenty to eat and now are all*

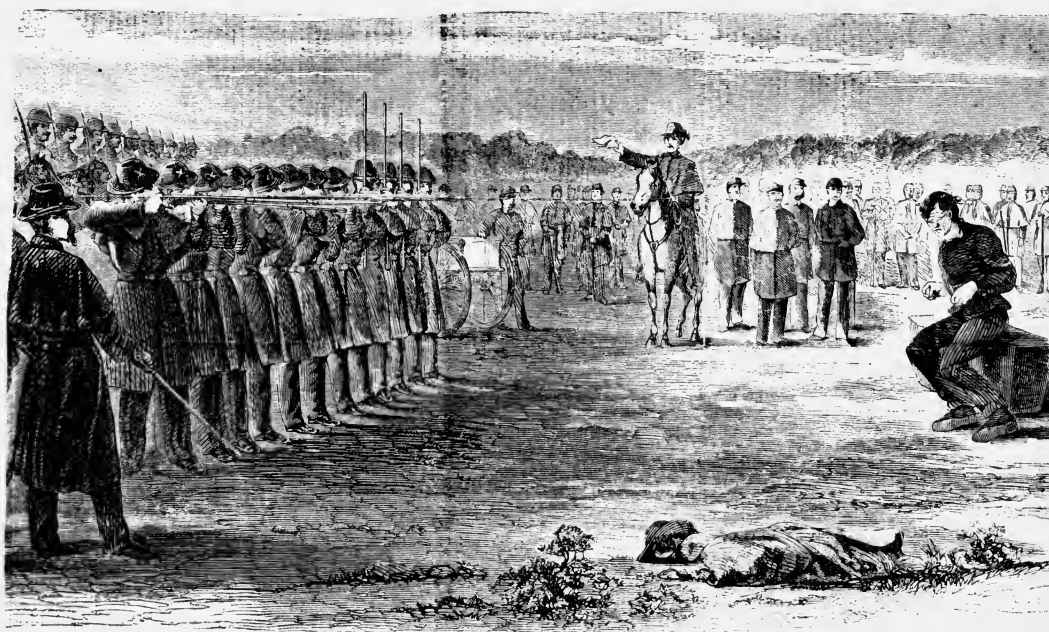
*right. Was put on Orderly. About 12 at night an order came around to pack up, but at 3 we were allowed to go to bed again.*

*Dec. 4. Pleasant. Our 8 days mail came in. Had 5 letters, 14 papers & 3 bundles. Went over to the 1st Div. & saw a man shot for desertion. He belonged to Co. B. 124th N. Y. S. V. He dropped dead as a nail the first pop. The 3d Div. changed Camp.*

I have seen the statement that only 121 were shot for desertion during the entire war. This hardly seems possible, for be-



BRANDY STATION, VA.



EXECUTION OF A DESERTER

sides this man I saw another shot on May 8 near Spotsylvania on short notice: he happened to be taken prisoner by the company from which he had deserted. Ordinarily men shrink from shooting a fellow-soldier in cold blood, and usually the muskets were loaded by others and given to the squad detailed to do the firing. Of the ten guns one would not be loaded, and as no one of the ten knew which had the unloaded gun, each was at liberty to believe that he had not fired a real bullet. When a company of the 71st Indiana captured one of their own number who had become a deserter and a spy, however, they all begged for permission to shoot him. The number detailed was fifteen, and fifteen bullets were found in his body.

I found it a serious sight to look upon a man shot summarily like this. In battle

men fall all around you, but you don't know who it is going to be or when. To see a man sitting on his coffin and know that the instant the word is given he will pass out of this life into another is solemn. This man turned black as he fell; death must have been instantaneous. In his memoirs Lord Robertson tells of the famous shooting of Sepoys from the mouths of cannon. The troops were drawn up so as to form three sides of a square; on the fourth side were two guns. It was a terrible sight, likely to haunt the beholder for a long time, but that was what was intended.

*Dec. 5. Pleasant. The weather is getting to be very cold. Like to have frozen last night.*

*Des. 6. Pleasant. Went down to the old 3d Div. Camp & got some logs for a house.*

*Fixed it up very well as far as it went. Night very cold.*

Phillips and I were now tenting together.

*Dec. 7. Pleasant. Continued work on house. Built the chimney in good shape. Got my box all in good condition.*

*Dec. 8. Pleasant. Very cold. Moved into our house today. Very comfortable indeed. Had letter from Aunt Susan, which I answered. All the Drummers have to go on Orderly henceforth.*

*Dec. 9. Pleasant. Cold. Clothing came at night. About time.*

*Dec. 10. Pleasant. Was on Orderly. Baldwin cross as usual. Otherwise got on very well.*

*Dec. 11. Jones came to the Regiment with a little stuff and I filled myself so full of Peaches & Sardines that I had to go to Bed.*

Jones was the sutler. I think that combination would stagger me now.

*Dec. 12. Baldwin sent us out to build his old Stable but it rained so we had to come in. Signs of moving.*

*Dec. 13. Splendid!! The best day we have had since my return to Virginia. Warm and pleasant, though muddy.*

Rather an anti-climax.

*Dec. 14. Cloudy. Old Baldwin got us to work on his mud job again. After finishing he set us to lugging logs heavy enough for men, for his stable floor. The d.*

*Dec. 15. Pleasant. Drills recommenced. Eat a hearty supper of Beefsteak & eggs and then a whole loaf of Bread before Tattoo. A very funny circumstance occurred. Joe Wilson sent to Brigade Headquarters for copy of last July order, to go to N. Y. He left it laying on the table, and the Col. saw it without noticing the date. So he gave orders for Recall etc. and we all thought we*

*were going back again sure. But "July 30th 1863" soon soaked our Great Expectations.*

*Dec. 16 Pleasant. Got up early by Nature's call and made a fire. Our old Fire-place goes "Bully."*

*Dec. 17. Rainy. Very rainy all day. Our house had about six inches of water on the floor. Played 38 games of 45's. Score 13 B. 25 P.*

*Dec. 18. Rainy. Rather muddy in our house. Played 48 games of 45's. Score 25 B. 23 P. At Dress Parade Corpl Green of H Co. had stripes taken off.*

*Dec. 19. Pleasant. Quite cool. Played 47 games at 45's. Score 25 B. 22 P.*

I seem to have been as much interested in winning these games where there was no stake as in the heavy games of bluff.

*Dec. 20. Pleasant. Very cold but clear & pleasant. Books came from New York. Rory O Moore very good. Sent four letters.*

*Dec. 21. Pleasant. Had Baked Beans for breakfast. Score at night B. 25. P. 18. Sent home for two pocketbooks.*

*Dec. 22. Pleasant. A splendid day, but indications of snow. 45's very close, 25 B. 24 P. I am now one game ahead, out of 325.*

*Dec. 23. Snow. Snow for the first time. Was on Orderly. The snow cleared off about 9 A. M. and we were called out 3 times for Review by the new Inspector General. After playing our regular 45's, the score standing B. 21. P. 25, we did not feel like going to bed so we got lots of chips and sat up till 4 next morning.*

The chips were not the chips that pass in the night but chips of wood for the fire.

*Dec. 24. Pleasant. Felt as well after three hours sleep as thirteen. Had to "do" Brigade Guard-Mounting, Cold Work.*

*Dec. 25. Pleasant. Christmas. Very*

nice and warm. Well it was Christmas. Everybody drunk. Gen. Warren rode by here and his A. A. G. so drunk it seemed a miracle how he kept on his horse. Mudge and others of our Officers were drunk as usual. We had an axe for Christmas present. Bully fire at night.

Dec. 26. Very Pleasant as all our officers were too drunk. Letter from Susie.

These entries, though made in good faith, are I should say unjust to the regiment. As I look back I can recall only two officers who made on me the impression of being especially fond of liquor. Officers could draw whiskey at any time, and could get intoxicated if they cared to, but I seldom saw any of them in that condition.

Dec. 27. Rainy. Got up and found the bottom of the tent all water, which so angered me that I went out, cut off and split a walnut log before breakfast for the floor. Put it down, which made great improvement. Made preparations for raising the house.

Dec. 28. Rainy. Got the logs etc. ready to raise our hut. A good axe is a great institution. Am not afraid of any log now.

Dec. 29. Cloudy. Raised our house today, and made great improvement. Guess we can live here all winter if allowed.

Dec. 30. Pleasant. Very muddy. Should almost be willing to move Camp and get out of the Slush. News received of the prize-fight. Some of the men who were so anxious to bet 100 to 30 on Heenan must feel rather blue.

The prize fight for the world championship in 1907, was held within a stone's throw of my hotel in London, but I never even thought of going to it. I met the crowd coming away from it as I came back from the Covent Garden Opera.

Dec. 31. Rainy. A drizzling rain is-

sued in the last day of the year. Mustered in at 3 P. M. Sat up at night to see the old year out. Slow pass the hours, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 11½, 11¾ and down to seconds. 1863 is a thing of the past. A Happy new year to all. The year that has passed was passed by me in the Army. I bear witness to its contaminating effects. Many an evil habit has sprung up in me since Jan 1st, 1863. God grant that the year on which we have now entered be not so. Thus ends my true account of my doings for 1863. Charles Wm. Bardeen. His † Seal.

Finis.

So closes my green-covered diary. The new year was opened with another book, bound in brown.

Jan. 1. 1864. Cold and Windy. Set up last night to see the New Year in. 11th Mass. band struck up at midnight. The weather cleared up about 9 A. M. and became cold and windy. Froze at 4 P. M. Bought a pair of Boots of Sutler for \$8.00. Played Checkers in the evening with Rivers. Score 11-10, he getting the rubber of 21 games.

Jan. 2. Very Cold. Baldwin told us, (Drum Corps), that if we would cut a load of wood he would have it hauled for us. So I went out chopping and got considerable wood. Had a dispute with Phillips in the evening.

Jan. 3. Pleasant. Had Inspection as usual. Did not speak to P. all day.

Jan. 4. Snow. Considerable Snow. Was in Orderly. Just the right weather to skate or slide at home. Searj't Phillips pressed a lot of Bully Doughnuts on me at night.

Jan. 5. Pleasant. Chopped wood a good deal. Phillips does not work at all. That's all right. I am just able to do all the work, if he is too lazy. Letter from home which I answered.



Jan. 9. Cloudy. Chopped wood in the morning. Played Checkers in P. M. Read the best Novelette story I ever saw: the *Gold Fiend*. Part of the 6th Corps moved. Am afraid we will have to, but should hate to leave present quarters.

Jan. 7. Cloudy. Phillips took it into his head to go to work, and got up quite a respectable pile of wood. I worked out a table. Snow in the evening.

Jan. 8. Snow. Very cold and snowing in the morning. Beat Rivers at Checkers. Sent \$4.00 for books.

Jan. 9. Pleasant. Beat Rivers again. Jones brought up some nails. Sat up till about eleven.

Jan. 10. Pleasant. Fixed up the Front of the house. Rumors of moving. Played cards at Macomber's in the evening. No mail.

Jan. 11. Pleasant. Beat Rivers bad at checkers. Three of the 2d Div. Zouaves were corrected for being drunk. One was quite amusing in his patriotic earnestness, but two swore fatal vengeance on the 1st Mass. Won a dollar "payday" from Sheppard at 45's.

He never paid it, so like Rip Van Winkle's drink this didn't count.

Jan. 12. Pleasant. Played checkers. Put up some more shelves, and everything is very convenient now. Had letter from George and Lizzie.

These were my brother and sister.

Jan. 13. Cloudy. Went down to the Station in A. M. Wrote letter to Div. Order read on line condemning three men in this Division to be shot on the 29th inst.

Jan. 14. Cloudy. Got another load of wood hauled. In P. M. man came around with bags containing needles, thread, tea, an apple etc. Found address inside and sent letter to J. A. Babcock, Lowell, Mass.

Jan. 15. Pleasant. Brigade Inspection. Took advantage of the nice day to fix over our Chimney Did not get it done. Two letters. Georgie and Maud. Rec'd books at night. Phillips came around sociable again and we sat up till late playing checkers. Sat up till 3.

Jo certainly was lazy, but it should be kept in mind that all the improvements in our hut were of my suggestion and forced on him, so that when I blamed him it might be for what he had only tacitly agreed to. It will be remembered that at Fairfax Station Prest called me lazy under like circumstances. The fact is, the wonder was not that Phillips and I quarrelled once in a while but that we endured one another so well. In winter quarters we were together twenty-three hours out of the twenty-four, most of the time in a hut five feet square. Try that even with somebody you like very well and see if it does not now and then get on your nerves. Johnny's idea of a friend was "a feller wot knowed yer *but* liked yer." If tentmates were friends at all they were that kind of friends, for they certainly knew each other.

There was this I felt about Phillips, that he had character. I had already learned that it was something to say for a man that there were things he wouldn't do. Phillips was narrow and obstinate, rather morose, and suspicious of motives; he could be disagreeable in small matters. But I never feared that he would say behind my back what he would not say to my face, or that he would fail me in any serious matter. I trusted him absolutely, and never had reason to regret it. He was not so much of a companion to me as Prest because he never wanted to do anything he did not have to. We were both stragglers but seldom together, for he did not have the

pride I had in getting to the regiment at night, and he would think it rank folly to go a mile or two out of the way to see a famous building or a cavalry skirmish. On the other hand if I had been sick or wounded I should have looked to Phillips to see to me, not to Prest. I do not think Phillips would have failed me. His sharing his food with me after a long quarrel, as already narrated, because I was hungry and needed it, was thoroughly characteristic. I am not quite sure I should have offered or he would have accepted it, if our positions had been reversed.

*Jan. 16. Pleasant. Fixed up the Chimney. Made some chessmen and played with Phillips at night. Went to Bed at 3 A. M.*

*Jan. 17. Pleasant. Fixed up a door with D's blanket. Played chess till 10 1-2.*

*Jan. 18. Rainy. Rained hard all day. Played chess, etc.*

*Jan. 19. Windy. Was on Orderly. Very muddy. Sutler gave out checks. Got one for \$2.00. Saw a very pretty little girl of 10 years ride by on a mule—She looked very pretty.*

The iteration is excusable, for the sight of a little girl had become a very rare experience.

*Jan. 20. Windy. Did Picket Guard Mounting. Played Chess with Hull. Baldwin gave us another mud job.*

*Jan. 21. Pleasant. Played Chess all day. Had two letters from Geo Liz & Sarah. Answered.*

My diary for this year is three days to a page, and the influence is shown in these laconic entries.

*Jan. 22. Pleasant. Washington's Birthday in one month. Big thing! Had letter from home with receipt of Box. Also from Amanda. Lambs and Goats, 1864.*

I do not remember Amanda, or recall the reference in the last sentence. The trite reference to Washington's birthday evidently comes from my entering it a month too soon and not wanting to scratch it out.

*Jan. 23. Pleasant. Bought pail of the Sutler.*

*Jan. 24. Pleasant. Fixed up floor. At Inspection Col. Mc said we could enlist in either Cavalry or Infantry, and great excitement was caused. Think a good many will reenlist.*

*Jan. 25. Very Pleasant. 103 Reenlisted today. Should like to go, but three years. Don't like that.*

*Jan. 26. Very Pleasant. Put down my name on Hull's paper! Went down to the Station.*

*Jan. 27. Pleasant. My box came today all in good shape.*

*Jan. 28. Very warm. Had a good job at digging trenches but did not finish, as it was a long & deep job.*

*Jan. 29. Very warm. Hot weather for January. A big sell was got up. All Corps in the Army were represented by men who came to see a man hung, but "nary hang."*

It was too bad to disappoint the crowd, when there were so many officers who ought to have been hanged.

*Jan. 30. Cloudy. A little rain towards night. Had letter from home, with check for \$10.00.*

*Jan. 31. Cloudy. Sent letter with the check to the Bank. Childs beat me bad at checkers in the evening.*

*Feb. 1. Rainy. Rumors of moving.*

*Feb. 2. Cloudy. Sword Exercise through the day. Thunder & Lightning at night.*

*Feb. 3. Very windy. Was on Orderly. Played Checkers with Wilson. Druary,*

*Fletcher and showed them I could play a pretty good game. Had very good time.*

The last two were officers. I forget Wilson.

*Feb. 4. Windy. Lt. Averill, the Champion of Officers, invited me down to play, and I beat him. Score 14 B. 2 A. 4 Drawn. Drills and Dress Parade. Beat Bill Childs awfully.*

*Feb. 5. Pleasant. Played Ball in afternoon. Had two letters at night.*

*Feb. 6. Orders to move. Started about 4 o'clock and marched till nine. Left Stuff in Camp under guard. Passed through Stevensburg. Also by a very handsome house, fixed up with evergreens as some Gen's Headquarters. Felt pretty well at night.*

We marched six miles in the direction of Morton's ford, and bivouacked in a swamp. We were then in support of a reconnoissance in force, but were not engaged. Most of the 2d corps forded the ice-cold river a little lower down, wading across under fire. They lost some 200, but drove the confederates out of their rifle-pits and captured fifty prisoners.

*Feb. 7. Rainy. Saw a dead Cavalryman with his head out of the ground. Came back to Camp at 4 P. M. getting here about seven.*

*Feb. 8. Pleasant. Grand bull at Guard Mounting.*

*Feb. 9. Pleasant. Got load of wood with Welch and Prest. Had letter from home.*

*Feb. 10. Pleasant. Quite cold. Played Chess all day. Sat up late at night.*

*Feb. 11. Pleasant. Cold. Played Chess etc.*

*Feb. 12. Very Warm. Had Battallion Drill (Skirmish) and enjoyed myself very well as we had a nice road to practise on.*

*Feb. 13. Very Pleasant. Went down to the Station. Got a good dinner for 75 cts.*

*Feb. 14. Very Pleasant. Inspection. Played Ball, jumped, etc. considerably.*

*Feb. 15. Snows. Review by Gen Prince. All very well, only it was cold without our coats.*

Besides, we were not fond of Gen. Prince. It was his grudge against Col. McLaughlin that gave us all that extra fatigue duty. He afterward preferred charges against our colonel, with the result that the court declared there had been no occasion for Col. McLaughlin's arrest, and that it was to be regretted that one officer should care so little for the reputation and happiness of a brother officer as to subject him to such a needless and annoying experience.

*Feb. 16. Very Windy. The wind was fearful & shook our house like an aspen. Some houses were blown away. Played Chess with Hull & got beat.*

The comparison seems literary rather than scientific.

*Feb. 17. Very Windy. Still lots of wind & very cold.*

*Feb. 18. Cold. The wind has at last gone down. Was on Orderly. Attended meeting in the evening and formed the acquaintance of one Mally of Co F. 16th Mass Line Companies changed—D, G, A, E, F, I, H, K, C, B.*

The order of the companies in marching depended on the date of the commission of the captain. Capt. Stone of Co. D was now the senior of the captains, so my company marched at the head of the regiment. The captain of Co. B. stood second, and his company had the left. The captain of Co. F. stood third, and his company had the right centre, with the colors.

*Feb. 19. Cold. Very cold at night but warmer toward the middle of the day. Very excited meeting of the 84th. Regular Methodist Style.*

Feb. 20. Cold. Attended temperance meeting in P. M. Phillips signed the pledge.

Feb. 21. Pleasant. The best meeting I ever attended in the Army, at Holy Jo's tent. After meeting Miss Gilson, who was present, spoke very effectively. She is an angel on earth. Mayor Lincoln & Ex-Gov. Washburn came out and were serenaded by 120th Band. Signed the Pay Rolls.

Feb. 22. Washington's Birthday. Pay Day. Were paid off. Collected a few debts. Mock Dress Parade in P. M. Murphy Adjutant. Got up pretty well. Singing meeting in the evening.

Feb. 23. Pleasant. Drills in A. M. & P. M. Was beaten at Checkers by a player in Co. H.

Feb. 24. Windy. Battallion Drill in P. M. It is two weeks since I have had a letter from home.

Feb. 25. Pleasant. Drills. Spelling School at night. Spelled down on reception. Cleared out by order of Major Walker—for two fiddles.

Feb. 26. Windy. Knapsack Drill in A. M. Temperance meeting at night. No letter from home for more than two weeks.

Feb. 27. Review by Gen. French. Got letter with Photo. from Maud.

Feb. 28. Windy. Inspection as usual. Got a letter from home at last. Miscarried. Many signs of moving. D. C. put in the madhouse. Swept Camp all day. Miss Gilson spoke at church.

Feb. 29. Cloudy. Orders to be ready to move. Cavalry passing.

March 1. Rain. Rainy. Did little but play Chess. Checkmated Phillips in three moves.

March 2. Pleasant. Phillips got the Rubber at Chess and felt gay. Checkmated him in seven moves once, however.

March 3. Rainy. Jumped a good deal.

March 4. Pleasant. Was on Orderly. Order came requiring officers and men to have a pass to leave their regiments from the Col. Those found outside without a pass to be arrested. Love to see that law executed.

It was a general rule that no soldier should go away from camp without a permit, but we never regarded it.

March 5. Cloudy. Beat Hull the Rubber at Chess in the evening.

March 6. Pleasant. Inspection. Man came to take pictures, but it was too clear.

I don't remember the pictures. Whatever they were, I wish I had bought and kept one.

March 7. Pleasant. Bought Flute of Major Hart for \$18.00. Five discount. Paid him the cash.

March 8. Cloudy. Exercised considerably. Played Chess & Checkers.

March 9. Rainy. Some rain, Chess &c.

March 10. Warm. Quite warm and pleasant. Hull beat me the Rubber at Chess.

March 11. Rainy. Very heavy Rain. Chess etc. Thunder & Lightning.

March 12. Cloudy. Football. Phillips beat me two games of Chess in the evening.

March 13. Pleasant. Inspection. Church in P. M. in the new Chapel. Played Chess in the evening.

March 14. Pleasant. Foot Ball as usual.

March 15. Cold. Foot Ball. Brig. G. M. Phillips tied up to a tree for not answering Mudge's whistle.

I have referred to this incident on page 45.

March 16. Cold. Corps Review. First since Falmouth. Phillips went to the Col. to see about the "whistling" and the Col. told the Adj to "whistle for dogs & call for Orderlies."

*March 17. Drills &c. Am trying hard to learn the Lancers Quadrilles on the Flute.*

*March 18. Windy. Was on Orderly. Mudge was cross. Orders to move in P. M. Did not. 212 signed the Temperance Pledge at night.*

*March 19. Pleasant. Firing heard towards the River. Went down to Station.*

*March 20. Pleasant. Crowded church. A new minister.*

*March 21. Cold. Singing Class at night.*

*March 22. Snow. Cold and windy. Snow at night. Beat John Woods at checkers.*

*March 23. Very Pleasant. Cut down a tree. Snow about six inches deep. nice and dry.*

*March 24. Pleasant. Grand Ball. Went over and staid 'till Supper. Did not dance. Got up in good style for privates.*

What I especially remember of this evening is the psychological effect of skirts. When it became known that the officers were to give us the use of their building for this ball some of the men sent home for various articles of women's finery, including hoop skirts then in vogue. The men who dressed themselves in these garments were by no means the most feminine in the regiment, but the effect upon the rest of us was to produce the impulse of protection. The Excelsior brigade had not been invited, and toward midnight they attempted to force an entrance, using long poles as battering rams against an end door. As they pushed in and the fight began Jim McCrae happened to be walking on my arm, and I put myself in front of him as inevitably as if he had been a girl fifteen years old. But only for an instant. Jim was an Irishman of the Kilkenny type, red-haired, freckled face, blue eyes, always good-natured but always spoiling

for a row. He swished his skirts out of the way, pulled up sleeves showing arms as remarkable for their whiteness as for their strength, and sailed into that Excelsior crowd with both fists. Only a few had got in and they were soon thrust our again and the door securely fastened. The dance went on, and I think Jim and I finished the promenade, but the rest of the night I had a sort of sub-consciousness that in spite of his skirts he was quite able to take care of himself.

*March 25. Rainy. Laid abed untill about 3 P. M.*

*March 26. Rainy. Gymnastics when it did not rain.*

*March 27. Pleasant, Attended church. Mayor Fay and Miss Gilson spoke in P. M. Malby and Harris of the 84th came over in the evening and went to meeting.*

*March 28. Pleasant. Singing meeting at night.*

*March 29. Rainy. Orders for Review. Went out and stacked Arms & then came in again. Heavy Rain. Beat Sullivan at Chess.*

Gen. Grant had been made commander in chief March 3, and had come to Culpepper. One of his first acts was to reorganize the army of the Potomac. The 3d corps was broken up, and the 1st and 2d divisions were put into the 2d corps, as the 3d and 4th divisions, at Spotsylvania consolidated into the 3d division; but we were allowed to retain our red and white diamonds, the badges of our old 3d. A week later our brigade and the 3d were consolidated. The 3d division went into the 6th corps. Gen. Motte became our brigade commander, Gen. Prince went into the 6th corps, and Gen. French, who had not distinguished himself since he succeeded

Sickles, was relieved and sent to Philadelphia.

March 30. Clearing off. The picket went out & had to return as Mine Run was swollen so that they could not cross it. Beat Childs at checkers.

March 31. Cold. Had to go to Gen. Mott's H. Q. to mount guard. A long ways. Spelling School changed to Singing School at night. Chippie called the Staff "Hemi Demi Semi Quavers" which roused a laugh.

April 1. Rainy. Was on Orderly. Had to go over to B. H. Q. twice. Beat Hiram Wright & lost the rubber with the Sutler at checkers. Temperance meeting in the evening.

April 2. Cold. Cold miserable day. Cut down trees & I lost my Gymnasium.

April 3. Pleasant. Inspection. Attended church forenoon & afternoon & was very much interested.

April 4. Rain. Cold & unpleasant. Grand Ball 1st Mass at night. Did not attend.

April 5. Rain. Quite Cold. Formed new Resolutions at night which I hope I shall be enabled to keep.

April 6. Rain. Played Chess & learned a Waltz. (Affectionate Waltz) from Wallace and got so far as to accompany him on the flute. Attended Singing School in the evening.

Wallace was an Englishman, older than most of us drummers, and holding himself rather above us and above his position. When I heard of him last he had gone back to England.

April 7. Pleasant. A nice, pleasant day, a great change from our rainy weather. Was on extra Orderly. Had talk with Sam Parker after Tattoo.

April 8. Pleasant. Another nice day.

Had Temperance Lecture at night, by Rev. Mr. Hayward.

April 9. Uncomfortable. Spoke in church at night.

April 10. Pleasant. Attended Church.

April 11. Rain. Singing School at night.

April 12. Pleasant. Gymnastics through the day. Malby & Harris over at night. Both with myself spoke in meeting.

April 13. Pleasant. Was on Orderly. Helped to carry Major Webb's chest to the 84th. The most money I ever lifted. Boxing Gloves at night.

April 14. Pleasant. Division Review by Gen. Hancock. Played 4 handed Casino in Co K.

Gen. Meade was the senior reviewing officer, but I did not seem to notice him at all.

April 15. Cloudy. Inspection.

April 16. Pleasant. Rumors of going home.

April 17. Pleasant. Attended church at the 84th in the evening. Very good.

April 18. Pleasant. Very nice day. Washed in the P. M. and escaped Battalion Drill. Attended meeting in the 84th after Tattoo.

April 19. Windy. At Battallion Drill Major Walker broke his arm, being thrown from his horse. The 84th formed a church. 17 members.

April 20. Pleasant. Drills.

April 21. Pleasant. Prayer meetings commenced again.

April 22. Pleasant. Had Dr Pickard pull tooth and got cold in it. Aches worse than ever.

This was the first permanent tooth I lost, and the cheapest kind of a dentist could have saved it. I would give back all the money the government paid me for twenty-



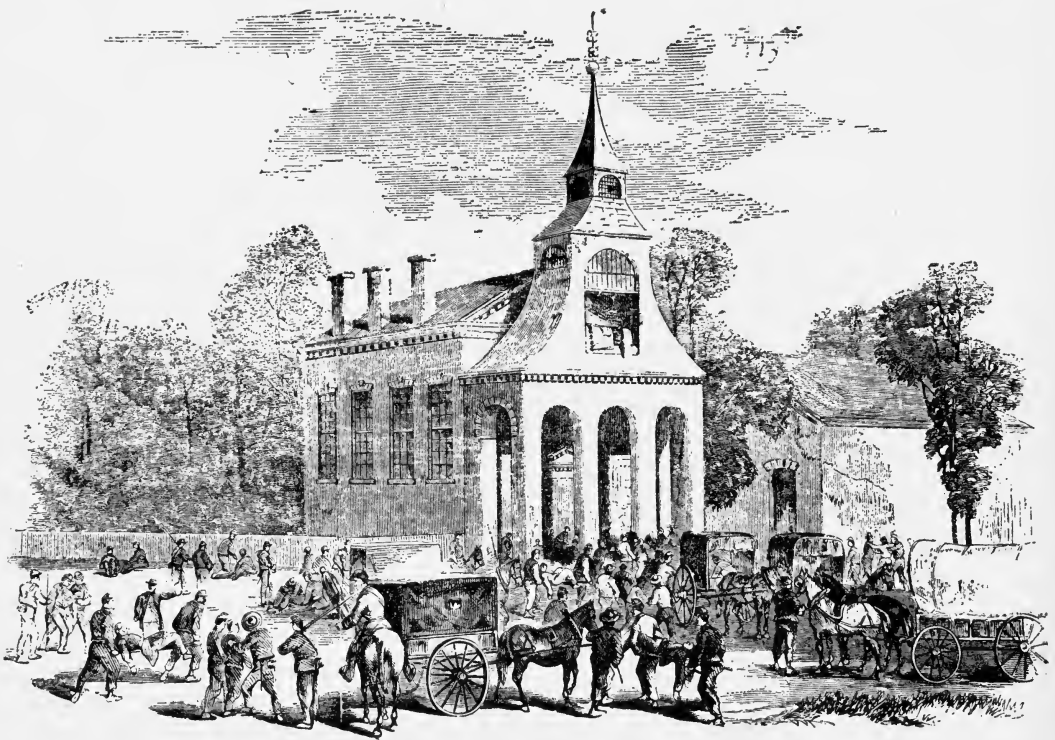


THE CAMP BARBER

one months service to have it once more in my jaw. This absence of dental care was one of the minor put annoying deprivations of the army, but I escaped another almost more serious, in that I was too young to shave. A good many men kept smooth faces and disliked to shave themselves, so the company barber got in his awful work, and a distressing sight it was. But most of the men wore full beards.

In the English army mustaches are required. Sir Colin Campbell thundered at an infantry captain whom he found with a

smooth lip. "You can wear whiskers or not as you like, but your mustache belongs to the Queen," he said. "Let it grow or sell out." Throughout the last century when the soldier wore a pigtail the face was shaven clean. At the time of the Peninsular war whiskers were worn. Later, mustaches began to be worn by the cavalry, but the infantry scraped the upper lip till the time of the Crimean war, when they began to wear them. It was looked upon as an invasion by the cavalry; a cartoon of the period represents one cavalryman



CULPEPPER COURTHOUSE, VA.

saying to another, "I see the infantry are growing mustaches: we shall have to shave." Side whiskers were discarded in the 80's. A quartermaster writing from South Africa said, "We're not allowed to shave, as the heat of the day and the cold of the night give everyone sore faces; and it only comes our turn for a wash every fourth day."

The custom of wearing mustaches did not prevail in France until the reign of Louis Philippe, when it became obligatory in the whole French army. It was not until the close of the Crimean war that English civilians as well as English soldiers in general wore hair on the lip.

Shortly after the mustache came into favor among gentlemen Horace Mayhew

was passing through an English country town and was immediately noted and followed by a small army of children, who pointed to his lip and called out derisively:

"He's got whiskers under his snout. He's got whiskers under his snout!"

For a long time the mustache was the subject of raillery, even after it was becoming common, and the famous caricaturist Leech printed in *Punch* a picture of two old fashioned women who, when they were spoken to by bearded railway guards, fell on their knees and cried out:

"Take all that we have gentlemen, but spare our lives!"

My tooth was so absorbing that I forgot to record that we had this day our first re-

view under Gen. Grant. We were interested to see him, of course, but did not find him impressive looking. It was a corps review, in a field near Mountain Run.

*April 23. Cloudy. Tooth aches bad. Offered Prayer in church and Burditt followed.*

*April 24. Rain. Had to leave church on account of tooth, but spoke at night.*

*April 25. Very Pleasant. Tooth better. Beat Hull at chess and Harris (84th) at checkers.*

*April 26. Pleasant. Write this on Pony Mt. Came up on a pass to the 15th with Prest. Good sight to be seen. Went to Culpepper and got off on our pass from the provost. Rode back in the Cars. Had very good time.*

We had been longing to see Culpepper, but had not known how to get there, as it would have been impossible to get a pass to go so far. Finally I wrote out a pass to visit the 15th Mass., not far away, but made the 5 in the 15 look much like a 3, and when it came back we started off on it. We crossed the fields and at one time got too far south and were close to the confederate pickets before we observed their flag. We crept back along a fence without being observed, and finally got into the village. We were arrested at once by the provost guard, of

course, and presented the pass. "This is only to the 15th Mass." the officer said; "it doesn't allow you to come over clear here."

"I wrote it myself," I said: "I ought to know whether it is the 15th or 13th."

"But it is endorsed only up to division headquarters."

"I didn't ask about that," I replied. "I put it in and it came back approved."

He was puzzled, but he finally not only allowed us to stay but gave us a pass back by the train.

*April 27. Pleasant. Spoke in meeting at night.*

*April 28. Pleasant. More Rumors. Am sick of them.*

*April 29. Pleasant. Went down to the Station and got dinner.*

*April 30. Pleasant. Rumors of moving.*

*May 1. Cold. One year ago today, reached the Battlefield of Chancellorsville. Attended church all day. Dance hall burnt in evening. Fine sight.*

*May. 2 Pleasant. A fearful Tornado swept past at dusk, a perfect cloud of dust sweeping through the Camp with fearful speed. Singing meeting at night.*

*May 3. Had orders to change Camp and worked hard all day, when we had orders to be ready to move.*

## CHAPTER XXVI. THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS



THE events that happened in the Wilderness and why they happened have always been to me somewhat obscure. I had been in five

battles, three of them the largest thus far fought, and the other two, though they fizzled out, intended by Gen. Meade to be as important as Gettysburg. And I had seen a good deal more of them than would have been possible had I been of consequence enough to be looked after, so that I felt myself something of an ex-

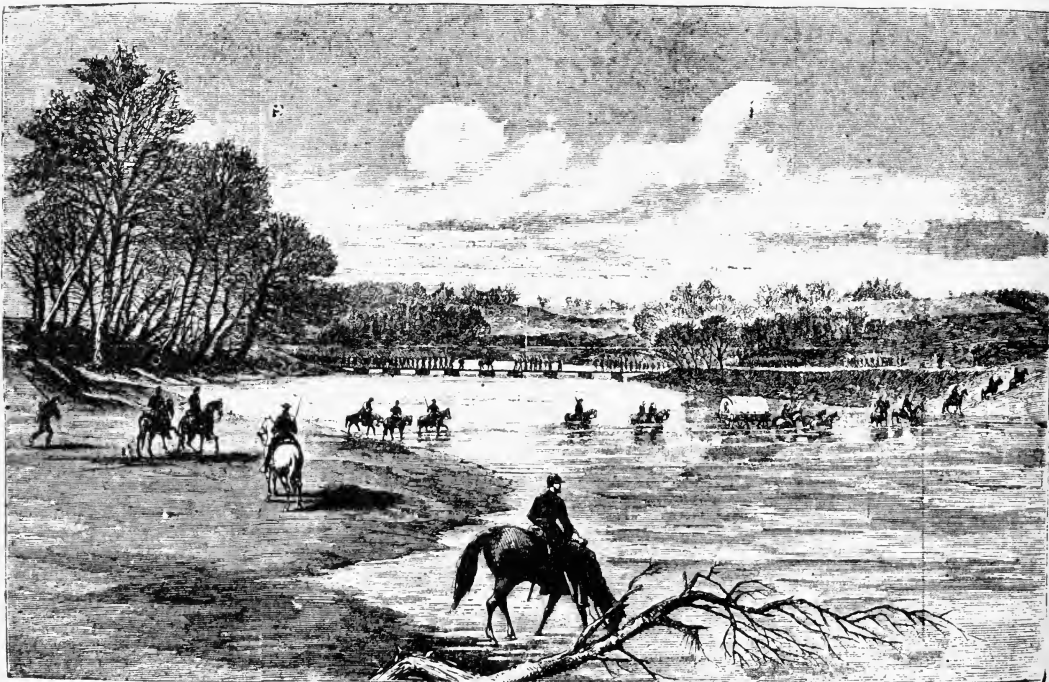
pert: at least I thought I could tell how things were going and whether we were beating or not. But in the Wilderness I was all at sea.

Longstreet says Grant had no fixed plan beyond the general idea to avoid the strong defensive line occupied by Gen. Lee behind Mine Run, and find a way to draw him out to open battle.

*May 4. Pleasant. Started at 12 M. and reached Ely's Ford about seven.*

The pontoons on which we crossed were made of canvass instead of the usual wood.

Turning to our original map we see where Grant crossed at Germania and Ely's fords, and must keep in mind the road lead-



HANCOCK'S CORPS CROSSING THE RAPIDAN AT ELY'S FORD



MAP OF THE REGION NEAR CHANCELLORSVILLE.

ing from Germania ford to the Wilderness, and hence to Todd's tavern, this last being known as the Brock road, and the whole forming, as Longstreet says, the strategic line of the military zone. The two roads from the southwest that meet at the tavern (really a little beyond it) are to Orange courthouse, the northern known as the turnpike and the southern as the plank road. It was by these two roads that the confederates advanced to meet our army.

It will be noted that Ely's ford is farther down the Rapidan than Jacob's Mill ford, three miles below Germania ford, where we crossed for Locust Grove. At the battle of Chancellorsville we crossed the Rappahannock at United States ford.

*Crossed and reached Chancellorsville about 4 P. M.*

*Had a very hard march. The 11th N. J. had a Prayer Meeting on the Battlefield. Slept rather cold.*

*May 5. Warm. Started early and marched towards Spotsylvania C. H.*

The two battles of the Wilderness and Spotsylvania were closely connected and are often treated together, but the latter involved an abandonment of position and change of base, so I shall keep them separate.

*At 4 P. M. came on a force of Rebels and the battle commenced. Our Regiment advanced in line of battle on the extreme left and broke.*

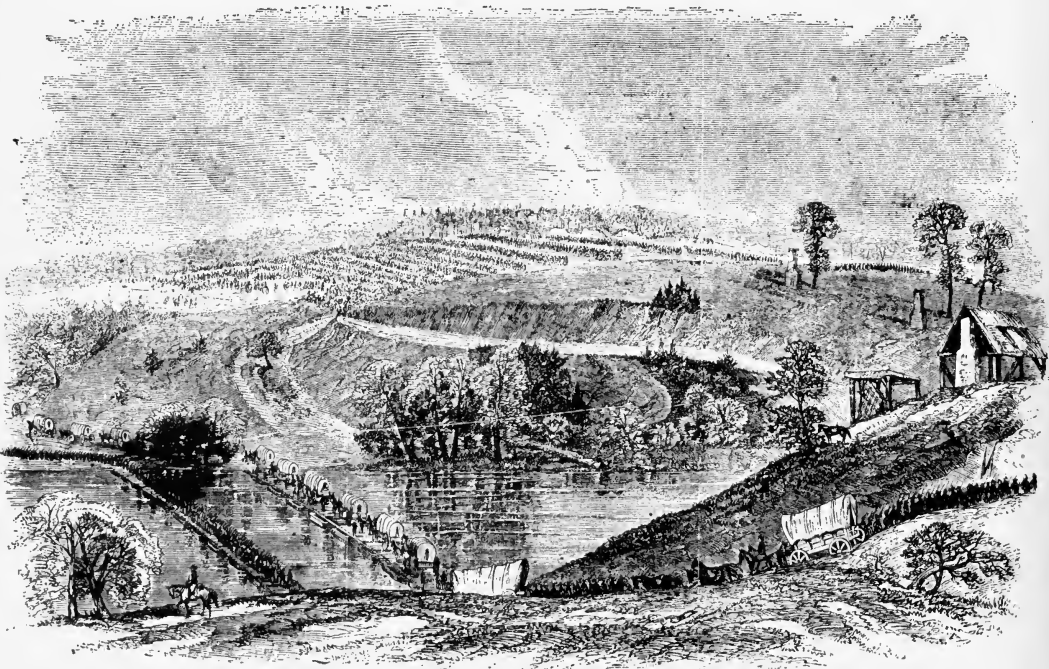
After going five miles on this Brock road we changed direction and moved two miles on the Gordonsville road.



GEN. WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK, 1824-85

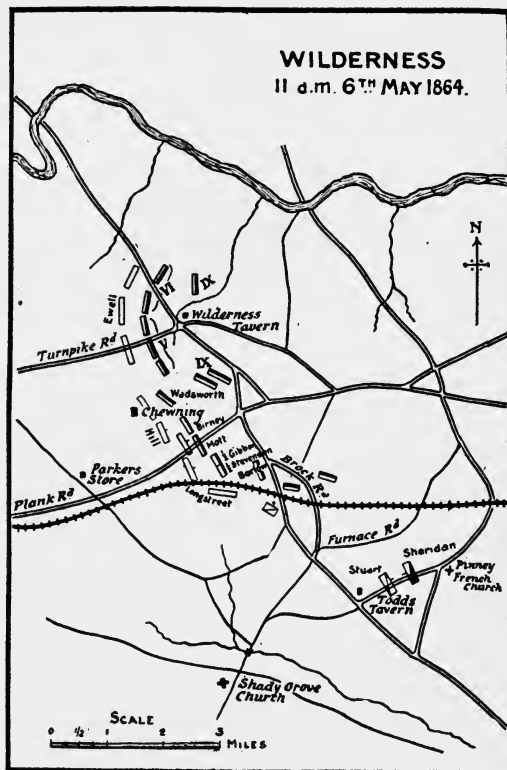
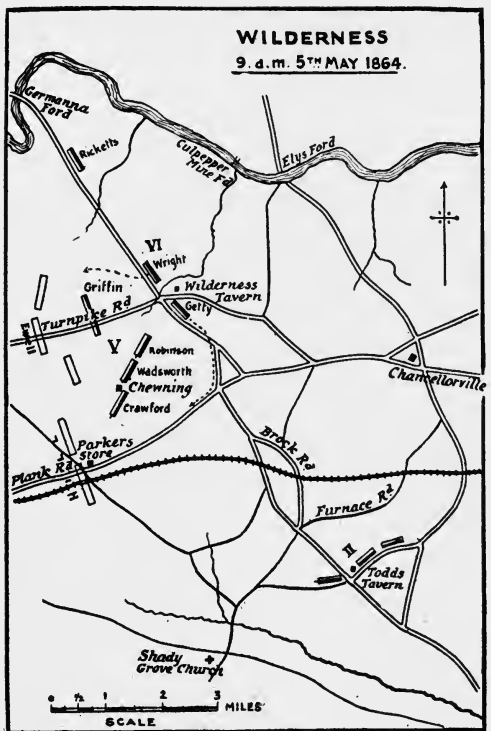
How well I remember this afternoon. Our regiment was on the extreme left, and just as our skirmishers began to encounter those of the enemy Gen. Hancock rode up and admonished us to keep cool. He was a superb looking soldier. The *New York Sun* afterward tried to defeat him for president by saying that he was a good man and weighed 250 pounds, but on horseback he was no heavier than was becoming.

We at once began to throw up breastworks, using fence rails beside the road as a basis, and piling up the dirt with bayonets and knives and plates. We were soon ordered to advance, and made our way through the dense thicket of small trees which we were obliged to go around and creep under. All of a sudden there came a double volley of musket balls from an unseen enemy directly in front and at close distance. It was so unexpected and so deadly that the first instinct was to run back from it, and the troops were so scattered and disorganized by the straggling way they had got forward that there was no central discipline to bind the troops together. See page 110. It was a fact that our division broke and fell back to the breastworks. But not all our men got



CROSSING THE RAPIDAN AT ELY'S FORD





there. We were going home soon, our knapsacks were heavy, the spaces between the trees were narrow, and many a man was caught by his knapsack as Absalom was by his hair, and taken prisoner.

When the confederates advanced and tried to take the road it was quite another matter. The fight lasted well into the night and became general and deadly, but the confederate effort to turn our left or to penetrate our centre failed.

*The Drum Corps went on the road to the Hospital.*

*May 6. Warm. The fight commenced early. Our boys advanced and drove the Rebels. Prisoners came in by the quantity. Changed to the Hospital. Drummers ordered to the front with Ambulances. Hull*

*told us to go and turn back. Did it. Rebels tried very hard for the roads, but didn't get them.*

Our regiment was still on the extreme left, and Lt. Willey was sent out with 30 men as skirmishers. He did not succeed very well, and was relieved by Lt. Drury who showed more skill and courage. At 10:30 Longstreet's corps attacked our left with accustomed vigor, and drove our troops back to the breastworks, even carrying our first line of entrenchments. However our division may have been taken unaware the day before, it retrieved its good name now, recapturing the first line, and holding it till daylight, when it was relieved. In the fighting Gen. Longstreet himself was wounded and had to retire from the field.

Longstreet says: "As lines of battle could not be handled through the thick wood, I ordered the advance of the six brigades by heavy skirmish lines, to be followed by stronger supporting lines. Hancock's lines, thinned by their push through the wood, and somewhat by the fire of the disordered divisions, weaker than my line of fresh and more lively skirmishers, were checked by our first steady fire, and after a brisk fusillade were pushed back to their intrenched line, when the fight became steady and very firm, occasionally swinging parts of my line back and compelling the reserves to come forward and recover it."

The organization of troops had become confused. Hancock directed his own 2d corps, one division of the 5th, a division of the 6th, and a division of the 9th. He had to assign his two wings to two of his division commanders, putting them over divisions of other corps to which they were strangers.

At 4:15 there was another desperate attack upon our left, which was aided by a fire which caught in the woods, driving smoke and flames in the eyes of our men, so that we were obliged to fall back. But Hancock threw in his reserves and the burning parapet was retaken. It was pitiful that many wounded were burned in the flames. A picture of carrying off the wounded here is shown on page 119, and it is related on page 60 that the confederates as they advance raked away the dry leaves from our tortured wounded.

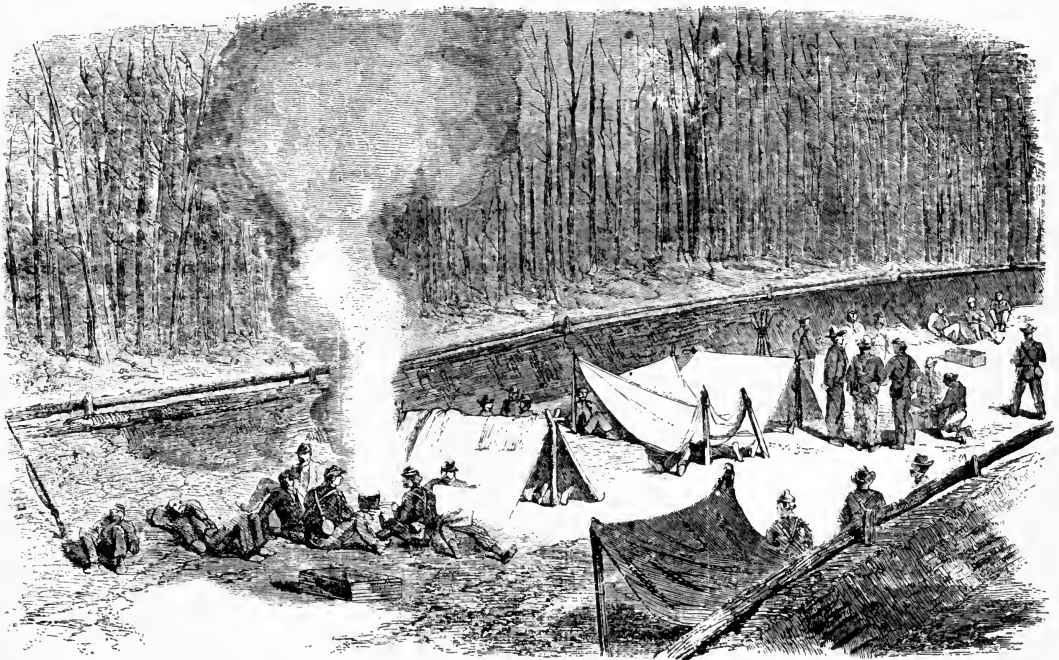
Gen. Wadsworth was killed to-day while leading his division.



GEN. JAMES S. WADSWORTH, 1807-64



THE WILDERNESS WOODS ON FIRE DURING BATTLE, May 6, 1864



DOUBLE ROW OF BREASTWORKS THROWN UP IN THE WILDERNESS

*May 7. Warm. Very little fighting. In P. M. the Hospital moved and we came to Chancellorsville. Camped here for the night. Slept well.*

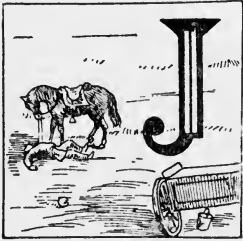
After this it must have seemed to Lee practically hopeless to turn our position, but Grant decided to choose another line of attack. In the two days we had lost 17,600 men, and the confederates perhaps 10,000, which for their weak army was proportionally more. We had somewhat more than two men to their one, and they had been able to hold us back largely on account of the impenetrable nature of the woods, which they knew better than we. Capt. Vaughan-Sawyer attributes Grant's failure to the lack of co-operation on the part of the cavalry.

Grant had decided to make no further

effort in the Wilderness but to move on southeast to Spotsylvania, and the flank movement began at night. So far Grant had been as decisively defeated as any of his predecessors but what he failed to gain by fighting he undertook to get by maneuvering.

Capt. Vaughan-Sawyer in his "Grant's Campaign in Virginia" (London, 1898) gives five reasons why the northern army before Grant's command had been unsuccessful, and says that this first of the five outweighs all the others, that they made for their objective territories, towns, and rivers, and did not concentrate their efforts upon the main army of the enemy. But we had the main body at the Wilderness; why should we have slipped away at night to Spotsylvania?

## CHAPTER XXVII. THE BATTLE OF SPOTSYLVANIA



JUST what the move was from the Wilderness to Spotsylvania we did not know. In the old times after a defeat as at the Wilderness we

we should probably have crushed Anderson's troops.

*Passed an ice house in P. M. Skirmishing at 5 P. M. Went up to the Reg't & got 5 days rations.*

The regiment started at four in the morning for Spotsylvania courthouse, and after

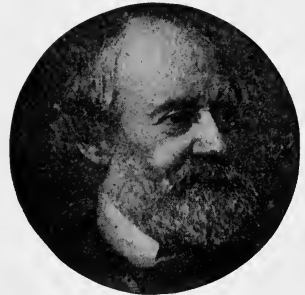


GEN. ULYSSES S. GRANT, 1822-85

should have retreated across the Rapidan. But Gen. Grant had burned his ships. He did not exactly fight it out on this line if it took all summer, for he changed the line twice more, but he did not go back. Between him and Lee it was a struggle to the death.

*May 8. Warm. Sent a letter to Atlanta, Ga., by a private in the 13th Ga. Staid with the 26th P. V. Moved along with the 26th. A Rebel prisoner was shot for deserting our Army. Gen. Grant rode by.*

Gen. Grant says: "The greatest enthusiasm was manifested by Hancock's men as he passed by. No doubt it was inspired by the fact that the movement was south." He also says that if our corps had led the attack instead of the dilatory Warren's,



GEN. ROBERT E. LEE, 1807-70

marching seven miles bivouacked at noon. On report that the enemy were advancing, about two o'clock it advanced fifty yards and threw up rifle-pits, but there was no attack.

*May 9. Warm. Went up to the Regiment again but could not get to the Drum Corps on account of Provost. Found them when Division moved and staid with them. Had liver for supper and never felt much better than when I went to bed.*

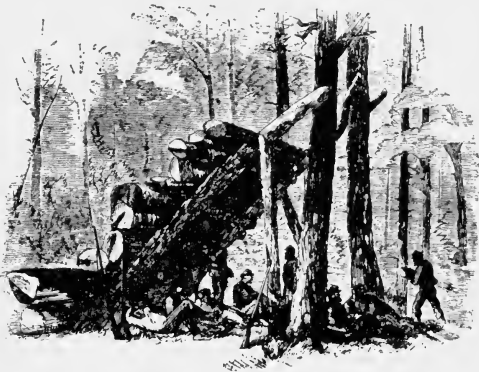
The regiment spent the morning in strengthening its position, but found the enemy had withdrawn, and at 3:00 moved to the left and bivouacked near Todd's tavern, shown in the map on page 308. At 4 the regiment was detailed for picket duty, Cos. D and E on outpost.

It was in some skirmishing to-day that Gen. Sedgwick was killed by a sharp-



GEN. JOHN SEDGWICK, 1813-64

shooter. The fire-proof where he fell is



now marked by a monument.

May 10. Warm. Were woke up at 1 3-4 A. M. by a heavy peal which we at first took for thunder, but found to be musketry. As it soon stopped we went to sleep again.

This was just the opposite of my experience at Chancellorsville, where I went to sleep in the midst of terrific cannonading, and woke to absolute silence. If I remember aright we discovered that some raw regiment on picket duty had heard a cow tramping along and mistaken her for the entire rebel army.

Got picked up by the Provost attached to the 5th Corps, and were put to work cleaning up

Hospital. But got away to our own Division Hospital. Slept first rate.

My habit of wandering about in search of something going on that was interesting began to get me into trouble under Grant. Hitherto officers had glanced at me and thought it hardly worth while to make a fuss about so small a boy, but under the new regulations they looked not at my size but at my white diamond, and if I was where white diamonds did not belong they made it unpleasant for me.

Our Brigade made a charge. Chamberlain, Danforth, Baldwin, and Parker wounded out of our company.

At 3 in the morning the regiment had rejoined the brigade, and at five had marched six miles to the extreme left of the army. At 4 in the afternoon our division charged the works in its front and carried the first line, but when the enemy opened with canister at short range was obliged to retire to its old position. At night our brigade moved 200 yards forward and did picket duty all night.

May 11. Warm. Drew fresh Beef from Hospital. Very little fighting. Did not do much of anything. Rain at night.

The point where our division was to charge was the apex of the salient angle shown in the map under "Brown's Farm" that proved so bloody, but we were then under heavy fire from Johnson's artillery, and could not form our lines.

Our corps was transferred during the night, and put into position opposite the apex of the angle, with orders to attack at 4 a. m.

May 12. Rainy. Very heavy fighting. Our folks drove the Johnnies, capturing prisoners & cannon. DeCastro had an arm





time. A drizzling rain had continued all night, and the mud was very deep. My men were exhausted, and were constantly dropping down to sleep in the mud among their dead comrades, and many times during the night did I find myself trying to awake a dead man, urging him to his post."

*Our*

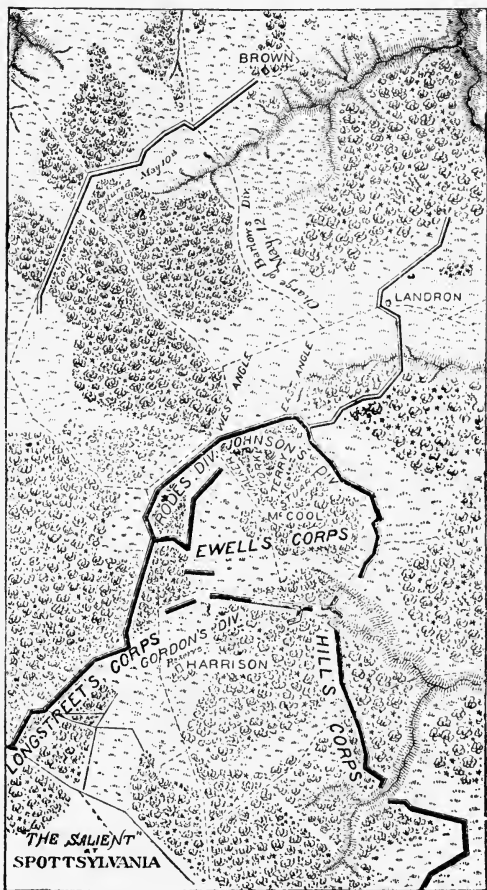
*Division lay in the 1st line of breastworks & the Johnnies in the 2d and they fought all night for a Battery between. We got it.*

"The fact is, Hancock crowed too soon. He sent back word that he 'had finished up Johnson and was going into Early,'

when Gordon's and Rodes's confederates charged into our victorious troops and drove us back across the breastworks. They had constructed a line of works across the gorge of the salient, and when we came upon this unexpectedly we were repulsed and the counter-charge followed. We had charged in a dense line with no support behind, and when we started back there was no reserve to hold us. Two divisions were sent from the 6th corps, and all day and far into the night there was one of the most ferocious contests in the history of the war." "Crowding against either side of the barrier men on both sides shot and stabbed at each other's faces across the crest and into each other's bodies between the logs. Rank after rank pressed eagerly up and fought savagely until they sank down into the ditch to make room for more. The dead lay in places four deep on either side of the breastwork. Guns were brought up to the angles and enfiladed the trenches until they were put out of action. Men leapt upon the parapet and standing fired with rifles handed to them until they were shot down and replaced by others. Some of the logs were entirely disintegrated into splinters by the bullets, and in places the forest was literally shot down, and this continued for hours."

*May 13. Rainy. Very little fighting. One of the Prisoners said they would fight us "till Hell froze over and then give us seven hard battles on the ice." Wounded sent to Fredericksburg. Riddell & Turner wounded.*

The fighting continued till three in the morning, and Grant once more decided to admit himself beaten and give it up. On the other hand, Lee decided that he had not strength enough to hold the salient,



and the confederates fell back to the works across the gorge which had proved so serviceable. Our losses this last day were counted 6,800, making 30,600 since May 4.

Our division was this day consolidated with Birney's, being known as the 3d brigade.

The regiment was relieved and moved to the rear for rest, but at noon was moved to the front again and remained in reserve till morning.

*May 14. Cleared off. Started about 5 o'clock (the Hospital) to Grant's H. Q. Here we staid till night and then pitched tents. Bought Tactics and P. O. Stamps of a Rebel Prisoner.*

At daylight the regiment moved to the right, formed in columns of divisions, and were much annoyed by sharpshooters, but at 3:30 p. m. moved forward and occupied the rifle pits.

*May 15. Cloudy. Started early and went along very slow as the roads were muddy. Part of the train had to be burned to escape Guerillas. Camped in the woods. Are getting short of Rations. Slept rather cold. though I had big fire in front of our tent.*

At daylight the regiment moved a mile to the left and occupied rifle-pits, where there was much annoyance from sharpshooters, with some cannonading.

*May 16. Cloudy. Were put with the 1st Division Drummers under command of Capt. Perry. Pitched a kind of Camp.*

The regiment lay quiet, so there was nothing in front to interest me.

*May 17. Pleasant. Extensive Flute-playing in the morning. Made a set of Chessmen and played with Hull in P. M.*

*Had orders to move and went about a hundred yards and staid till morning.*

The right half of our army was transferred to the left during the night, to make a general assault to-morrow.

There was to have been an attack at 4 a. m., but heavy rain prevented. In the afternoon there was fighting on the Massaponax road, where the 5th corps took and held a hill. For three days there was no fighting to speak of, both sides strengthening their works.

Grant had changed his plans, and moved our corps with the 6th over to the extreme right, hoping to take Lee by surprise.

The regiment moved to the rear and rested during the day. It was inspected at 4 p.m. At sunset a confederate brigade charged our lines, but was repulsed. Our brigade moved to the right and lay in line all night.

*May 18. Cloudy. Heavy fighting in morning. Got considerable stuff from Heavy Artillery Regts. After a half hour's marching we got back to the place we left last night. At 8 P. M. had orders to pack up. Did not start as it commenced to rain. Pitched tent again.*

The regiment moved back to its old position of May 12. After an hour it moved again to the right and occupied the rifle-pits. At ten in the evening it moved back to its position of May 15.

Grant now determined to abandon Spotsylvania as he had abandoned the Wilderness.

*May 19. Cloudy. Started at 2 1-2 A. M. Went about 2 miles. Saw Henry McIntire. Established new Hospital. At night Guerillas attacked the train of Supplies and the H. A. had a hard time as they knew nothing of such fighting. Lost 400 or more.*

This is the engagement to which I referred on page 128.

The regiment moved six miles to the left, crossing the Po river and bivouacked on Anderson's plantation, the corps being now for the first time in reserve. At 6:00 p. m. Ewell's corps attacked our right flank and the division moved to the right to repulse it, the 1st Mass being deployed as skirmishers on the right flank. At nine it was withdrawn, and lay on arms all night in line of battle.

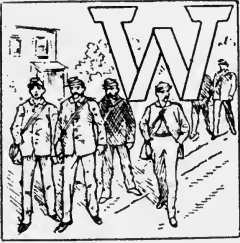
*May 20. Pleasant. Marked headboards for dead soldiers all the morning. Fixed Camp in P. M. Played Euchre in the*

*evening. Had orders to move and packed up at 12 M.*

At daylight our brigade made a reconnaissance to the right and advanced through the woods, but found no enemy and returned. This was the last active service of the 1st Mass. for at 11 p. m, we had orders to report to the superintendent of the recruiting service at Boston, to be mustered out. The men whose terms or service had not expired were transferred to the 11th Mass., and enviously enough they looked at us as we marched away.

This is notable as Lee's last offensive movement against Grant. Thereafter he acted strictly on the defensive.

## CHAPTER XXVIII. MUSTERED OUT



WE had been harassed by many doubts whether the government would really release us when our three years were up, men being so scarce; but Uncle Sam kept faith with us, and we were really on our way home.

*May 21. Pleasant. While we were waiting Lt. Fletcher told Hull to join the Reg't and we started for home.*

It was a night march, but we did not mind that; the twelve miles were as nothing, and in the gray dawn when we saw the spires of the city we could hardly contain ourselves.

*Got to Fredericksburg about 6 A. M.*

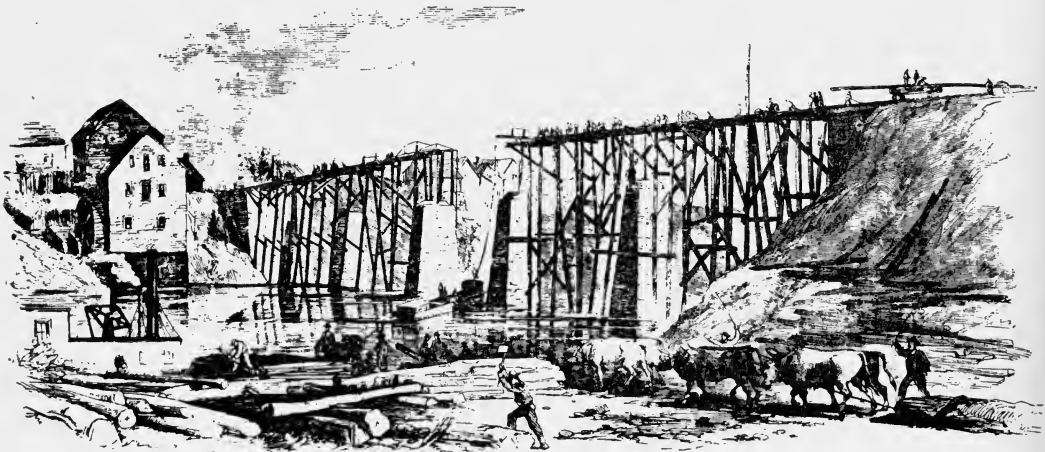
We crossed the river on pontoons and bivouacked till four o'clock, when we marched to Belle Plain, eight miles away.

*Got to Belle Plains about dark and went on board the Utica. Slept well untill we*

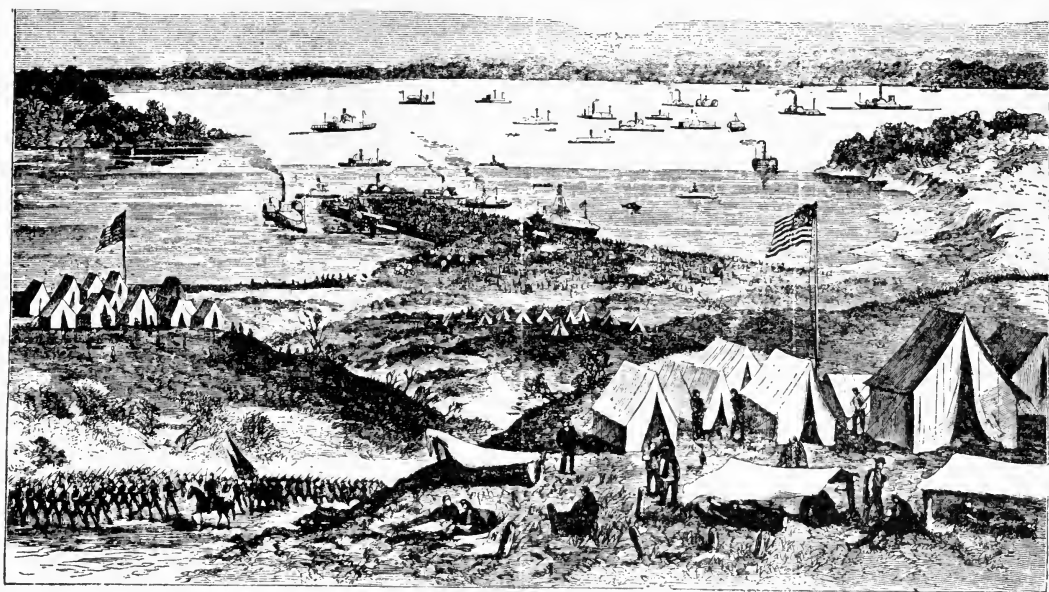
*May 22. Pleasant. Got to Washington at 6 A. M. Went to Barracks. Did not go around much. Left about 3 P. M. and reached Baltimore about 10 1-2 P. M.*

*May 23. Pleasant. Reached Philadelphia about 10 A. M. Marched through to the Soldiers Rest where we had breakfast. Then left and reached New York about 5 P. M. in time "to miss the boat." Saw Father here, however and went with him to Harlem where I saw Mother and staid over night.*

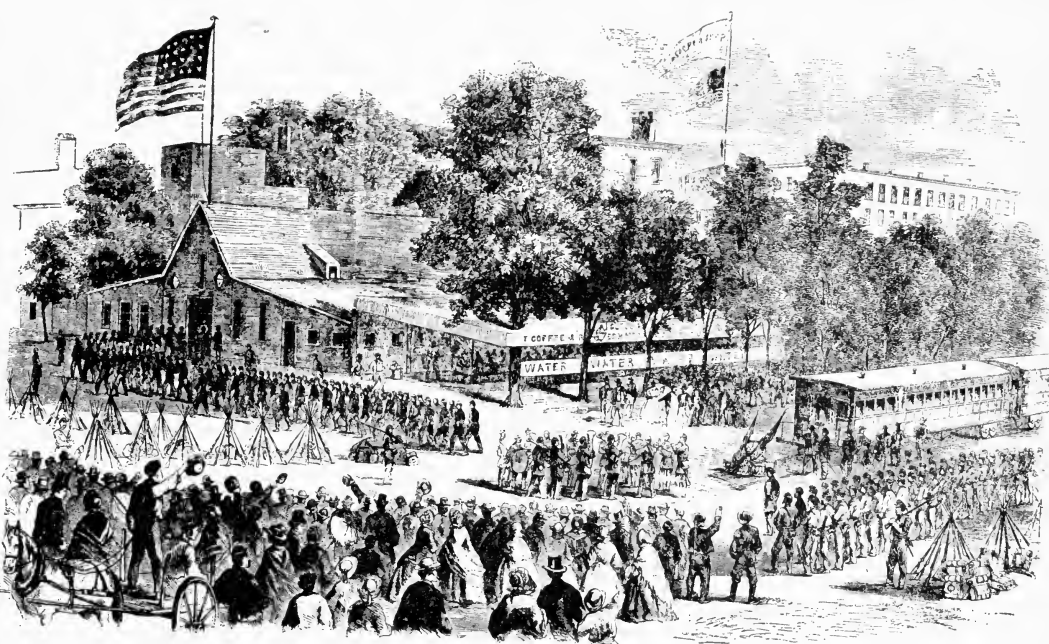
Under Grant it had not been easy to get tidings from the front and we found everybody eager for news. I went into French's hotel to have my hair cut and the barber observed a scar on the left side of my head, about where the part would usually be, caused in my infancy by my jumping from



FREDERICKSBURG WITH THE RAILWAY BRIDGE REBUILDING



BELLE PLAIN, VA.



UNION VOLUNTEER REFRESHMENT SALOON, PHILADELPHIA

my mother's arms in a fit of anger and striking upon the edge of a hot stove.

"Get this in the army?" he queried.

The temptation was too great. "Yes," I replied indifferently, "at Chancellorsville. Our color-bearer fell, and just as I seized the flag a rebel cavalry officer cut my head open with his sword. Fortunately one of our boys shot him and we got way with our colors."

The barber was interested and wanted particulars. I could supply them for I really had the correct background, and soon there was a gathering about my chair. Who could fail to take advantage of a credulous and sympathetic audience? I turned my early dreams of valor into the past tense, and really felt to be the hero I had represented myself. Alas, as I got down from my chair and glanced into the long mirror I caught sight of Holy Jo, who had been sitting in the chair next but one. There must have been appeal in my look, for he gave no sign of recognition and I hurried away. But I fancied he looked discouraged, and I have no doubt so far as he ever thought of me afterward it was as the boy who told those whoppers in the French's hotel barber-shop.

*May 24. Pleasant. Roamed around the city after Father and Mother went off. Visited Academy of Design, had Dress Parade on City Hall Park. Left in the 4 o'clock boat Metropolis. Had no supper.*

*May 25. Pleasant. Reached Boston at 10 A. M. Marched to Faneuil Hall and had dinner. Then left the Co. and went to town to the Depot with my stuff.*

We had a two days furlough, while the muster rolls were being made out.

*Went to sit for Photograph and to Morris, Pell & Co. Then came home and saw all the folks.*

Morris, Pell & Co. were minstrels of that day.

This editorial appeared in one of the Boston newspapers:

#### THE FIRST MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT

If any regiment in the public service has earned an honorable discharge, and a title to the pride and gratitude of its State, that regiment is the First Massachusetts, now on its way home, having fully completed its three years' term. This was the first three years' regiment that left the state and the first in the service of the United States. In its original composition it was chiefly made up of the First Regiment M. V. M., of which Colonel Cowdin was the commander, who went out in command. The regiment left camp for the seat of war on the fifteenth of June, 1861. It marched through Baltimore on the seventeenth of June, being the first regiment that had passed through that city since the attack made on the 6th Massachusetts, on the nineteenth of April previous. We know not how many of the stalwart men who formed the regiment when it left the State are now living. Over two thousand men have been connected with the regiment since its organization, and we are told that but three hundred return with the regiment. These war-worn veterans are the representatives of that long line of untried men whose glittering muskets, and tidy uniforms, and soldierly appearance, excited the admiration of our citizens when drawn up on Boston Common three years ago. Upon them and their comrades who have been honorably discharged for disability, rests the honors of the regiment. And what a roll of honor it is! The first to open the serious fighting of the war on the day before Bull Run, it has participated in



nearly or quite every battle of the Army of the Potomac. It was at Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, Glendale, and Malvern Hill on the peninsula, Kettle Run, Second Bull Run, Chantilly, and Fredericksburg in the year 1862, and at Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg in 1863. In every battle the Massachusetts First has acquitted itself creditably, and its colors have never been touched by a rebel hand. It has suffered severely in killed and wounded in almost every battle.

The regiment went out one thousand and forty-six strong, and has received nearly twelve hundred recruits. There are now present for duty twenty-one commissioned officers and four hundred and forty-four enlisted men; present and absent, thirty officers and five hundred and sixty-five men, showing a loss of over sixteen hundred men killed, wounded, missing and discharged for disability since the twenty-third of May, 1861.

*May 26. Cloudy. Fixed up my things. Got measured for pants & vest \$13.00. Great carryings on at night.*

*May 27. Pleasant. Went to Boston at 5 P. M. Georgie with me. Stopped at the Bromfield House. Went to the Academy of Music at night. Maggie Mitchell in the Pearl of Savoy. Very good.*

*May 28. Pleasant. Were mustered out on the common. Attended Museum in P. M. Corsican Brothers, and Buckleys at night. Have got just two dollars.*

And so I ended my army life appropriately enough with two dollars in my pocket. I had expected a hundred dollars more. When I enlisted the state of Massachusetts paid recruits a hundred dollars bounty and guaranteed them another hundred dollars bounty from the United States. To prove

its good faith the state advanced twenty-five dollars of this, promising that the soldier should be paid the other seventy-five dollars when discharged. But in my case the United States paid this hundred dollars bounty only to soldiers who had served two years, and as I was discharged with my regiment after twenty-one months it did not hold itself responsible for this amount. Did the state then pay the other twenty seventy-five dollars it had guaranteed? On the contrary it deducted from my final pay the twenty-five dollars it had advanced, so that I was if I remember aright a little in debt to the government: at any rate I had nothing to speak of coming. I have always felt that was sharp practice on the part of the old Bay state, and presume if those of us who were affected had sued the state we could have recovered a hundred dollars apiece.

However, we were all glad to get home, and nobody took the initiative, so the state saved the money. Anyhow I had my two dollars, and lots of things can be done with two dollars.

After I began to write these reminiscences, I received a circular from a pension agent stating that in 1865 Congress passed an act paying this hundred dollars to all who had served eighteen months. So I sent in an application, got reply from the War department that the claim was received, and presently got some blanks to fill out swearing that I was the right person, with two witnesses as to my signature. Evidently the hundred dollars was coming, and the question was as to the interest for these forty-five years. On Dec. 12, 1909, I received an envelope marked "Treasury Department", and opened it to find this:

"A balance has been found due by this office, and certificate No. 48171, dated Dec.

8, 1909, has been forwarded by the Secretary of the Treasury for payment, as follows: \$3.45 to you as soldier.

"The following is a statement of the account:

For pay and clothing short paid on discharge	\$3.85
Deduct for amount overpaid Feb. 26, '63..	.40
	<hr/> \$3.45

"Having been enrolled for the unexpired term of the regiment which was less than two years and discharged for cause other than wounds received in battle, no bounty is due, and as you were discharged at place of enrollment, not entitled to travel allowances."

However the war department was at least reasonably prompt and business-like, which is much more than I can say for the pension office. About the same time that I wrote for this old bounty I became sixty-two years old, and hence entitled to a hundred dollars a year under the service pension law. In order to round out my experience as a soldier I sent an application to the commissioner of pensions made out in the form prescribed. As all that it was necessary to ascertain was whether I really served in the army and whether I was sixty-two years old, requiring much less search than to find out whether I was overpaid 40 cts. on Feb. 28, 1863, I had a right to expect equally prompt attention, but in ten months, I have not had even an acknowledgment of the application, and I am at a loss to infer whether in order to get upon the list I must apply through some favored pension attorney, or must induce my congressman to go down to the pension office, seize some official by the throat, and choke him till he promises to attend to it. However I am in no hurry. The statute is

mandatory and the pension is based on facts, not on the judgment of anybody in the pension office, so eventually I shall get the money, or my heirs will. Indeed the matter is more interesting than as though I had been treated civilly, since it shows me why so large a proportion of the appropriations so liberally made have got into the hands of pension sharks. Suppose it had been a pension for wounds, and I had gone back to a farm life, unaccustomed to correspondence and needing the money for present wants, I should have felt obliged after such neglect to go to a pension lawyer and divide up with him, as so many others have done.

---

I was going to end the book with the above paragraph, when it seemed only fair to see if the pension office had any explanation to offer, so I wrote this letter:

Syracuse, N. Y., July 15, 1910.

"Commissioner of Pensions,

Washington, D. C.

"Dear sir:

"I am just completing the printing of a book of reminiscences and enclose a part of the proof of the last chapter that may interest you. It is now nearly eleven months since the application was sent and it might be worth your while to see whose negligence it is that this has not been acknowledged.

"Yours truly,

"C. W. Bardeen,  
Co D. 1st Mass. Inf."

To which he made this good-natured reply.

"Office of the Commissioner

Department of the Interior,

Bureau of Pensions,

Washington.

July 18, 1910.

"Mr. C. W. Bardeen,  
313-321 East Washington Street,  
Syracuse, New York.

"My dear Sir:

"I have before me yours of the 15th instant, enclosing a clipping.

"I have had our records carefully searched, and no claim from you has been received in this Bureau. When a claim comes in it goes directly to the Mail Section, and a receipt card is sent back by return mail. We are so well up with the work now that a claim of this kind ought to be allowed within two weeks after its receipt. I can not understand where the claim has gone.

"The attached slip is very amusing, but I assure you it is not necessary to seize any official by the throat at this time in order to hurry him up with a pension claim.

"May I suggest that you file another claim immediately, as that will govern the date of commencement of your pension?

"Yours very truly,

"J. L. Davenport,  
Commissioner.

"Enclosures."

As I have no access to the records of the pension office, of course I cannot prove that the letter was received, but this I can state, that it was addressed and mailed by a competent and careful stenographer, and that it has never come back to me, as it would have come if by any chance it had been misdirected.

However, I filled out anew the application blank sent and thus started what promises to be an interminable correspondence. I should have to add a second volume to print all the inquiries that have

been received and their answers. So far as I recollect, I have not so far been called upon to fill out a blank stating whether my great-grandmother on my father's side had warts upon her left hand, but I thought every other fact that could possibly bear upon the subject had been demanded, when I received a letter asking me if I could produce two members of the regiment who could swear that I was the identical C. W. Bardeen who was in the 1st Massachusetts, and if not, why not. This last intimation was so threatening that I regretted the form was not a printed one.

There happened to lie on my desk a bill from the regimental treasurer for my annual dues, so in sending the money I added that the pension department made this requirement, and asked him to be one of my sponsors. He assented by return mail, saying that he would swear to anything, anywhere, at any time to help out an old comrade.

For the second sponsor I wrote to Perkins, whose photograph I have reproduced in the earlier pages of this book. He was more cautious. Of course he had known me pretty well for two years in the army, he said, and he had talked with me within a year or two, and he had read my printed diary, and in his own mind he had no doubt that I was the same person. But as to *swearing* that I was the same C. W. Bardeen who enlisted in the 1st Massachusetts, why that involved so many considerations that he felt hardly prepared to do so.

Perkins was right. It is the old paradox of identity. If I have a knife and lose the blade and have another blade put in, it is the same knife, isn't it? Yes. And if I get tired of the handle and have

it replaced by another, it is the same knife, isn't it? Yes. But if somebody finds the old blade and the old handle and puts them together, what knife is that?

So the cautious Perkins might ask: Where is the appetite that after the battle of Locust Grove made you stop in the very jaws of the enemy to cook a beefsteak? Lost, I have to reply; I still know whether it is before a meal or after it, but nowadays I should get out of range first.

And where, the cautious Perkins might continue, is the sound sleep that on your first march when you fell out and crawled over the wall, while the army marched on and left you all alone in the wide, wide world, enabled you to sleep as if your mother had tucked you up in your little trundle bed? Lost, I have to reply. I do not yet find any night so long that I would to God it were morning, but I don't sleep any more like that.

And where, once more might enquire the cautious Perkins, is that elasticity that after the battle of Gettysburg, when your blankets had been stolen, enabled you to lie down night after night in the wet grass with nothing under you or over you, and yet to march the next day as if nothing had happened? Once more I must reply, lost; I have escaped rheumatism so far, but I couldn't any longer do that.

Then suppose, the cautious Perkins might exclaim triumphantly, somebody should find that appetite and that sound sleep and that elasticity, and put them together again, what C. W. Bardeen would that be?

O yes, the cautious Perkins is right; but I sent on his letter with the regimental treasurer's.

However they won't do. This letter comes back.

"Department of the Interior  
Bureau of Pensions  
Washington

October 5, 1910.

"Civil War Division.  
Inv. Orig. No. 1391571,  
Charles W. Bardeen,  
Co. D, 1 Massachusetts Vol. Inf.  
"Mr. Charles W. Bardeen,  
1109 East Genesee St.,  
Syracuse, N. Y.

"Sir:

"Relative to your above-entitled claim for pension under the Act of February 6, 1907, you are again advised that further consideration of said claim requires the testimony of two members of the above-named organization who knew you in the service and who have known you since discharge, showing that you, the claimant in this case, are the identical person who served in said organization under the name of Charles W. Bardeen.

"The letters recently filed in your case are not satisfactory for the reason that the statements contained therein do not show that you are identical with the soldier of record, and further, for the reason that such statements are not sworn to.

"Very respectfully,

"J. L. Davenport,  
Commissioner."

To which I made reply as follows:

"Syracuse, N. Y., Oct. 10, 1910  
"Commissioner of Pensions,  
"Washington, D. C.

"Dear sir, I presume you regretted through your subordinates the necessity of writing your letter of the 5th instant because it would be such a disappointment to me. On the contrary it is a deep joy, for it demonstrates with unhopd-for

completeness how inevitably the routine of your office plays into the hands of the pension-shark. You insist on affidavits. Affidavits? They are his stock in trade. He can furnish affidavits by the dozen, swearing to anything about anybody.

"But without his aid the honest soldier is at a loss. The letter of Perkins which I sent you states the case remarkably well. He knew me in the regiment, he has seen and talked with me recently, he has read my printed diary of the events in which we both participated, and he has no doubt in his own mind of my identity. But he can't swear to it. No honest man could. The man of sixty-three is changed from the boy of fourteen, and honest men are careful of their oaths. His letter is much better evidence of my identity than the ordinary unthinking oath, because his belief is evidently sincere and firm, and he is a man of position and character.

"How could any man in the regiment say more? I enlisted in a Boston regiment, from Fitchburg, as my enlistment papers show. I was then fourteen years old and the regiment had been at the front fifteen months; it was certainly improbable that at thirteen years old I had any acquaintance with Boston men. After the regiment was discharged, as the biography which you have extracted in the course of this correspondence shows, I lived a year in Groton at school, four years in Connecticut at college, and have since resided in this state. At none of the places where I have lived has there been any other member of my regiment, and there was no opportunity to keep up any acquaintance. I thought I did pretty well to go seven hundred miles twice to attend regimental reunions. Thus nobody in the regiment could have known me

continuously since so as to be qualified to swear to my identity.

"I thought myself lucky to be able to send you the two letters I did, but if those are not sufficient I cannot furnish satisfactory evidence, and I have told you why not.

"But there is other evidence that might count. In the last edition of 'Who's Who in America' a sketch of my biography is given on page 92 with this sentence: 'Served in 1st Mass. Vols., 1862-4'.

"As this has been printed in every edition from the beginning, long before the law of 1907 was passed, it may be assumed that it was not inserted for the purpose of getting a pension. If collateral evidence is demanded, as my surname is unusual it may perhaps be assumed that I was the only Charles W. Bardeen fourteen years old who lived in Fitchburg in 1862, and who went back to Fitchburg in 1864. The printed catalogue of Lawrence academy, Groton, Mass., for 1864-5 shows in the senior class my name from Fitchburg. The catalogues of Yale college, 1865-9 print my name in successive classes from Fitchburg. The 'Directory of Living Graduates of Yale' contains no other name like mine, and states that I was graduated in 1869, and that my present residence is Syracuse. In the series of articles in *The Educational Review*, edited by President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia university, on 'My Schools and Schoolmasters', a sketch of my early education is given (xxii. 28-39) with explanation of the hiatus of two years caused by my service in the 1st Massachusetts. In 'Nutting Genealogy' (Syracuse, 1908), edited by a clergyman who of course couldn't tell a lie, the same statement is made. In 'Syracuse and Onondaga coun-

ty, New York' (Syracuse, 1908) something of a sketch is given of my army life in the 1st Massachusetts. I am a member of Root post, G. A. R., and entered on its records as having served in the 1st Massachusetts. Incidentally I may remark that I have my original discharge from the army, of which I enclose a facsimile.

"However all this does not make a pension-shark's affidavits, so I presume it won't count. I foresee that I shall have to ask my congressman to call at the pension office. When you see how every hair stands out perpendicularly from his scalp I think you will realize that you might as well give in. He is just about to be re-elected and is likely to be re-elected a good many times more, and he is just as persistent in getting justice for his constituents as you are in getting affidavits. Congress meets in December, and I shall consign you to his tender mercies. You may stand him off for a few years, but you will have to give in eventually.

"I shall be glad if his experience with you leads him to insist on the floor of Congress that enough shreds of common sense be interwoven into your routine to make more pension money go to old soldiers and less to attorneys for affidavits.

"Yours respectfully,

"C. W. Bardeen"

And here the matter rests when this book goes to press. If I were in urgent need of that money I should still put the claim in the hands of a pension shark—one who lived in Washington and could drop in every year or two, rules or no rules, and see how that case was getting on.

As it is, I find it much more interesting than as though there had been some pretence of carrying out the purposes of the law. It certainly excuses old soldiers for dividing up with attorneys. If I, who have lived in Syracuse for 36 years and been considered reasonably respectable and worthy of credence, cannot satisfy the pension office that I am myself without hiring a lawyer to secure lying affidavits, what chance would an old soldier have to satisfy the office that from a wound in a certain battle or a disability from a certain campaign half a century ago he is now incapacitated to earn a living? As the labor unions, if they could have their way, would not permit a man to drive a nail in the wall of his own house to hang a picture on, so the pension office declines to accept any statements which do not bear the shark label. Should a second edition of this book ever be called for I shall append the further history up to that date. In the mean time I am very glad to have stumbled upon this modern appendix to the story of what happened so long ago.



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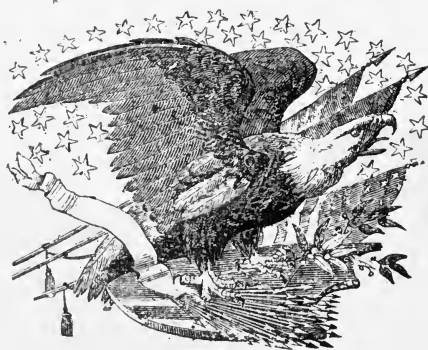
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PAID IN FULL  
-BY-  
MAJ. J. A. BRODHEAD,

To all whom it may Concern.



Know ye, That Charles M. Bardner a  
Musician of Captain E. M. Stone  
Company, (D.) First Regiment of Massachusetts Foot  
VOLUNTEERS who was enrolled on the Twenty-Third day of July  
one thousand eight hundred and Sixty-Two to serve Three years or  
during the war, is hereby **Discharged** from the service of the United States,  
this Twenty-fifth day of May 1864, at Boston,  
Mass by reason of Expiration term of service.  
(No objection to his being re-enlisted is known to exist.)\*

Said Charles M. Bardner was born in Groton,  
in the State of Massachusetts is Sixteen years of age,  
Five feet Five inches high, Light complexion, Blue eyes,  
Light hair, and by occupation, when enrolled, a Clerk.  
Given at Boston, Mass this Twenty-fifth day of  
May 1864.

\* This sentence will be erased should there be anything  
in the contract or physical condition of the soldier  
rendering him unfit for the Army

P. S. O. No. 24

Approved

E. M. Stone.

Capt. D. Co.

1st Regt. Mass. Col. 25th.

Wm. W. Stone  
Capt 14<sup>th</sup> Mass Regt

Commanding the Regt.

M. O.

